

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

"Canada's G"

December
1930

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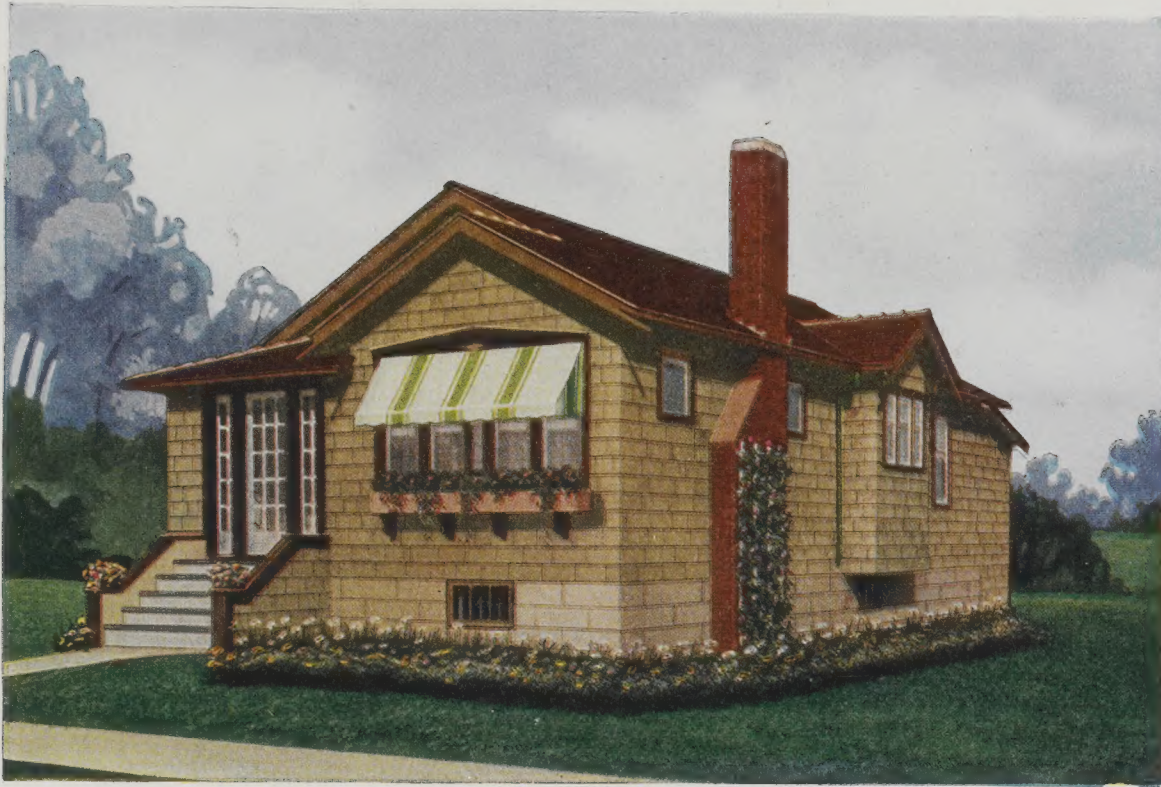


Beginning a New Story of the North

«UNDER FROZEN STARS»

BY
George Marsh

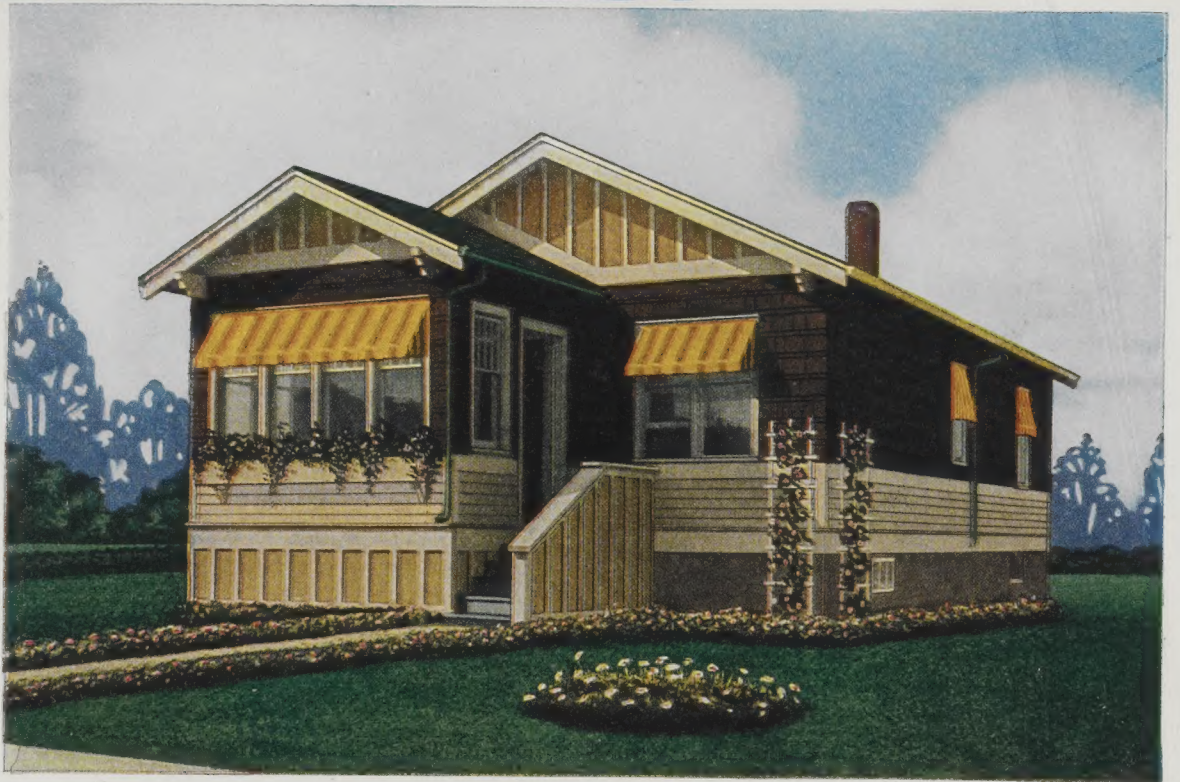
BEGIN TO PLAN YOUR OWN HOME THIS VERY DAY



Above is an illustration of design No. 36, size 21x34 ft. one of the most popular layouts in the New Plan Book. It has a large, well-lighted living room, a good sized kitchen with breakfast nook, two bedrooms and a bathroom. It is not expensive to build.

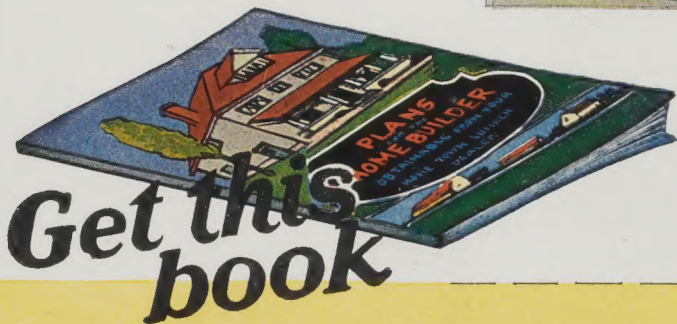
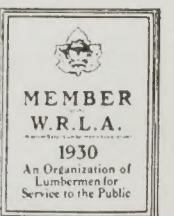
CERTIFIED BY CENTURIES
WOOD
USE IT—NATURE RENEWS IT

Right. This is another popular and inexpensive design. It is No. 34 in your lumber dealer's Plan Book. Sunroom in the front, a good sized living room, well-lighted kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom. Ideal for the small family. Size 20x26 ft.



Tear out the coupon below, and take it to any lumber dealer who displays the membership sign of the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association. He will welcome you and aid you without putting you under any obligation.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association, and the Associations of the B. C. Lumber & Shingle Manufacturers Ltd., the Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers and the Western Canada Sash & Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.



COUPON

TO ANY W. R. L. A. MEMBER:
Please welcome the bearer and give him all the advice and assistance you can with his building requirements. Also please give him a copy of the new plan book "Plans for the Home Builder," without charge or obligation.

BUY
YOUR LUMBER
WHERE YOU SEE
THIS SIGN

Long After the Christmas Drums Are Hushed

and the Christmas cigars are ashes, THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY will continue to make its frequent welcome visits.

It is for this reason that a subscription to a good magazine makes such a popular Christmas gift, and last year some 10,000 of these seasonable orders were entrusted to our care by Santa Claus.

Special rates applying for the months of November and December only are as follows:

One subscription	(with gift card)		\$1.00
Three subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$2.00
Six subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$4.00
Ten subscriptions	(with gift cards)		\$5.00

And, in conclusion, may we say that the presentation card, lithographed in colors and depicting the arrival in Western Canada of "The Lady Dufferin," the first locomotive to traverse the Western Canadian prairies, is particularly elaborate.

Right now is a splendid opportunity of solving a considerable portion of your Christmas shopping problem in a satisfactory and economical way.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG, MAN.





Chosen by
children
for its RICHER
chocolate
flavour

EVER since Canada was young generation after generation has chosen Baker's. Makers of fine candies have selected Baker's Chocolate; good cooks everywhere have preferred Baker's Chocolate; people everywhere have loved the *extra* chocolate flavour of Baker's Cocoa.

150 years of expert knowledge, of scrupulous care in every step of preparation has given to Baker's Cocoa a *richer* chocolate flavour. Abundant in nutrition, rich, smooth, digestible, Baker's is the best possible cocoa you can buy for your children.

Remember, Baker's Cocoa costs no more. From your grocer, today, buy a tin. Use the recipe given here. Learn how delicious a really good cup of cocoa can be.

Use Baker's Premium Chocolate for Cooking

BAKER'S COCOA

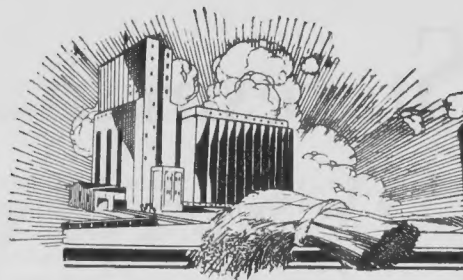


Try this New Recipe

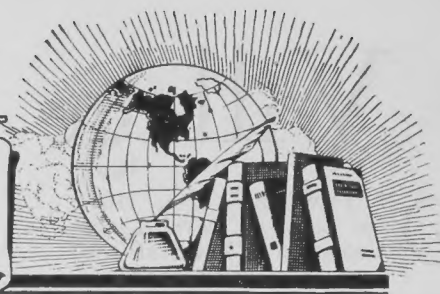
Developed by domestic science experts—tested by cooking schools and universities:—

For each cup allow 1 heaping teaspoonful Baker's Cocoa, 1 level dessertspoonful sugar, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup milk, few grains salt. Measure cocoa and water into saucepan. Stir over direct heat until mixture is smooth. Boil about two minutes and add the salt, sugar and milk. Heat until foamy, beat well and serve. Vanilla may be added just before serving—or whipped cream or marshmallow.

Note: Cut out this recipe. It is new and does not yet appear on the Baker label.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 12

A Palliative or a Cure

HERE is a great difference between a palliative and a permanent cure. Anyone who has suffered from toothache or any other bodily ailment will appreciate this fact. This is not a denial that a palliative is mightily comforting so long as it is effective.

Nobody pretends that the spending of eighty million dollars on public works, by the federal government, the provinces and the municipalities of Canada, is anything but a palliative. In the end this sum must be paid in taxes. If unemployment extends into next year there must be an application of another poultice of the same kind, and a further shifting of responsibilities to the future, when it is hoped deliverance will come in the form of a permanent cure.

A good lady friend, Mrs. Malcolm, living in far-distant China, where conditions are not the same as here, offers the following as a partial cure for the ills we have in common:

"To divide the day; and have no one working more than half a day; so that to efficient trained workers, only half a day of work be given; thus employing twice as many. Even to teachers in schools this could apply, I think, with success, as usually teachers are over-tired, nervously.

"If this plan be employed there would need to be a supplementary training school, which you have? or in the case of trades or office clerks, industrial schools held in the evening if necessary. Farming too should be taught in the same way, making every farm a training place for one or more persons.

"It would also mean that this half a day employment would leave the workers in every vocation half a day to themselves for recreation or sport or any other desirable thing.

"I know this means an upheaval of the old order of a full day's employment, but it looks to me like a feasible plan.

"I believe the reason why in this country heretofore, there has been little unemployment, is because labor is divided and specialized.

"For instance, I have at present in my home—a cook, a house "boy," a coolie, and an amah: each doing his own special line. In Canada I would employ one servant to do it all—leaving only their evenings free; or I would do all the work myself in a convenient home—I believe there are few nervous diseases in China at least from overwork; and the coolie class are wonderfully fit; because they work easily and are most patient."

This is a very interesting suggestion and is quite in line with that which recommends a shorter working day or fewer days a week for all workers. Yet it places the whole burden of solving our problems upon the workers. Obviously, it is better for all workers to exist even in hardship, than for half of them to live in comfort and the other half in grim poverty. "Half a loaf is better than no bread." Yet in devising a scheme for national betterment there are others than workers to be considered. In the hour of calamity all must be prepared to suffer. If workers are to have incomes reduced to half, then money-lenders, money-users, professional men of all classes, should in justice be limited in similar fashion. Indirectly many of them will be so limited. Money-lenders will not be having an easy time with property coming back on their hands; manufacturers cannot produce satisfactory balance sheets if they cannot find markets for their goods; doctors cannot live in luxury if their patients cannot pay for treatment. Yet any of these will be in better position than people who have no income at all, or than those who at a stroke find their income cut in two. The suggestion of our correspondent would be very valuable if it could be extended to everybody. Even without this extension it is worthy of consideration.

If it is not a cure or a partial cure it may be a palliative for those workers who are completely down and out.

A study of conditions here and elsewhere will convince anybody that there is no panacea for unemployment short of a new world programme. Individualism and nationalism, capitalism and socialism, must vision and yield to that world-spirit which recognizes all men as brothers. We who are in so-called Christian lands have been long enough emphasizing the importance of missionary effort, but it has centred chiefly in the teaching of a book, which unfortunately is not understandable to those who hear it read, and not understood by many of those who teach it. When "the gospel of the other fellow" is preached in practice, by business men, by political

as to obtain an income that will enable them and those dependent upon them to live in comfort. If it were possible for anyone with a half-day's salary to provide himself with a whole-day's needs, there would be no hardship. The other half-day could be spent in profitable leisure. Perhaps, indeed, there is a way of realizing this very condition.

In the olden days nearly everything was produced in the home. This was true particularly of rural communities. In those times about 88 per cent of the people lived in the country. Today over 50 per cent of the population live in cities and towns and they depend upon others for all they eat and wear and for all they use for warming and furnishing their homes. Even music and conversation are paid for in cash.

The Master Farmers

FOR some centuries the Universities as highly-privileged institutions have exercised the right to grant degrees in Arts, Medicine, Law, Theology. In later years they have added degrees in Science, Engineering and practically everything else. Some of these degrees have been awarded because of studies pursued in College Halls, and some because of service outside—as they say for "honoris causa." It was a happy idea which led The Nor'-West Farmer to suggest that the degree of Master Farmer should be given to men in Western Canada who have proved themselves worthy of such high honor. And because it was not in the power of the University to grant these degrees there was called into being a Board of Experts, who submitted all candidates to a test that was more exacting than any given in the University when it undertakes to examine those seeking graduation.

The ten men who were honored in the three provinces not only passed the examination with great credit, but gave proof of their work in a practical way. Every one is a leading farmer, has interested himself in public life, has a home of which he may be proud, and every one at the banquet was able to make an address which a valedictorian at a college closing might well emulate. It may be that some college men receive their degrees who have nothing to show for it. But it is not so with these Master Farmers. They are honored leaders in the highest calling in the land.

The Western Home Monthly joins with others in congratulating them and their helpmates upon the high honor they have received, and congratulate The Nor'-West Farmer for its initiative and vigor in this matter.

The Indian Conference

IT IS impossible for us at this distance to form a judgment on the questions that must be settled by the London Conference. It is not difficult, however, to account for the unrest and the demand for self-government. It is said that when Hindoos mixed with others in the Great War they found themselves equal to the best in bravery, in endurance and in loyalty. Though non-Christian they were not noticeably lacking in Christian virtues. Why then should they not have the same social and political standing as men and women of the other Dominions?

Some of those who have been in India attribute part of the present trouble to one other cause—the stupid, lordly attitude of the officials, particularly the military officials, who have had to administer the affairs of state. No man has a right to adopt such an attitude. When he settles in a new country his first duty is to place himself in close sympathy with those who live there.

At Christmas Time

By CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

*Earth seems just a little brighter;
Hearts are just a little lighter
At the blessed Christmas time!
There is more of joy and gladness;
There is less of grief and sadness;
Less of hatred and of badness,
When the bells of Christmas chime!*

*There's a spirit all-pervading,
In the merry throngs parading,
Thrusting care and gloom aside;
There's a truce to fretful whining!
There's a respite to repining!
In each face a light is shining
At the holy Christmas-time!*

*There's a lift in heart and spirit;
There's a song—and all may hear it—
Floating down from far away!
Then our loved ones all seem dearer;
And the Peace of God seems nearer;
Life itself seems brighter, clearer,
On the blessed Christmas Day!*

and military leaders, and by women in homes as well as by women in society, then it will be welcomed. Then too will unemployment cease. The fact is, that with all our pretensions to Christianity we are not yet Christianized, for we retain our selfishness, our pride, our class spirit. The need for missionaries is greatest in what are known as civilized lands. Perhaps the yellow-robed and turbaned Hindoo might be induced to show us what Christianity means in practice.

Making Ends Meet

SOMEBODY has said that it does not matter very much whether people are employed or non-employed so long as they can make income parallel expenditure. There is something in this, though it is not the whole truth. Men need work in order to save themselves from deterioration and from that terrible ennui which accompanies inactivity. It is probably true, however, that most men work not so much to develop personality and escape boredom

Village Boy to Imperial Statesman

Romantic Career of Lloyd George

By Arthur Lamsley

ON JANUARY 17th, 1863, the body of David Lloyd George was born in the great, drab city of Manchester. Eighteen months later his parents went to the cloistered hills of romantic North Wales, where a rugged, picturesque environment kindled and gave birth to his ardent soul. To the village of Llanystumdwy in Carnarvonshire he was taken later by his mother on the sudden death of his father, and adopted by his uncle Richard Lloyd, the village shoemaker, whose amazing self-sacrifice and generosity gave the young David every chance in life, and incidentally the British Empire one of her greatest statesmen.

In the humble cottage of the shoemaker life was a stern, oft-times merciless reality. Hard work and high thinking on the part of his uncle had moulded an environment in which the early impressionable years of young Lloyd George were filled with thoughts of the righteous poor, of their limitations for personal advancement, their lack of clothes and, at times, even food; of their being overshadowed ever by the pitiless persecution of the feudal landlords and the tyrannous behavior of the Anglican Church towards them. That he, too, as a child, was called upon to experience hard living is recounted in his own words written some years afterwards: "We scarcely ate fresh meat, and I remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday morning."

As a lad in the village school young Lloyd George was very much like the other boys, except for an abnormal quickness in learning and an outstanding gift for leadership in mischievous adventure. He was not a little saint at school, as is popularly thought because of his rich and fervent use of Biblical language and text in later life, but really a daredevil, showing early traits towards rebelliousness. Revolt against oppression was part of his nature, for we find him leading open rebellion against the Bishop of the district who wanted to force the Church Catechism upon his robust Nonconformist beliefs. This gives a glimpse of the character which in a few years was to range itself against all forms of injustice.

At a very early age he recognized the tremendous disadvantages under which his people lived. This he gleaned from conversation with his uncle, and in the blacksmith's shop, where the grievances of the village folk and the downtrodden people of Wales were discussed with no little heat by men who came from the valleys far and near. At these gatherings at night when the only light came from the flickering oil lamp and the flame from the forge, young David listened with breathless attention to the stories of the hardships his people were suffering at the hands of the oppressing landlords. Here he was inspired to become a people's champion in the cause of social justice.

These disabilities for education, for social life and religion, and the political slavery of the people took definite shape in this young, assimilating mind, and in the school playground, in the village of Bethel, and in his home he makes slashing speeches against the ruling powers in the neighborhood. Even in those early days he was conscious of his gifts of speech, for he used to recite portions of sermons and addresses to his boy friends in the street.

But he was daring not only in speech, he was adventurous physically as well. Once his young mind was set on a certain course, there was no yielding; he became obsessed completely by the thing on hand, be it mischief or adventure. One day he was following a hare hunt with a number of other boys, and the keeper stopped him crossing a bridge spanning a stream. Immediately he jumped waist-deep into the water, and bidding his friends follow, ran through the stream and continued in the hunt.

IT WAS during his early school days also that he received his liberty-loving lessons in politics. On one memorable election he actually witnessed farm laborers being turned out from their homes into the street because, against the tyrannous instructions of the squire, they had voted for Liberalism. As

Chancellor of the Exchequer years afterwards he said: "The village smithy was my first Parliament, where night after night we discussed all the abstruse questions relating to this world and the next, in politics, in theology, in philosophy, and science. There was nothing too wide and comprehensive for us to discuss."

From the knowledge he had gained during that



The Right Honourable David Lloyd George

early election originated his Land Campaign in later years. It was born of the hardship and suffering of the landless peasants, a people from whom he sprung, and for whom he had never ceased to fight.

Growing youth demanded that this stormy petrel should be made to think of his future. The money handicap was a serious and desperate obstacle, but again his uncle came to the rescue and offered his savings set aside for his old age, towards David's education, giving him the chance of following a profession. After much discussion it was decided that he should be apprenticed to the Law, which was his mother's choice, though for a while his uncle had dreams of the medical profession for his nephew.

David had done well at school, but there were no means for his education at a University, so he set to gain the further elements of scholarship by reading at home with his uncle. It is inspiring, this cottage scene, where uncle and nephew during every available hour of daylight and darkness were struggling to obtain sufficient knowledge to help the younger pass his preliminary Law Examination. But human affection and the undiminished urge of his nephew's ambition, gave Uncle Lloyd every recompense for his great sacrifice. Having studied together till David was of age for the examination they went to Liverpool in December, 1877, where young David struggled for a week with his test. Every morning Uncle Lloyd took the boy to St. George's Hall, where he was being examined, and met him as he left in the evening. Affection and striving brought their reward, and by

passing the examination young Lloyd George gained the first real triumph of his life. He was then articulated to Mr. Gasson, a solicitor of Portmadoc, a small town not far from his village home.

His nimble mind, together with his brilliance for grasping only essentials, soon began to mark the young solicitor's clerk for a place in public affairs. He used his gift of speech wherever possible, in Court, in debate both literary and political, and became a passionate student of Law, recognizing in it a living organism possible of great expansion for use in the cause of social justice. Thus his obsessing passion for public service was stimulated, not lessened, by the environment of the lawyer's office.

He also began to write short articles under the name of "Brutus" for a local newspaper, and these endeared him to the youth of Wales.

At the age of eighteen we find him paying his first visit to London. His footsteps seemed guided naturally towards the House of Commons, a place which had already filled much of his ambitious thought, and what this ardent youth thought on his first contact with the place where he was to attain such fame and honor is best understood from his diary: "I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!"

He went away from London with his young mind filled with the desire for fame. But he was under no misapprehension at that early age, that greatness could be won with ease, or even eloquence, for on another diary leaf we find a reference to his thirst for public eminence: "Perhaps it will be gratified. I believe it depends entirely on what forces of pluck and industry I can muster."

Here we have the keynote to the great success that came afterwards to him—*pluck and industry*. The fearless determination, untiring energy, restless concentration, the foundation ideals of his youth, were to make the most amazing career in modern political history.

FOR Lloyd George home is a harbor of peace, away from the storm and stress of the world of affairs in which he has been engrossed with such conspicuous success for the past forty years. Early the call of home and domestic life came to him. During his twenty-fourth year he met Miss Maggie Owen, daughter of a farmer from a neighboring village, and on January 24th, 1888, they were married in a tiny hillside chapel in the picturesque village of Pencaenewydd.

The first few years of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George spent on the farm of the Owens, where their elder children were born. Life had begun for them in real earnest, neither was there any abatement of the vigorous activity in public affairs in which the young husband was exercising his powers. Indeed, encouraged by his wife, whose simple courage is undaunted, he renewed his attacks upon the injustices and disabilities suffered by the poor in the neighborhood, speedily becoming famous throughout his native country.

Parliamentary life, however, required that the young M.P. should live in London, and in their early political career in 1890 Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George occupied a tiny flat in Gray's Inn; next year they moved to the Temple, and from 1893 to 1899 they occupied another flat in the Palace Mansions, Kensington. These homes were the essence of simplicity and spontaneous happiness, and the mecca of his youthful parliamentary friends from Wales.

Mr. Lloyd George is the soul of hospitality, and one would never have connected this man of simple tastes and unconventional, unpretentious habits with the battling champion of the people's cause, ferocious in speech, torrential in energy. But then, as now, it was always to his beloved Wales, to his boyhood home at Criccieth when he went, when exhausted, for a real holiday.

[Continued on page 46]

These 1931 KODAKS - just full of Christmas Spirit

**Smart Modern Designs
Attractive New Colors
now at your Kodak Dealer's**

THERE'S a fresh new thrill in a Kodak gift this Christmas. Expert stylists have been busy.

These new camera creations are modern! They're colorful! More suitable than ever as Christmas gifts . . . in their gay Paris designs.

Yet you give more than mere style when you give a Kodak. You give all the fun of picture-making . . . countless snapshots that keep happy memories alive. You give thoughtfulness and remembrance . . . and there's no finer gift than that.

See the new Kodaks at the start of your Christmas search. Pictured here are the 1931 models, announced early for the benefit of Christmas shoppers. On display now, at your Kodak dealer's. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.



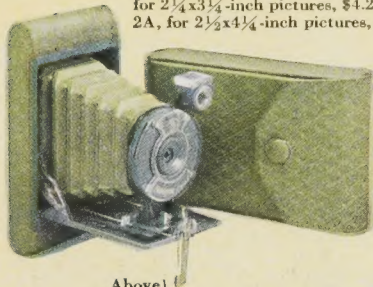
(Right)

An ebony-finished cedar box is the luxurious case in which No. 1A Gift Kodak comes. Cover of cedar box and a panel of Kodak enriched by ornamental metal and colored enamels. An exquisite gift.



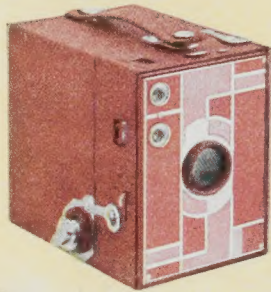
(Below at right)

BEAU BROWNIE, a new, small, gaily dressed camera with Doublet lens. Blue, green, rose, black, tan. No. 2, for $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$4.25. No. 2A, for $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures, \$5.25.



(Above)

KODAK PETITE, in lavender, old rose, blue, grey, green. For $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. \$8.00, with pouch-type case to match.



(Above)

CINÉ-KODAK, the gift that thrills the family. The new Model M is only \$85, with case. New Model K (shown here) is in blue, grey, black, brown. Case is included, price \$125 to \$165. Kodoscope Projectors as low as \$70.



(Above)

Unique and handsome . . . yet a crack picture-maker, No. 1A GIFT KODAK will delight any man or woman. Camera is covered with brown genuine leather, ornamented with metal inlay. Picture size, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Case for this new camera is a stunning cedar box, ebony-finished, with the top patterned in colored enamels and metal. The nicest looking Kodak ever offered. And the price . . . you'll think it's for the box alone . . . is \$16.



(Above)

KODAK COQUETTE PACKAGE is exactly the gift for Miss Modern. A Kodak (for $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures), compact, lipstick, all designed to match. Color is blue, with a pattern of attractive enamels. Beautifully boxed, \$13.50.

Give a **KODAK**



Now I know

I was right! Girls really do want scientific advice about the care of their precious complexions

I'm no good at figures—my bank and I *never* agree about my checking-account balance. But when I see records that show millions of Calay users now, instead of the thousands of a few months ago, even I know what that means!

I can't *begin* to describe for you my satisfaction at this news. For, do you realize that in only a few short months, Calay has become the most talked-of complexion soap in all Canada and the United States?

And that news isn't confined just to this side of the world, either. You should *see* the letters I get from girls in England and Germany and South Africa and Australia and even beauty-wise Paris, asking when Calay is coming over to give *their* complexions its gentle, fragrant care!

Do you know what I like best of all about this friendly welcome? It's the realization that girls really *do* want to know the *right* way to care for their complexions... That they're *glad* to know who the real complexion authorities are, and to follow their advice... And that they are finding how quickly and gratefully their complexions respond to the right care.

For, as all of you who have been following my magazine articles now

know, Calay has been approved by a group of the only real authorities on the skin and its care — by 73 leading American dermatologists.

If there is a single girl *anywhere* who is not making a gentle, fragrant Calay cleansing her most important complexion secret, I hope she won't let another sun set before she adopts it.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap, which is called Calay in Canada. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

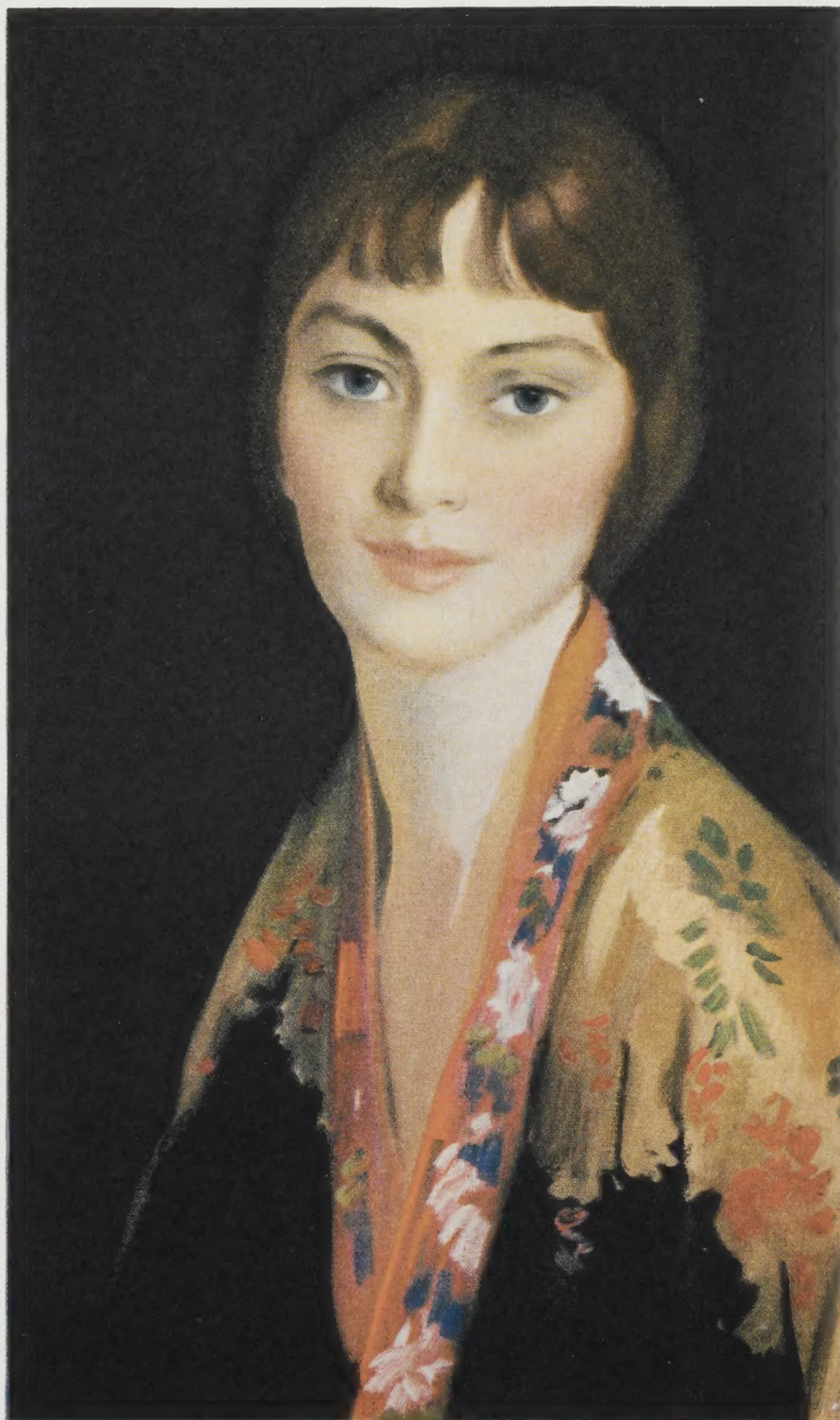
John Allen Pusey
M. D.

The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.

Calay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.



**CALAY IS A PROCTER & GAMBLE SOAP
[CALLED CAMAY IN THE UNITED STATES]**





Jim's eyes followed the black timber of the shore lifting to the shoulders of the ridges, until far in the west it faded into blue haze.

Under Frozen Stars

By George Marsh

Illustrated by A. C. Valentine

"SMOKE, OLD CHUM, there's something adrift out there to the south." Ears pricked, the massive black-and-white husky raised slant eyes to the speaker, while his heavy coat and plume of a curved tail fluttered in the driving wind which beat across the great lake.

Shading his eyes with a brown hand, Jim Stuart watched a distant object, which regularly disappeared, to lift again on the white crest of the running seas.

"Acts like a filled canoe, Smoke. I'm going to get the glasses."

Stuart left the shore where the breaking seas, driven across ten miles of open lake by the south-west gale, pounded, edging the beach with foam. Crossing the clearing, where the grass grew thickly among the stumps, to the group of white-washed log buildings of the little fur post, he entered the tradehouse.

"Looks like a capsized canoe out there, Omar," Stuart said to the broad-backed figure seated cross-legged on the floor, shaping with a draw-knife a slab of birch into a paddle.

The half-breed lifted a swart, square face, seamed with lines, his mouth widening to a grin, as he said: "Wal, w'at you do? Dis cano' come from Nor'-Wes' Compane; eet ees good t'ing, eh?"

"You're too bitter, Omar," said the factor of Sunset House. "We can't let men drown before our eyes even if they are from LeBlond's. Anyway, I couldn't make out anyone hanging to her. She may have drifted away empty. I'll take a look with the glasses."

Stuart took his service binoculars from the case where they hung on a moose-horn gun-rack and joined the dog who waited for him at the door. Crossing the clearing to the shore, he focused the glasses on the wind-harried lake. As he found the drifting object he sought, his lips moved in a muttered: "Man hanging to that boat! How long can he last?"

Jim started on a run for the trade-house. "Come on, Omar! There's someone with that filled canoe. He's drifted miles—probably half drowned already, the way they're rolling over him!"

The stolid half-breed dropped knife and paddle and, taking the glasses from his chief, stepped outside.

"There, about two miles off-shore!" said Jim, pointing to the submerged canoe.

Slowly the black head of Omar nodded. "Boy wid dat cano'," he said. "He get long ride—from LeBlond's."

"Come on! We'll take the Peterboro!"

The lined face of the half-breed stiffened in a black frown. "We fill, too, out dere! Tough job—put de cano' into dat wind!"

Stuart laughed as he started for the shore, followed reluctantly by his man. "What! The best

canoe-man I ever saw—afraid of that water?" he taunted. "You sure hate that LeBlond outfit! But we'll show this fellow some paddling!"

Turning over the Peterboro on the beach, the two men waded with her into the surf, and leaping in, drove the craft into the rolling combers which broke on her bow. Beside them plunged the excited husky. "Back, Smoke! Back!" shouted Jim, and the great dog returned to the beach where he yelped out his chagrin.

Out into the welter of wind-driven seas went the plunging canoe. Free of the shore, the kneeling stern-man eased the nose of the canoe off the wind, quartering into the breaking crests of the seas, in a long reach. For a mile, the dogged "churn-swish, churn-swish" of maple blades fought the fury of the south-wester. In silence, half-breed and white man pitted back and shoulder and arm against the blind violence which whipped their faces with spray, seeking to sweep them back to the boulders of the shore where leaping waves burst into cascades of foam.

On they went for a space, then swung towards the submerged boat. It was grinding toil for the men who drove the plunging canoe into a wind which cut the foaming tops from the combers—quartering into seas threatening to fill the boat; fighting for every yard. The canoes were within short rifle shot of each other when Jim saw the dark head beside the submerged craft move as if to signal the approaching boat.

"He's all right!" panted Stuart. "He'll hang on! A boy!"



Rails awash, the filled canoe bore down on the laboring Peterboro. As the rescuing boat worked closer a huge comber mounded over the wallowing craft burying the dark head beside it. Jim dug desperately with his paddle, fearful of what the lifting boat would reveal. But as the canoe rose he saw the head still there, with the arms circling a thwart.

"Good boy!" muttered the bowman.

Closer crept the Peterboro. Again the boat was drowned in a ridge of black water, topped with foam. Then, as the dark head appeared, the eyes of the toiling bowman widened in amazement.

"A girl!"

His paddle tore at the water. "A girl! Game to the marrow—the way she hangs to that boat!"

Over his shoulder he shouted: "It's a girl!"

It was dangerous work—edging the Peterboro alongside a filled boat yawing in that sea. But Omar Boisvert was a magician with a paddle, and did not hesitate. As they reached the canoe the half-drowned girl turned a face grey from exhaustion and the drenching of the seas, and her blue lips moved.

While Omar fought to hold his bow into the wind against the drag of the yawing canoe, Stuart worked desperately to get the limp body of the girl into the boat without rolling them under a lifting sea. At last, she was in the Peterboro, and, as a ridge of water broke at the bow, they cleared the boat and headed for Sunset House.

"A white girl—from LeBlond's! Short hair, whipcord knickers—who can she be?" wondered Jim as his stiff arms drove his paddle. He glanced over his shoulder at the huddled figure of his drenched passenger covered by his coat. "Cold?" he shouted to the shivering girl. "Get down, out of the wind!"

She nodded, with a gallant attempt at a smile, as he encouraged: "Only a few minutes now!"

"Wet as a beaver," he thought. "She's plucky all right — must be half-frozen in this wind, but there's nothing to do but run for it. We'll soon reach the beach and Omar's wife'll dry her out. Game enough to grin between shivers—and what teeth!"

But two miles of running "white horses" separated the canoe, yawing in the following sea, from the post, and the kneeling bowman had his work cut out.

At length, leaping into the shoal water, Stuart

"Yes, my heroic rescuer," she began archly, "and now, Monsieur Sourface, that I am warm and dry again and look less like a drowned fish, do you not like me better?"

eased the boat in to the beach at the post; then lifted the girl, blue with cold, from the boat.

"Can you walk?" he asked, conscious of the thickness of her drenched, crow-black hair. "Take my arm."

The girl's stiff legs, numb from exposure to water and wind, moved uncertainly. With a shrug she raised black eyes to the man who supported her, wondering if he dared pick her up and run to the warm kitchen of Omar's cabin. "I make you much trouble," she replied through chattering teeth. "You take me—out of—that wet lake. Now you must—dry me."

They laughed together as the lean, young fur trader supported the shivering girl who wore his coat, while moisture from her hair stood in beads on her heavy brows and lashes.

At the door of her cabin the amazed Marthe, wife of Omar, met them with wide and disapproving eyes. Jim Stuart with a short-haired girl wearing a man's coat, a man's trousers, a man's high laced boots! A costume for women unknown in Kiwedon.

"W'at—w'at you do, Meester Jeem?" she feebly gasped, overwhelmed with embarrassment.

"She's been in the lake, Marthe," explained Stuart. "She upset and drifted across from LeBlond's. Needs hot soup and a fire—quick! I'll rustle dry clothes for you, Miss—Miss—"

With a flash of white teeth the girl laughed: "Oh, didn't you guess? I'm Aurore LeBlond!"

Jim Stuart was startled. The blood showed in his tanned cheeks as he replied: "No, I didn't know." Then he said: "Marthe will take care of you, Miss LeBlond. Get those wet clothes off and dry out. My cook will have some supper for you shortly."

LeBlond's daughter, at Sunset House! Impossible to get her back across that lake until the wind

died! What a situation! What would LeBlond, his rival and enemy do? He'd saved the life of LeBlond's girl. It was a huge joke on the free-trader. Now what would he do?

As the girl followed the Ojibwa woman into the log house, she turned in the doorway and called to Stuart: "Merci, monsieur, oh very many thanks for saving me from a watery grave!" With a laugh she disappeared.

"Well, Omar, she's surely a cool one! Half frozen in those clammy clothes, she stops to make fun of our breaking our backs to reach her before she let go that canoe. Gratitude, eh—and nerve?"

"Ah-hah!" grunted the half-breed, "Louis LeBlond, he ees lak dat. He don' care for nobodee. How you get her home?"

"Get her back—against this wind? She'll have to stay till it drops."

With a grunt Omar stopped in his tracks, his face black with disapproval. "You know w'at dat mean?"

"I know. He'll make a fuss, no doubt, but there's no help for it. She can sleep in my quarters with old Sarah. I'll stay with you."

"We tak" her back by de shore, now, w'en she dry out and eat," insisted Omar.

"Now? Alongshore—in a canoe? If we didn't smash the boat on the rocks, it would take us most of the night," objected Stuart.

"Ah-hah! But eet weel be bettair. We breeng her back to LeBlon'een de morn' an' we have troubl'. You don' know dat feller."

"No, I don't suppose I do, Omar. But I know that he's putting us out of business, and that will mean all our work here is lost. No, I don't know LeBlond, but he'll know me before I quit."

THE SQUAT SARAH, the Scotch-Ojibwa who presided over Jim Stuart's kitchen, was in ferment of irritation, as she hustled about her stove. The daughter of the hated free-trader, LeBlond, whose influence with the Indians and ability as a fur man was threatening the very existence of Sunset House and the future of "Meester Jeem" Stuart, was shortly to test her cooking. She had seen the canoe land and watched Stuart, followed by Omar, lead what she imagined a half-drowned boy to the cabin. Then, to her astonishment and wrath, Stuart had appeared to announce that this girl in men's clothes—this shameless daughter of his rival across the lake, was to be fed.

With her fire well started and the kettles on, the outraged Sarah had lost no time in shuffling over

to the rear entrance of Omar's cabin for a whispered council of war with the equally indignant Marthe. Yes, it was true what Sarah had seen. Short hair and men's breeches! No Ojibwa woman would bring shame to her sex by shearing her hair, and as for the "gibodiegwason"—the breeches? Marthe's rolling eyes and hunched shoulders eloquently portrayed her thoughts. But then, some white women are mad!

Yes, Martha informed Sarah, her swart face sobered with the gravity of the news, this girl of LeBlond's was now calmly seated by the stove in a calico slip and the underwear Stuart had brought her from the trade-house, waiting for her clothes to dry. She was going to put them on again—wear them, to eat with Stuart. Sit at his table in those breeches of a man! She would put a spell upon him—the shameless one!

With much wagging of dark, braided heads the women parted.

Jim Stuart's knock at the door of Omar's cabin brought the reply: "Coming!"

Shortly the door opened and the daughter of the man who was rapidly driving him out of the fur trade at Mitawangagama—Ojibwa for The Lake of the Sand Beaches—stood in dry woollen blouse caught at the neck by a scarf of crimson silk, and whipcords; on her stockinged feet a pair of the begrudging Marthe's beaded moccasins.

"You're warm again—no chill?" he asked, poignantly aware of the picture she made in the frame of the door.

"Yes, my heroic rescuer," she began archly, "and now, Monsieur Sourface, that I'm warm and dry again and look less like a drowned fish, do you not like me better?"

The fluttering of her black hair in the wind; the allure of her thick-lashed eyes; the clean lines of her build held the appraising sweep of Stuart's gaze, as she posed, hands on hips, free of all self-consciousness, watching him in frank amusement.

"But you do not answer me!" she said impatiently.

"No, Miss LeBlond," he replied in mock gravity, "I think I prefer you as a 'drowned fish.' You were then more respectful to your 'heroic rescuer.'"

"But my hair was plastered with water and my eyes red!" she objected, vehemently. "See it now—how it waves when it's dry!" and she ran her fingers through the crow-black plumes of her wind-tossed locks.

"Yes, it's very—nice!" he replied, aghast at her amazing candor, as he walked beside her toward his quarters. So this was the new girl, the younger generation!

"Very nice?" she countered with a toss of the head. "In Winnipeg, they call it beautiful!"

"I'm sure they do," he said absent-mindedly, his eyes measuring sky and wind-whipped lake; his face suddenly grave with the thought of Omar's warning: "We breeng her back to Louis LeBlond een de morn' an' we have troubl'."

But how could they paddle her back to-night against that wind, he asked himself. Then he heard the girl at his side say:

"You are not polite to your guest, Mr. Stuart. I have said twice that, since you have shaved, you are quite good-looking."

Stuart's lean face reddened. What would she say next? He had not been "outside," down to the railroad and civilization, since his discharge from the army on his return from France. But in the stray papers and magazines which had reached him in the hinterlands of Kiwedin, he had read of the manners and dress of the younger generation. The frankness of this "specimen," however, was startling.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Now you haven't told me how you happened to paddle that canoe out from your shore past the lee of the island. You see what a risk you took?"

"Sorry you're good-looking?" she teased. "What a modesty! . . . Oh, I was tired of listening to that fool, Paul Paradis," she explained, "and it wasn't rough inside the islands. But, outside, before I knew it, the wind caught me and I couldn't turn back. You know the rest."

"You had a close shave, Miss LeBlond," he said quietly, wondering at her seeming lack of gratitude for the battle two men had made with wind and sea for her life.

She turned impulsively, placing a hand on his arm, as her face sobered.

"You don't have to tell me that," she said, and the raillery left her brilliant eyes. "I died out there, today. I knew I couldn't last—hang on, much longer. . . . Then I saw you coming!"

He looked suspiciously at her dark face. Was she acting again? But the straight gaze which met his betokened sincerity.

"I thought you didn't know," he said, lamely.

"Didn't know?" she cried, almost savagely. "You think me a fool?" Then, swiftly, her mood changed. "Ah, I will now make amends to my heroic deliverer from the raging waters of Mita—Mitawangagama—is that right?—The Lake of the Sand Beaches!" she laughed. "Sir, you have rescued a water-logged maid from the fishes! She will never forget your bravery—or your surprise at her whipcords! She thanks you with all the heart she has—left!" Aureole LeBlond bowed grotesquely, until her hair touched the long grass of the clearing.

He watched her in silence, with a quizzical smile, puzzled, wondering, half-charmed, partly repelled. "Let's see what Sarah has got for us," he suggested. "I'm hungry, aren't you?"

"Starved! She won't poison me, will she? Marthe's eyes snapped fire when she saw me in these." The girl lifted a shapely leg and curled her toes in the smoke-tanned moccasin, far too generous in size for her foot.

"You did startle them—in those," he laughed. "You rather startled me; I haven't been in Winnipeg since the war."

"You poor man!"

"No, I've lived in Winnipeg—and prefer this. Hello, Smoke!" Bursting from the spruce at the edge of the clearing where he had been hunting rabbits, Smoke loped up to the man and girl approaching the dog stockade built of spruce slabs, surrounding Jim's quarters and his vegetable garden.

"What a handsome dog!" she cried. "Why, he's much larger than any of father's! Where did you get him?"

[Continued on page 28]



"The working features of LeBlond reflected his warring emotions. Then he found his voice "You have insulted us, here, in your own house!" he burst out. "We want no hospitality from you."

CHURCHILL

Western Canada's North Star



The Hon. D. G. McKenzie,
Minister of Mines and Natural Resources

RUDYARD KIPLING'S "Oriental dawn which 'rose up like thunder'" has found a marvelous counterpart on the western shores of Hudson Bay, where the Midnight Sun and the Northern Light will soon illuminate a phase of human progress that is unsurpassed.

The development of Churchill as an island port of Western Canada bears a message of consolation to the 100,000 moujiks whose brawn and bones furnished a foundation in the Neva marshes for St. Petersburg, Peter the Great's Baltic port, built frantically in the twelve months of 1702. The message to those brave spirits will tell, not of a million slaves driven by knout and lash to complete an engineering task of gigantic proportions in such a short time, but of a comparative band full of men who have turned modern machinery against the biting winds, the angry waters and the merciless icebergs of the far north.

Could Peter the Great and a delegation of his black-bearded Razkolniks peep in upon the 1,500 singing North Americans who are utilizing science to conquer Nature at Churchill, they would stand agape in admiration and awe. No longer does hand-work play the predominant part in city building, although the human element is far from eliminated, and years must pass, to say the least, ere the triumph of Mr. Televox and Mr. Robot are complete. Yet the ingenuity of man has advanced tremendously since Peter the Great, and when engineers assert they can find a way to keep men warm and comfortable in Latitude 58-44 at the extreme temperature of 60 degrees below zero, the wise layman will believe it can be done. North Dakotans, far to the south, have survived such temperatures in blizzardy winter, and people have been known to freeze to death in

torrid zones. Hotel men don't think Churchill is so cold, for 26 of them have applied to the Manitoba Provincial Government for leases on land upon which to build hotels to attract the heavy tourist traffic which it is anticipated will flock to this new "top of the world" when the gates are opened and the public is admitted by the Canadian Government in 1931.

Although the summers promise to prove delightful, they are short: the winters are long, and the problem is how to keep water from freezing, and to maintain a central heating system which will supply public utilities, manufactories, apartments and homes with steam heat and hot water like it is done successfully at Brandon and Winnipeg. Maybe the astute engineers will call on the accommodating automobile men for the latest mixture of anti-freeze: just what they will employ to keep water circulating has not been disclosed, nor are they telling how drift ice and icebergs are to be avoided in summer that prairie wheat may be diverted from the bottle necks and the funnels of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence and sent in cargo vessels to Europe through Hudson Bay. Some things are just as well left to the imagination of people who will indulge in speculation anyhow: and it suits the serious purposes of the Ottawa and the Manitoba Governments and their associate projectors to allow of a gradual permanent development rather than to build a fly-by-night "boom town." There is now no indiscriminate influx of "rubber-necks" curious to see the Churchill "elephant" and whose presence would seriously interfere with the gigantic tasks to which the 1,500 workmen just mentioned are bending with commendable zeal. An enormous amount of material salvaged from the abandoned Port Nelson project 125 miles to the Southeast has been taken to Churchill by boats and the Hudson Bay Railway: just to mention one item involving great labor by the force of the Canadian National Railways, 400 carloads were hauled into the terminus and dumped at points convenient to the workers prior to the ice thaw of the spring of 1930.

The ballasting of roadbed, the cribbing work on the docks, the erection of railway terminals, the grading of streets, and the raising of accommodations for visitors as well as permanent workers and other residents must precede any lowering of the bars. John Bull does not do things with the optimistic whoop-la of Uncle Sam, yet he gets there just the same: an illustration will show his character in that respect: an Atlanta real estate developer who owned a forest on a car line laid out lots for sale beyond

By

George M. Battey, Jr.

the trees, where they could not be seen in passing. When he was all ready to sell the public, he merely cut down the trees and revealed a striking

panorama to their gaze. Similarly, visitors from Canada and the States may rest assured that while there will be some rough edges at Churchill for quite a while, what they first lay eyes upon will provoke the exclamation "Marvelous!"

TO TREAT this admirable project in a way that will convince people it is not an idle dream but on the contrary is full of bright possibilities is perhaps not the easiest task imaginable. True, the most optimistic may well stop short of extravagant prediction, while expressing confidence that this invasion of Eskimo Land will provide an objective point not only for new commercial advantages but for a spread into virgin territory of that English-speaking people whose accomplishments have done so much to make the world what it is today. In order to vision the future, it will help to remember what other far-northern communities have done. Archangel, Russia's farthest north reach of steel railway at the mouth of the Dvina River on the White Sea, is in Latitude 64-33, or nearly six degrees north of Churchill. As far back as 1897 Archangel's population was 347,509: it must be approximately 500,000 by now. Thurso, Caithness County, Scotland, in the same latitude as Churchill, has not developed beyond the village in size, but it is connected with nearby Wick and Southern Scotland and England by a branch railroad. Narvik, Norway, at 68 North, is 140 miles within the Arctic Circle, is the limit in the world for rail penetration toward the North Pole, and due to the sweep of the Gulf Stream, which does not touch Churchill or Archangel, its well sheltered harbor is open the year round. Narvik is important as the port whence 1,200,000 tons of iron ore from the inland iron mines of Gellivare have been shipped annually. Excepting Churchill, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, is the point beyond which railways do not go, in Canada, while the farthest north reached with steel by the United States is at Fairbanks, Alaska, in Latitude 65: the Alaska Railroad from Seward to Fairbanks is 469 miles long, and coal mine branches give it about as much more. That 32,699 tourists travelled by four steamship lines into Alaska in 1926 must hold out hope of a good tourist business when things are ready on Hudson Bay.



Developments at Churchill—Hudson Bay Railway

Alaska's progress in aviation is told in the fact that planes flew 300,000 miles in three years, transported 1,000 passengers and 30,000 pounds of freight without loss of life or injury. This record has been surpassed in Canada, where planes have done fine work opening up the northwest territory to mineral exploration as far north as Aklavik on the Mackenzie Delta. Seaplanes have visited Churchill, and the land-locked harbor offers smooth water in summer, with ski landings on every hand during the cold months. The eye does not have to travel far into the future to see planes plying back and forth between Churchill and Winnipeg, bearing hunting, fishing and prospecting parties from Canada and the States.

People who regard the region affectionately as a sort of Santa Claus Land will be privileged to see something of the animals they associate with Christmas and the north's great blanket of crystal snow. Whales, seals, foxes and wolves will retreat before white-man advance, but the Eskimo and the Indians will continue to come in with their sledges, fish and game; and hard by will be located an extensive reindeer or caribou farm, where these antlered noble beasts of the tundra will be reared and slain for their meat, hide and tallow. A Canada-American company which has been successful in Alaska and in which Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the well-known Arctic explorer, is said to be interested, is negotiating for a lease by the Manitoba Government and is due to bring in from Alaska next spring enough specimens to produce a sizable herd. Reindeer were introduced into Alaska from Lapland and Siberia by the United States Government to the number of 1,280 between 1892 and 1902. Under careful handling, according to the World Almanac, these increased to 22,107 in 1910, 92,933 in 1920 (valued at \$2,238,562) and 322,000 in 1928. Of this number, some 240,000 are owned by natives, to whom their presence has been a boon, for they have taken the place of "horse, cow, sheep and goat" at a time when the fate of the Indians and the Eskimos was a serious question. Reindeer meat exported to the United States in 1924 was worth \$53,000, \$127,898 in the fiscal year 1926-27, and \$153,723 in 1928-29. The shipment in pounds was 989,904 in 1926-27, 760,624 in 1927-28, and 1,318,453 in 1928-29. While there is sufficient pasturage in Alaska for 10,000,000 reindeer, inaccessibility makes the task of getting out the meat and hides very expensive, and in this respect the company counts on doing better near Churchill, with an unbroken rail connection to the south. The projectors are said to have stated that the moss-covered tundra in this region cannot be surpassed anywhere.

Presently it will be proper to present a picture of the romantic history of this new promised land, which has come into the ken of civilization through so many hectic struggles, but before doing so we shall offer a few more facts and figures by which the past and the present are rolled into one to assure a future clear and bright.

A TALKING motion picture outfit is operating at Churchill for the entertainment of the workers; tennis courts are at the disposal of the engineers;



Hudson Bay Railway Construction

hospital units look after the sick and the injured; and a qualified postmaster handles the mail. Radio music, stories and talks while the long evenings away for the men at a central meeting place. Accommodations are not as elaborate as they will be when some of those 26 hotels are built and people are paying \$10 a day for a whiff of the salt air from Hudson Bay. A tumble-down shack on the "Main Stem" bears a sign reading "Bacon's two-bit flop." This sign needs no interpreting for the man of the mining camp or the bush, but for the lay reader it may be well to explain that this descendant of England's "father of colonization," Francis Bacon, takes in roomers at two-bits or 25 cents per night. The guests, as nearly everywhere else as yet, occupy rough bunks in long halls with only a few sticks of rude furniture; room partitions, bureaus, rocking chairs and running water will follow later on. Long mess halls like those at military camps and barracks feed the hungry throng, who take most of their courses in bowls of soup. These shaggy men make from 40 cents to \$1 an hour, depending on their skill, and since living is inexpensive, they don't know much about hard times. They are too busy doing the job to complain.

The gang that is sweating blood at Churchill in 1930 will not be there a few years hence. They are the pioneers who do the "dirty work," so-called, for others to enjoy; and it is with a realization that the pioneer deserves the best that Governmental agencies are treating the men with every

consideration. The Canadian takes great pride in a hard task, and these strapping fellows would rather be grappling with Nature than swinging in a hammock in Banana-land. Many of them have travelled all over—have ridden the "blind baggage" and know how to box a compass and put together a Mulligan Stew. They are the Sir John Mandevilles and the Marco Polos of travelogue fame, who will be working in Vancouver when the Churchill foundation is laid, in Australia after that, then back through the States, propelled ever onward by the wanderlust which for 200 years sent into Hudson Bay that buccaneering host whose shields bore the motto, "A Northwest Passage to China or Bust!" Around the docks, where there is much filling to forestall a 35-foot maximum tide, will be found a group of veterans of the World War; dock work and trench digging are not so far apart.

One claw of a lobster will illustrate the physical set-up of the harbor from whose \$2,000,000, 2,500,000-bushel grain elevator (now 30 per cent completed) it is proposed to clear a great deal of Canadian and Middle Western wheat. The left pincer can represent the narrow neck of land running north and south on the west and containing a low rock formation extending from Sloop Cove down to the tip where the Churchill River joins Hudson Bay and the crumbling Fort Prince of Wales is located. The right pincer, also curving slightly inward, contains near the Bay a 70-foot ridge of rock which slopes off to the level of [Continued on page 45]



Old Fort Churchill—Hudson Bay Railway

In the Light of the Christmas Candles

By
Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Author of "The Misdemeanors of Nancy," "Concerning Belinda,"
"How Could You, Jean?" etc.

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen



Miss Vanderveck's sloping white shoulders rose bare from out of a foam of fine old lace.

A SLIM, erect woman, in rather shabby black, turned into lower Fifth Avenue from one of the side streets and walked northward, slowly, but with a certain self-confidence. The street lights were not yet turned on, but the dull end of a December day was closing in upon the world, and the black figure toned in with the drifting grays, like an impressionistic study in monotonous values.

Hurrying folk passed the woman without giving her a second glance; and she on her part showed no interest in the passers-by, though she lingered for a moment on a street-corner to watch a dull-red shaft of afterglow touch the stone carving of a church tower into a sudden warmth.

As she stood looking at the flickering light, a short, fat woman, rocking down the avenue with a vigorous, side-wheeler motion, caught sight of her, stopped, stared incredulously, and threw two expressive hands into the air.

"*Mon Dieu!* It is herself—of a certainty! Mademoiselle! You have not forgotten Françoise?"

The broad, ruddy face was beaming with unmistakable joy; the black eyes were dancing with excitement.

Elizabeth Vanderveck smiled swiftly, and the smile changed her face as the sunset light had transfigured the gray tower.

I weep when I pass the door. The dinners I have cooked there, Mademoiselle—and for those who recognized the dinner *recherche*, the dinner of distinction. That the *parvenues* should have our house! It is said below stairs that Madame does not know Béchamel from sauce Meunière. And you, Mademoiselle? You have made the voyage. You are now in New York to stay, is it not?"

The exclamatory French woman's keen friendly eyes had taken in every detail of the figure before her. Even in the gathering dusk they had appraised the value of the cheap, black coat, noted the worn, black gloves, the neat but old-fashioned hat. Then they travelled to the face in which gentle kindness mingled oddly with stubborn pride. There were lines in the clean-cut, aristocratic face that had not been there eight years earlier, but the lips were curved as proudly as ever, the head had kept its haughty poise.

"A *grande dame* always," she said to herself. "That it is to have the blood. Son of a brewer! Pah!" she snorted aloud with a sudden vehemence that made her former mistress start nervously.

"But he may have made very good beer once, Françoise," Miss Vanderveck protested with a certain tranquil amusement.

The old house on Washington Square, in which she and her father before her had been born, had passed

"Françoise!" she said, a trifle breathlessly. "Françoise, you remember me?"

She held out her hand and the radiant French woman took it diffidently.

"But surely. How could one forget?" she said in voluble French. "Was it not Mademoiselle whom we adored? Ah, Mademoiselle! It is to tear the heart. The son of a brewer is in our house. Me,

out of the Vanderveck family. She had had years in which to become accustomed to that fact. Since it was no longer the Vanderveck house, why should she care into what *nouveaux riches* hands it fell? Poverty makes socialists, cynics, philosophers. Miss Vanderveck was too well-born for socialism, too well-bred for cynicism, but the years since her father's ruin and death and her own self-exile had taught her something of philosophy.

"Mademoiselle permits that I accompany her to her door? It is late for her to make the promenade alone."

Françoise was bursting with curiosity, but she could ask no questions.

Miss Vanderveck hesitated for an instant, and a faint flush rose to her cheeks, but it went as quickly as it came, and an odd little smile flickered around her lips.

"I am used to being out alone," she said simply, "but I should be glad to have you walk home with me. How has the world used you, Françoise? My lawyer told me that all the servants found places at once."

"But yes, Mademoiselle; and Monsieur l'avocat gave us the month's wages, by order of Mademoiselle. Places? With me it was an embarrassment, a pursuit. One remembered your dinners, Mademoiselle, and coveted your cook. It is in all modesty I say it. One is born with the genius. One deserves little credit. I considered the offers. The Belmore family had need of both a cook and a butler. They are not the true aristocrats, but they are not without grandfathers, and they have money. One must make concessions—and certainly it was an advantage that they needed, too, a butler. Sure, Mademoiselle remembers Watkins?"

Miss Vanderveck nodded. "The imposing Watkins! No one could forget him, Françoise."

"Exactly, Mademoiselle! Me, I had become used to Watkins. He was of an intelligence, of a sensibility, and of a figure—*Mon Dieu*, what a figure, superb for a butler, he has! So that I would not lose him, I married him. We are with the Belmores, who are now on the Riviera, while we guard the house here. They are not of the highest. I have already said it. But what would you? It is a compromise."

THE two women had turned off the avenue, and walked westward along a side street, until the desirable residence district was far behind them. Finally, Miss Vanderveck stopped before a new and cheap apartment-house.

"I live here," she said with a touch of hauteur. The pride in her face had driven out the softness, yet she spoke gently. "I will not ask you to come up, Francoise. It is late. You were kind enough to see me safely home, and it has been pleasant to meet you; but for the people who knew me in the old days I do not exist. You will oblige me by remembering that, Francoise."

This suggestion was a royal command.

"But, Mademoiselle, you will surely permit that I, Francoise come to see that you are well?"

There were genuine tears in the imploring eyes, and Miss Vanderveck relented. "Yes, you may come."

"And for the Christmas, Mademoiselle? You will be alone, is it not?"

The pale, thin face looked a trifle paler, a trifle thinner. Yes, she would be alone.

"If Mademoiselle would but do me a favor, for the sake of the old service," stammered the French woman. "Watkins and I, we are also alone. It is not good to pass the Noël so without the *fete*, the gaiety. Not to prepare a Christmas dinner! I, Francoise, to fold my hands when the day of dinners is come! It would be of a sadness, of a waste, Mademoiselle. When one has the genius one owes something to the world. One must find expression. If Mademoiselle would but permit that we should offer her Christmas dinner—"

Miss Vanderveck's face was forbidding, but Francoise stumbled desperately on.

"There would then be a true Christmas *fete* for us, Mademoiselle—to be allowed to serve you, to prove that we have not forgotten your goodness, that there is the service of love. From my heart I could plan a dinner. I feel now the inspiration within me."

She stopped for breath; but Miss Vanderveck did not speak. If the thing had not been incredible one would have said that the firm lips were trembling and that there was a mist in the proud, brown eyes.

Francoise took heart of grace.

"Mademoiselle would think of nothing, know nothing. Me, I would prepare everything. Watkins would serve—and we would be of a happiness. For a Christmas present to us, Mademoiselle, you will say 'yes.' Is it not?"

She stopped, dismayed by her own hardihood. No thunderbolt fell.

Miss Vanderveck stood looking at her with a beautiful light in her eyes.

"You are a good woman, Francoise—a loyal friend. I am glad to know there are such as you. It seems I have misjudged the world."

Francoise laughed a gay, little laugh of relief and delight.

"*Eh bein*, it is understood?"

"Yes."

"You will not give a thought to the Christmas dinner? You will not look into the dining-room, the kitchen?"

"I promise."

"Oh, Mademoiselle, I am proud, grateful. Watkins, too, will be enchanted. You are an angel, Mademoiselle. It shall be a dinner for an angel—with the tastes worldly. Goodnight, Mademoiselle."

She was gone.

Miss Vanderveck went up the narrow stairway and into her apartment. She took off her coat and hat and gloves in the dim light that filtered through the windows. Then she lay down on the couch, and for the first time since she disappeared from a world in which no Vanderveck had ever been pitied or patronized, she cried softly.

Meanwhile the French woman who condescended to minister to the palates of the Belmore family, when that family was not globe-trotting was hurrying back toward Fifth Avenue as fast as two hundred pounds of flesh and embarrassing shortness of breath would allow. She must see Watkins. She must tell him the news, and in order to avoid explosion, she must tell it soon. News like this was too effervescent to be retained with safety. It must be shared at once.

AS THE fat little woman turned into the avenue, a man came down the steps of a big brick house and paused for a minute to light his cigar.

Francoise, scurrying Watkinsward, was yet not blind to the merits of other masculinity. Her glance took in the tall, immaculately clad figure appreciatively. It was a portly figure—a figure coquetting with embonpoint, yet lingering on the hither side of discretion's boundary line.

There are men who exude prosperity at the pores, and Dudley Broughton's prosperity, while not aggressive, was subtly and inextinguishably self-assertive. He had been born to the material good things and he had not thrown away his birthright. Possibly he had allowed it to assume undue proportion in his scheme of life; yet the man was no sensualist—merely self-absorbed and self-indulgent, after the manner of men for whom life has been more comfortable.

Francoise, looking at the handsome, indifferent face, illumined by the lighted match, gave a dramatic start. This was her day of sensations; and, being French, she appreciated it. Eight years had not passed since she had seen Dudley Broughton. In point of fact, she had passed him on the street only a few days before, but then he suggested no romance to her quick brain. Now he was a possibility. There had been a time when he seemed a probability, but that was long before, when the old house on Washington Square held its own, and the servants' hall buzzed with gossip about the mistress and her admirers.

For Francoise even a possibility had its charms.

[Continued on page 62]



Watkins put the coffee upon the table and discreetly withdrew.

HERBERT



Photo of the Disk

The Judge's Strange Disk

By

John Snelston Hall



Reverse side of the Disk

LAWYERS, whether barristers or solicitors, are traditionally secretive, and die with many strange stories locked in their breasts.

Judges, as well remarked in a recent issue of "Time," are hedged off from free-and-easy association with fellow-beings. To avoid all personal entanglements which might cast even a shadow on the strict impartiality of a judge, makes the bench a lonely position, and in the course of their judicial careers judges become inured to, and finally prefer, solitude.

Therefore I heard with much interest that Judge Harrison, who for over twenty-five years was a circuit judge in some of the most interesting parts of British Columbia (and British Columbia is larger than California, Washington and Oregon combined), was engaged on writing his memoirs, and I expected that many fascinating secrets of the old days would either be disclosed, where ethically possible, or broadly hinted at.

In conversation with Judge Harrison, he one day asked me to make a note of a series of incidents which, in his view, were rather outside the scope of the reminiscences as he was drafting them. The first of these incidents I shall call The Judge's Strange Disk.

On the evening appointed I drove through the grounds of the Harrison property on Harrison Street, which has been in the family over half a century, and mounted the steps with a hopeful feeling.

The judge was in his library, surrounded by ceiling-high shelves of old law-books. He went directly to the subject of my visit:

"You know," Judge Harrison began, as he rolled some cigarettes with the deftness of years, "I am not so sure that this story ought to be published, for it deals with a talisman, and perhaps its power, if any, may be impaired thereby; of course I am no more superstitious, I hope, than the average man, which means," he added smilingly, after a slight pause, "a lot, for do we not all secretly believe in the power of the mysterious?"

To this I readily assented and settled myself to that Eastern one-pointedness of mind so highly recommended by Patanjali and Upanishads: Nothing in the least mysterious would get by me.

"**I**T WAS some years ago," continued Judge Harrison, "when I was on the Bench, at times holding court on the mainland of British Columbia, more often travelling from place to place on Vancouver Island," and he gave a half-involuntary glance at a fine old engraving which in its gilded frame seemed to be leaning over the fireplace.

"I was much interested in Sun Ming Shu, who quite frequently acted as Chinese interpreter to the Court. He was a man of more than excellent character, and the courteous manners of the Orient had not been entirely effaced by his life in our aggressive West.

"One day Sun Ming Shu remarked to me that he was leaving on a long trip into the far North of British Columbia, and that he had an idea he might, on his return, have something of interest to show me. I did not attach much importance to this remark, supposing it to probably refer—and maybe it did—to some finds of gold quartz or other minerals, which I knew could be found in many regions, but they were so often in places quite inaccessible for further development.

"I did not see my Chinese friend again until some months after the long vacation. I was in my chambers; had, in fact, just removed my gown and was

viewing with dismay a much-jumbled mass of books and papers on my desk, when there was a knock at the door

"It was Sun Ming Shu, and he had a strange story to tell. He and a party of other Chinese had for weeks followed the Peace River into the wilds of



His Honor Judge Eli Harrison, of Victoria, B.C.

Northern British Columbia, until they came to an unnamed tributary which invited their operations. On its banks they encamped for some little while, washing for gold.

"You know," the Judge interpolated, as he rolled and lit a fresh cigarette, "a man can make several dollars a day, sometimes even much more, washing for gold in some of the streams in the Province; it takes patience, though.

"Well," Judge Harrison continued, as he blew forth a ring of smoke, "Sun Ming Shu and his friends were one day startled by the appearance of an Indian—sort of deputy chief—who was followed by others of the tribe, and they encamped on the opposite bank of the stream. These Indians, who did not look like the Coast Siwash, were more friendly with the Chinamen than was usual with these races. The Indian told Sun Ming Shu and his companions that his tribe and the Chinese people had a common ancestor; that Chinamen had, in fact, visited British Columbia, hundreds of years before the Whites, and had intermarried with the forefathers of the Indians."

"Sun Ming Shu, who knew Indian dialects quite well, had some difficulty making all this out, and was not so very much impressed with the story, as he had heard something of the sort before. And the Indian, sensing either indifference or incredulity, disappeared and shortly returned with some fine-looking vessels, which Sun Ming Shu at once recognized with amazement to be magical objects and symbols used in the services of the Northern Church of Buddhism, which has its spiritual centre in Lhasa, Thibet. Northern Buddhism, whose temple ceremonies and religious vestments so remarkably resemble the Roman Catholic, for describing and pointing out which fact, poor Abbe Huc was unfrocked and his books of travel and discovery burned and banned.

"Sun Ming Shu and his companions eagerly examined the sacred objects and their nature was unmistakable.

"Sun Ming Shu begged for one of them, but the Indian could not be moved by any consideration, simply repeating that the Chief would never permit it.

"'But,' continued the Indian, 'I will let my brothers have something else that belonged to our common forefathers.' He then produced a stone jar and poured out of it a pile of disks; these had square and round holes through the centres and were inscribed with what seemed to be ancient Chinese characters.

"'How did you get these?' the Chinese asked the Indian. 'We were encamped by a river such as this,' the Indian replied, 'only more far—far,' pointing north-east. 'A great storm had blown down a very old tree, whose time had come. We were digging by the banks and one of us thought to dig under the deep and thick roots that remained, and we found this jar; it is of the same age and is companion to these,' and the Indian indicated the gold and other objects of the Northern Buddhist faith.

"**T**HAT night the Chinese pored over the strange stone jar and its stranger contents. The medallions were much too large for coinage and must be of considerable antiquity. Certainly British Columbia had never seen any Buddhist church vessels of the sort shown to him, Sun Ming Shu felt sure.

"As it got later, there was a commotion in the Indian camp, and it was evident that their absent chief had returned and he was upbraiding the deputy left in his absence for allowing the Chinese to see and handle the ancient treasures of the Indians. By dawn the red men had broken camp and disappeared. It was all like a dream, Sun Ming Shu said, but the stone jar and its contents were solid reality, and bearing marks of great age and recent long burial.

"The Chinese finally returned to the settlements, after some weeks of travel, and found that their compatriots could not definitely decipher or positively identify the disks.

"'In my opinion,' concluded Sun Ming Shu, 'these disks are talismans of good fortune used by the Lamas of Northern Buddhism ages ago, maybe two thousand years or more. And will the Honourable One accept this from me,' and Sun Ming Shu handed me a disk."

"Then you have one?" I interrogated. "Yes, Judge Harrison replied. 'Just a moment,' and I was still pondering the possibilities suggested by this evidence of the early occupation of some part of British Columbia by ancient Chinese, when the old jurist returned and handed me a disk.

The talisman was much [Continued on page 67]

In Santa Claus' Pack

A Children's Story About an Old Man,
a Wee Mouse and Santa



WHEN Santa Claus came down the chimney of the Wilkinsons' house all was still as still could be. He opened his pack there in the big room beside the chimney in great glee. He knew the very toys each little Wilkinson wanted, and he found them all. He had just finished filling their stockings when he was sure he heard a step coming down the stairs.

"Ah, it's some of the children awake and coming to have a peep at me and my work—not this time, my dear!" and in a moment Santa got his pack together, and back up the chimney he hurried.

But, he was not so smart as he thought. Someone had been a little smarter. A little mouse. And that little mouse in a flash had scampered inside of his pack, and once inside of the pack if it didn't hide right inside a doll's shoe. A blue kid doll's shoe. Such a big shoe for a doll's one, but it was going to fit Mary-Louise's doll—the big henna-haired doll that Santa had given to Mary Louise last Christmas. Mary Louise had sent Santa a note, saying:

"Dear Santa Claus:—Please be sure, like a dear good Santa, to give me at Christmas a pair of blue kid shoes to fit the doll you gave me last Christmas, and a doll's carriage, and I shall be very, very much obliged to you."
"Mary Louise."

And now those very shoes were on their way to Mary Louise, but in them was a little mouse, crawled

Then someone called.
"Happy Christmas, Peter."

By Marion Wathen Fox

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

right up close into the toe of one—oh, dear! dear! At first the mouse was frightened. Its little heart just jumped with fright. It stayed as still as still could be. Then it thought of its friends away back there: mother mouse, father mouse, little brother and sister mouse—oh, my, my, however could it get back to them! Now the only thing a mouse can do when it is in trouble is to gnaw and run, so right away it gnawed and gnawed, right through the toe of Mary-Louise's doll's shoe—it never thought of turning round and

getting out of the shoe the way it had got in—but at last it was out of the little blue shoe, so it ran as fast as it could, and found itself in the funniest little

house, crowded with the funniest little animals.

"Oh, dear, I must get out of this as fast as I can!" thought the little mouse, so hurriedly gnawed through the wood of the little Noah's Ark house. It started to run again, but found itself shut right in by something soft. Nibble! nibble! went mouse's sharp teeth again—and soon had nibbled through the wings of a little aeroplane.

"WHOA Prancer! Whoa Vixen!" called Santa Claus to his prancing reindeers, for now he had reached Mary-Louise's house. Down the chimney he rushed opened his pack and immediately out scudded the little mouse, and ran desperately chasing itself around the room. But poor Santa Claus! Such a surprise—one glance into his pack and he saw that nearly all his toys were ruined—nibbled almost to pieces by the little shut-up mouse. Blue kid shoes and doll carriage for Mary-Louise, drum for Dick, aeroplane for Jack, "Alice in Wonderland" for Betty, doll for Dorothy, climbing bear for Teddy—oh, dear, oh dear! The poor man could have wept. He gave one dive at the wee shivering mouse.

"Oh, you little rascal! You're the cause of it all!" Then his tone changed. "But you're not to blame—it's just the way of mice—and you were trying your best to get out and save yourself—poor wee mite!" and he dropped it into his big fur pocket and after it a big biscuit. "There, nibble on that to your heart's content," he chuckled. Then he dropped into the nearest armchair and began to scratch his head. "A pretty kettle of fish! A pretty kettle of fish!—and too late for me to go back home [Continued on page 60]



Then away over the snow he rushed with his reindeers.



Illustrated by
John Little

"The rent is due today," said Unger. "If you can't pay it you'd better pack up and move tomorrow."

The Fruit of the Tree

A Christmas Story

By William Merriam Rouse

ALL along the river road folks called Esau Unger meaner than quack grass and twice as aggravating.

Quack grass just hogged the goodness out of the land and said nothing but when Unger took what lay to his hand he made a noise about it, brazenly, and a jest of the victim. Unger knew these things that were said about him, and cared not. They were never said to his bristling beard, both because of his ruthless strength and his power in money, and it gave him covert satisfaction that men did not dare to speak their minds.

On the morning before Christmas Unger sat by the stove in his comfortable kitchen and worked a new pair of laces into the high rubber shoes that went on over his thick leggings of felt. It was just after breakfast and Martha Unger, worked lean and somewhat submissively by twenty years of Esau, moved from table to kitchen sink, clearing away the dishes. Esau knew, although she had not spoken, that there was something in her mind, seeking for words. He was ready to put a stop to it, for, to his thinking, almost anything that his wife might suggest would be foolishness.

"I'm going to chop on the spur of the mountain today," he said after a time. "You might as well put me up some lunch—it's a waste of time to come back for a warm dinner."

"Yes, Esau."

Martha spoke in her most conciliating tones as she turned hurriedly from the dishes and began to prepare the lunch. Esau gave barely enough thought to her to realize that she was on the point of broaching some unwelcome subject. Working in a stiff new pair of leather laces was an important matter.

"Tomorrow's Christmas." Her voice was a trifle strained.

"Uh-huh."

"The church folks in the village is planning to do quite a little this year."

"Then the fools ain't all dead yet." He spoke calmly, but with the strength of a conviction that had been his until it had become part of his life.

"The women are a-going to try and give a Christmas tree to each one of the families around here that can't afford it." She hurried her words a little. "Some is going to furnish one thing, and some another."

"Encouraging shiftlessness," commented Esau as he stamped his feet into the rubber shoes.

"I thought mebbe I might be able to give a tree." She turned and faced him, unconsciously twisting up a bit of apron in her work-hardened fingers. "One of that little clump of young spruces up in the back pasture would do first class. They ain't good for nothing else."

Esau grunted and stood up. In spite of his contempt for Martha's notions these rare scenes were unpleasant to him. They made him feel as though his wife thought he was not a good provider. He knew that he was. Martha Unger never wanted for the best food and the warmest clothes.

"I need all them trees to make sled stakes out of," he said, shortly.

Martha's lip quivered. It irritated him that it should be necessary to say anything about the matter, but he waited for her to speak.

"It does seem as though you might spare one, Esau. I was figgering on fixing mine up for Nahum Phinney's fambly. His wife ain't well and they's six young 'uns and I don't believe they've got more'n enough to eat, if they have that much."

"That good-for-nothing little runt!" Esau snorted out the words. "I hadn't ought to have rented him fifty acres last fall. The first quarter of rent is due today and he won't never be able to pay it, and if he don't—"

Esau paused abruptly as he put on his mackinaw

jacket and took his lunch-pail from his wife. He feared she would guess what he had left unsaid, and his fear was justified.

"It wouldn't seem jest Christian to turn him out of his house in this kind of weather, Esau," she protested.

Martha had struck on the two subjects most powerful just then to stir Esau to wrath: Christian and Nahum Phinney. He turned, with his hand on the door-knob, and glared down from his six feet three of self-sufficient strength.

"Christian!" he grunted. "Tomfoolery! Your Christianity is like spoon-vittles—mushy and soft for them that's too old or too young to eat reg'lar. It ain't for men and women; not if they've got any sense. Christmas and Christian and Nahum Phinney go together!"

"That don't make no difference!" Martha had flared up at last. "The Phinneys is human critters jest like we be!"

"Human nuisances!"

He swung out of the house, his cap brushing the top of the doorway. He was too big to be deeply angry with a woman, but he was deeply disgusted. Every year at Christmas Martha was taken with notions more or less like this. He honestly tried to make allowance for her, and that was more than he did for any other living thing.

UNGER stopped at the woodshed and picked up an axe, curling two fingers around the very tip of the helve. Then he raised his arm slowly and held the axe out straight. There were few men in the township who could do that. Suddenly he lowered the axe and turned at the sound of footsteps, crunching over the hard snow. He was a little abashed that anyone should have caught him at his prideful display of strength, but when he saw the peaked face and stooping shoulders of Nahum Phinney his embarrassment turned to anger.

Phinney came up and stood before him for all the world like a scared rabbit, Unger thought. He looked scornfully down at the smaller man, who was plainly suffering from the intense cold despite many wrappings of patched clothes. Phinney dispensed with the customary greetings and remarks about the weather.

"I come over to see about my rent, Mr. Unger," he said, nervously. "I sold my hay all right enough but they ain't come for it on account of the deep snow. Mebbe next week they can draw it and then I'll have a check that's jest as good as cash money. I'll turn it right over to you and I can cut wood enough to pay the rest inside of a month, certain sure!"

Although he had no leaning toward mercy, Esau Unger reflected a moment before replying, for Mrs. Unger and Phinney together had stirred him to thought on a matter that ordinarily he would have settled mechanically. The world was full of Nahum Phinneys, never more than holding their own and often needing help. They were a drag on the strong.

"The rent is due today," said Unger. "If you can't pay it, you'd better pack up and move tomorrow, like a man, instead of whining about it."

"But tomorrow's Christmas!" Phinney's eyes widened with growing apprehension.

"It's the twenty-fifth of December," corrected Unger, grimly.

Phinney swallowed two or three times and fumbled his hands together before he went on.

"Little Emmy, one of my

young 'uns, is sick," he said, rather dragging the words. "She was getting kind of worse when I left home and it don't seem like it would be right for to make us get out and move with a sick young 'un on Christmas."

It was the reiteration of Christmas that further hardened Unger. Otherwise he might have yielded a few days in order to be rid of the matter and get to work.

"I didn't make the young 'un sick, did I?" He threw the axe over his shoulder preparatory to moving away. "'Tain't my fault you ain't more forehanded, is it?"

Phinney made Unger think more and more of a rabbit. Now, as he struggled with some inward difficulty, he looked like a rabbit that had just been shot.

"Won't you please—"

"No!"

If Phinney had stood up and defied Esau Unger the little man would have been physically safe and he might possibly have won his case. It was not in Unger's code to strike a man smaller than himself, and he liked grit. But this weakness made his very stomach turn.

"Why didn't you look ahead?" he demanded. "A feller that's renting a farm is a naturally shiftless cuss or he wouldn't be renting—he'd own the place. Why be I well fixed? Because I pay every dollar the day

it's due! And I calc'late to make other folks do the same. I ain't asking no favors and I ain't giving none. Them's my principles!"

He wheeled sharply and walked away without once looking back. His mackinaw jacket was flapping open and he drew deep breaths of air. To him the clear cold was a stimulant and he wanted to breathe out the feeling that Christianity and Christmas and Nahum Phinney had raised in him. He ploughed upward through the snow that covered his fat acres to the foot of Old Roundtop, rising in sombre greys and greens against the winter sky. Between him and the mountain there was understanding.

UNGER halted at the base of one of the steep sides of the spur, covered with sturdy second and third-growth timber. He was chopping primarily for firewood, but he planned to cut the ground over clean, selling the larger and better grown trunks for lumber. In a moment his jacket and mittens were off. Then, bracing himself at the foot of a young maple, he swung the axe in a long arc, with all the power of his taut muscles and sent his blade deep into the body of the tree. The axe head bit in almost to the helve. Two skilful jerks tore it loose and again it came glittering down. This time thick chips flew and a clean, wedge-shaped cut appeared. A day's work was well begun.

A few minutes later the maple tottered and Unger stood aside as it went crashing down through the undergrowth. Dripping with sweat but breathing evenly, he took no rest. He worked up the slope, chopping out underbrush when he had to and sending tree after tree swaying mightily downward to await either the chains of the log-team or the process of working up into four-foot lengths. Esau Unger was like a perfect machine, operating with a magnificent ease of which he was unconscious.

Well up the side of the spur there was an oak of considerable size, forking out in two branches not far from the base. The axeman set himself to it with a certain zest in the conquering of its thickness but it was some time before he stood proudly back and looked at a deep notch scarring into the heart of the tree on the downhill side. On the upper side there was another and smaller notch, with its apex higher in the trunk. A few more well placed blows, struck with a good arm, would bring the tree down.

Unger took a fresh grip and swung his axe. The first blow sent a quiver throughout the length of the oak. At the second there was an ominous snap and a chorus of little crackling noises. For the third time he drove his steel downward. Then came a mighty rending of wood and Unger, snapping the axe free, looked upward.

He saw death coming down upon him. He had chopped, accurately enough, to fell the tree straight down the slope, but one of the great branches had caught in the top of a smaller tree and swung the oak out of its course just as it tottered over. Unger sprang backward, and might have saved himself had it not been for the stump of a little bush, no bigger than a man's finger, that he had lopped off not half an hour before. His foot caught; he tripped and fell and rolled over with a roar of the falling tree like an avalanche of sound against his ears. As the man's muscles tensed for a desperate spring it seemed that the heavens and earth thundered together. The breath went out of his body in one gasp.

Esau Unger, face downward in the snow, tried to rise and could not. On his back and loins there [Continued on page 65]



Then Nahum Phinney straightened up and increased in stature until he was no longer like a rabbit. With blazing eyes he pointed one mittened hand at Unger.

Illustrated by
R. Gaston Herbert



When Men Were Men

By
Constance Travers Sweatman

"WE CAN blame ourselves, we're weaklings! In the old days when men were men, husbands said to wives, 'Don't you do this, or that, or the other thing, I won't stand for it!'—and, you bet, they didn't!"

The lean, sun-browned man with his long legs dangling over one arm of a big, deep chair, laughed. "Maybe they didn't. Oh, well, there's nothing more futile than wishing old times back. If we got 'em back, we wouldn't know what to do with them. But I do think that, somewhere about half-way between the old, model wife, and the 1930 model, there might be—well, say, a snappy medium?"

The host, standing by the blazing fireplace, thrust his hands deep into his trousers-pockets, and took a firm stance, feet wide apart. "Women are never medium. They're at one extreme or the other. Look what we took from those three girls at dinner—and we took it as if we liked it. We tried to lay down the law on this extravagance thing—and what did they do? Laughed!"

The stout young man drowsing on the couch opened one eye and remarked, "And how!" His eye closed, and he appeared to slumber.

The host became more earnest. "Women aren't

scared of men any more—but we weren't asking anything unreasonable, this Christmas-shopping thing has completely jumped the fence, we've all gone crazy, there's a limit—"

"I'll say—" dreamily, from the couch.

"Perhaps what the girls say about it, is true—I guess we *are* going to feel a little mean about it, if we stop this indiscriminate giving, and all our friends keep on—but I'd just as soon feel mean before my friends, as before my butcher, or my banker."

"I don't think you'll have a chance to make a choice between owing your friends and your butcher, old man—the presents are bought and tied up—you saw them, in the guest-room?" The lean man sat up, interested, his feet squarely on the floor.

"Scads of them, more than last year! In spite of the way we talked to those girls two months ago, about pulling in their horns a bit this year—"

The man on the couch chuckled, his eyes still closed. "I had to laugh! We got so fierce, and it never fizzed on 'em, they're not afraid of us, they know we think they're the berries—"

"And they are the berries, I'm not criticizing them, I'm criticizing us! We're soft, we let 'em get away with murder—" The host squashed a cigarette-butt as though it were one thing over which he had perfect control. "We three can't buck this crazy gift habit, alone. But if a lot of us men got together—I don't want to be a tightwad, and I know it's a good thing for the country, this free spending, store owners have to live—but it's no treat to a store to carry a long line of credit—and this Christmas thing has gone crazy. Buy for the kids till it hurts—that's all right with me—nobody wants to cramp kids with croaks about extravagance."

"Kids grow up and turn into wives—" A sleepy prophecy from the couch.

"And into husbands! I know, we all like to spoil our kids, but life licks them into shape soon enough. But grown-ups exchanging all this stuff—it's the bunk!"

"Not much in it, a person always feels small anyway, the stuff you stew over looks so darn mean

when they unwrap it, no matter how big the December bills are—"The lean man shrugged his shoulders. "No, you're right, Joe, there's nothing in it—it's blah!"

"Last year, I paid Christmas bills till April," said the host. "And most of it for stuff that nobody would ever have missed if they had never had it handed to them in red paper and gold string! I made up my mind last year I wasn't going into debt again for nobody! And here I am again, I bet! See that load of stuff the girls carried out to the car? Or made us carry out for them, I mean! Laughing at us, just as they did at dinner, when we said women hadn't the nerve to stop wishing undies and things on each other at Christmas—"

"What was it Ann said? Sheep—she said we were all sheep—when it came to standing out against a custom—men, same as women—" The fat man turned over, his eyes wide open now, and alert. "Sure, we're sheep! Baa-ing around, and no nerve to do anything about it. We talk to the girls about cutting out indiscriminate giving—I bet if they did, that we'd be the ones who'd duck when it came to admitting we had nothing for anyone but the kids! I bet they'd be the ones to swallow their pride and be gracious about accepting!"

There was a long pause.

The fat man sat up suddenly. "Besides—there's another thing. I haven't the nerve to spoil Ann's fun! She's worse than any kid you ever saw, about Christmas parcels, she wouldn't open one before Christmas on a bet! She piles 'em all up, under the tree, as they come in—piles 'em, and gloats over them! Then she opens them with the kids Christmas morning. Not one of our three kids gets the kick Ann does! And I don't believe she cares a hoot *what* she gets—its the little messages tied on that she gets *her* thrill out of! You never knew anyone like Ann for friends, you know how she is—just like a setter pup, sure everybody's going to pat her head, all ready to think every person is wonderful if she just gets half a chance to warm up to them. She loves being remembered. I'm telling you, I haven't the heart to cut that thrill out of her life, not if I pay bills from December to November—"

The lean one rose to his feet and paced the room.

"You're not the only one that's got a cheerful kid for a wife. You know Daphne—but it's just because the girls *are* like that—just a sweet lot of kids, they are—that's just why we've got to take some sort of a strong stand on this extravagance thing. What would happen to those kid-wives of ours if anything happened to us, the way we're all fixed just now? Living right up to the hilt all the time. We just drift along, and it's not safe, it's not rational—but what about it? We couldn't worry those girls if we wanted to! They aren't going to gloom! They'd just say, 'Oh, we'll be all right, you'll take care of us, we should worry'—or, if they don't say it, I bet they'd think it!"

"They're so darn sure we'll manage somehow, it's flattering—" said the host.

The fat man lay down again. "Aw, it's all right, we'll get by," he said. "Times get sorta bad—but they always get better. Let's not croak, let's give the girls a good time when they're young—"

The host shook his head. "We're all wrong in our definition of a 'good' time. We mean an *easy* time. Think our pioneer parents in this country didn't have a good time? Sure, they did! They brought up four kids to our one—and the women shoved the old pram, too, didn't stick the kids in the back of the car and drive around—I don't want to set the girls back to those hardships—I don't want forty kids—but when we talk about a 'good time'—Why, the thing I remember best about my mother was her merry laugh! It just *rang*! Looking back to days when I was a kid, I know now that my mother must have worked like a horse. But, remembering her laugh, I know she must have enjoyed life. I guess they lived so hard they had to laugh hard to keep the wind up. But laughing's a habit, just as much as high living's a habit. If our girls are really full of fun, they aren't going to change because they have to go slow on spending for a while, till things straighten out and get swinging free again! I don't know why we're scared of cramping their laughter. It's not showing much confidence in their gameness, to be so afraid of spoiling their fun!"

"H'm," said the lean man, slowly rubbing his palm around the warm bowl of his pipe.

"Gosh, we're getting solemn," said the fat man. "You'd think we're all on the road to the poorhouse! You know what the Good Book says, 'Take no thought for the morrow'—sounds like a motto for a grass-hopper, I know, but worry won't get us anywhere. We live in the best country on earth, right here in Canada—"

The host laughed. "Was I as solemn as all that?" he said. "Don't give us your favorite speech, for heaven's sake—what do you want to do tonight? Bridge?"

"Don't be a blight," groaned the fat man. "Feed us like you did tonight, and then ask us to think? I wish we'd gone with the girls. Christmas Eve calling's sorta fun—"

"Let's follow them," suggested the host. "We've a pretty good idea of where they'll be delivering parcels. It's sure to be the usual gang—"

"Ann told me she was going home first to give the baby a hot rub, he's got a little cold, they'll be at our house half an hour anyway." He looked at his watch. "Just about get 'em there—say! I've got an idea! Let's have some fun with the girls. Let's trail them. And when they're in one of the different houses, giving and receiving, let's steal the parcels in the car and watch them have a fit!"

"Grand!" The host threw his cigarette into the fire. "Let's go!"

THE fat man's car in which the three wives had left the dinner party to do their round of calling, stood outside the fat man's bungalow when the three husbands drew up to the curb a few car-lengths away, in the host's car. Presently the three wives ran down the shallow steps from the porch, and scrambling into the empty car, drove swiftly away, Ann at the wheel.

At a safe distance, the husbands followed in their trail.

"Off their regular beat, aren't they?" said the fat man, when the car they were trailing had run through downtown streets and turned into a district which led to a part of the city rarely visited by any of their circle.

"Where the devil—" said the lean man, when Ann swung her car toward a long overhead bridge.

With a swift competent swing of the wheel Ann presently drew up to the curb in front of a tall narrow apartment-block on a street which the three husbands did not recognize. The three women descended, slammed the doors of the car, and disappeared into the block.

"Never think of locking the car!" said the dinner host. "They deserve to be robbed!"

"All right," said the fat man cheerfully. "Let's rob 'em!"

The three husbands alighted, and approached the car their wives had just abandoned. The fat man opened the door of his car. Inside were parcels, large, small, crooked, neat, piled in the back seat.

"Get busy, they may hurry back," said the fat man. "I'll get in and hand you out the boodle."

"Oh, no you don't!" said a heavy voice in the fat man's ear. A thick hand fell on his shoulder. "Get out of that!"

The fat man turned to look into small, black, angry eyes. Two roughly-dressed men had joined them.

"What's the matter with you?" said the fat man. "This is my car!"

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"As easily pleased as a warm-hearted woman," said the fat man, smiling across at Ann.

CHRISTMAS

BY PRINCIPAL JOHN MACKAY, MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

UNDER the arch of the Syrian sky, on the rolling plains outside of Bethlehem, a little band of shepherds kept guard over their flock by night. The stars overhead seemed very far away and all was dark and still. Suddenly the whole sky was ablaze with the soft radiance of heaven and on the startled ears of the shepherds fell the Angel's chorus: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will to men."

Then they knew that the long-expected Messiah had come and they paid their humble homage at His manger-cradle in Bethlehem, while their hearts sang with the glad refrain of the Angels' song, for had not the Kingdom of God come on earth, and would not old ills be righted forever in the glad new day which had dawned?

But not thus does the course of history run. Those same shepherds may have stood under the shadow of Golgotha while that Babe of Bethlehem, whose coming promised so much on that first Christmas Day, died in the awful agony of the Cross while the heavens were veiled in darkness at the sight and the Babe of Bethlehem became the victim of man's blind folly and bitter hate.

But once again the heavens blazed with the light of the radiance of Heaven, as the joy of Easter and the news of man's triumph over sin and death flooded the hearts of the little company who formed the Church of Christ on earth.

Down the centuries it has been ever the same. The radiance of each new Christmas has been made richer and fuller by the Easter joy. And that ever-widening radiance has been thrown into deepening glory by the dark pall of the world's ignorance and folly and sin. Slowly, how slowly the Kingdom seems to come, yet, to the eye of Faith, it moves on with the sure tread of the oncoming of the Eternal One.

CHRISTMAS, 1930, moves to its glorious dawning against a dark sky with depression and gloom the whole world round. Everywhere is uncertainty and unrest and gnawing anxiety and fear. Yet everywhere the light that shone on the first Christmas shines against the world's gloom and Christmas draws near to remind us to lift up our eyes and see the dawning of a new and better day for all mankind.

In India a deep-seated revolution is shaking the very foundations of ordered society. Business is at a standstill, and stubborn lawlessness is threatening to end in bloodshed and irretrievable disaster. Yet earnest men on both sides are seeking, in the Spirit of Christ, to bring order out of chaos and to find a way to co-operation and peace. Everywhere the face of Christ is becoming clear to the eager eyes of teeming millions and the love that blazed into full glory on the Cross is softening the stubborn hearts of men and leading them to sanity and brotherhood.

In China, after eleven years of bitter strife and warfare, famine and disease stalk over the land, lawlessness is rampant and human life is as cheap as dirt. Yet, out of the welter of unrest, leaders are emerging who have seen the Light of the World and are seeking with His guidance a better way of life and conduct. Only the other day the young president Chiang-Kai-Shek, surrounded by Communist hatred of all that names the name of Christ, boldly stood out and was baptised as a Christian.

Japan has made wonderful progress in recent years, but she, too, is facing depression and unrest; the fear of famine is everywhere, while infidelity and Bolshevism are pressing for the mastery of its teeming millions who have outgrown their ancient faith and modes of thought. But against the dark sky of fear and unrest and disaster shines the steady light of the Redeemer of men. Thousands are finding joy and peace in Him, and Japan's great prophet Kagawa is heard with eager enthusiasm as he tells the story of his Master and ours.

In Africa and the Islands of the Sea, the story is the same. On the one side unrest and hatred and strife and fear, on the other little groups of men and women, living in the light and sending its radiance ever more deeply into the gloom that surrounds them.

In the Western world, where civilization has done so much for man's comfort and physical well-being, what dark shadows obscure the horizon, but how brightly shines the Light of the World against the darkness!

Science has given us an unprecedented mastery over the forces of nature, has invented a wonderful wealth of machinery to fashion things for our use. Vast new sources of wealth have been discovered everywhere and man has never known such a high standard of living and so many ministries to the physical life as the Western World has enjoyed in the past fifty years. Yet the sheer multitude of things has blinded the eyes of men to the deeper realities of life and turned existence into a mad scramble for wealth and luxury and power. Out of that mad scramble and the social and national rivalries to which it gave rise sprang the unspeakable horror of the World War, with all its aftermath of poverty and suspicion and fear. The battle-fields of Europe are the last resting-place of millions of the bravest and best of the youth of the Western World who ought to have been the leaders of this perplexing day. They gave their all, believing that they were winning a better day for the world, but those who profited by the World War in selfish gain and those who came back from it to the ways of peace have settled down to the same old selfish scramble for wealth and power and place. Today Europe is seething with discontent; Germany is flirting with fascism and hinting at repudiation of war indemnities; France is demanding security and spending one-third of her total budget on preparing for war; Italy is rattling her sabre and threatening to build a navy as large as France; Poland is following in the wake of France and the Balkan states are as great a menace to peace as before the War. Britain has the terrible problem of India on one side and the danger to her vast investments in China on the other to increase the burden of unemployment and slackening trade.

The United States, the leader in the mechanics of Western civilization, has from four to six million unemployed, she has sixty per cent of her people living below the level of a decent subsistence as defined by her own Board of Health and ninety-five per cent of her wealth is in the hands of ten per cent of her people. While luxury and self-indulgence is flaunted to a degree never before known in history, millions walk the streets and only keep soul and body together on the doles of the rich. Crime has increased to such an extent as to make the President of the United States express the fear that the very foundations of the life of the nation had begun to crumble.

THESE are the dark clouds on the sky, yet their gloom is pierced by many bright rays of the light that shone on that first Christmas. The League of Nations has been slowly teaching men to think in terms of a world family of nations and to settle their disputes with due regard to the rights of all; the Kellogg Pact has at least expressed on paper the purpose of fifty-seven nations to seek to avoid war; the multitude of voluntary peace organizations functioning all over the world, are creating the will to peace in ever-enlarging circles. The Jerusalem Conference brought together men and women from every race under the sun who had felt the transforming power of the Christ and seen the Vision of a World where He should reign in all the relations of men.

While there is an increase of crime and poverty there is a growing sensitiveness to the frightful waste in human values which these involve and a growing realization that no

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Illustrated by
Newton Brett



"Just think, John," she had said, "Jeanie is four now and Ted three and we have never had a turkey or a Christmas tree since they were born."

Good Will Toward Men

By Freda Graham Bundy

LEM JOHNSON was different. Not in appearance, for he wore blue overalls and a smock like every other rancher in the vicinity wore. It was in his mode of living that the difference was apparent. He never exchanged work with his neighbors. He paid and expected pay to the last cent. He held many mortgages and foreclosed when the opportunity arose. He ran large herds of cattle, owned up-to-date machinery, raised pure bred chickens and turkeys and kept an extra man, in season and out.

He was known throughout the community as a "hard" man; tight-fisted, John Burton had called him to his face, the day that John had cut his hand while working in the Johnson harvest fields and had been docked a half-day's pay because he could not finish the last two hour's stooking.

This mercenary action had rankled in John's mind for a long time and served to embitter him against his neighbor. He often remarked to his wife, Nellie, that Lem Johnson would be compelled to pay this debt at some future time.

John and Nellie had been on the homestead for five years and were succeeding fairly well. Of course, for the first couple of years, most of the crop went towards the payments on the land, then there had been machinery to buy, and now, although they had a good crop

of number one wheat, the price was terribly low. Nellie was thankful, however, that there was enough money to buy flour, coal, warm clothes for Jeanie and Ted and best of all on that lonely prairie, a radio.

Christmas was drawing very near, Jeanie was talking of a doll, Ted of a train and Nellie had been wishing for a turkey.

"Just think, John," she had said, "Jeanie is four now and Ted three and we have never had a turkey or a Christmas tree since they were born."

"Yes, I know. It's a shame; but Nellie, the price of turkey this last year or so, makes it nothing short of a luxury for folks like us and where could we ever get a spruce tree on this prairie!"

"If we were rich we could send to the city for one and pay the express on it and if Lem Johnson were not so miserly we might buy a turkey at a reasonable price. I guess it will be roast beef again, but John, I seem to be fairly obsessed with a longing for turkey and cranberry sauce."

"Maybe next year, honey."

"This is surely a next year country," laughed Nellie. "We'll manage pretty well though, on roast beef, plenty of vegetables and a steamed molasses pudding."



ON THE afternoon of the twenty-third, John drove up from the barn to the house.

"I'm driving over to Porter's," he told Nellie. "I'll be back by six o'clock or shortly after. Don't go out to the barn, I'll milk the cow after I come home."

"Whatever are you going away over to Porter's for?" asked Nellie. "It will be such a long, cold drive, there and back. Is it very important?"

"Sam said that he would bring out the mail today and I thought you would like to have the parcels from home."

"Yes, yes! Go and get them, please, please. But don't worry me by staying late. Put on your sheepskin mitts and you had better wear that leather vest under your mackinaw."

A dozen times after the lamp had been lighted Nellie pressed her face close to the window and peered through the obscurity of the twilight, down the white road, trying to locate a team and sleds.

"Has Daddy gone for Santa Claus?" queried Jeanie as she nursed her rag doll.

"Yes," laughed Nellie, turning from the window. "Daddy will come back with a whole armful of parcels that Santa gave him and Mother will hide them away until Christmas morning."

"In our stocking?"

"Yes, love, your stocking will be stuffed full. I wish they were going to be hanging on a tree."

"What's a tree, Mother?"

"Why, Jeanie!" cried Nellie with a catch in her voice. "You know what a Christmas tree is like, don't you?"

"No-o!" replied Jeanie, solemnly shaking her curly little head. Is it like your [Continued on page 71]

A Day to Belong Somewhere

By G. Macaulay Sutton

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



Her head ached—her feet and hands were made of ice

often said to her—"Child, the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places."

Pleasant places! They mattered not at all. Not when Christmas was upon you and you had no home. For the last three years, ever since she had returned from college, her mother had contrived to keep Irene very far from home and for very long spells. That was because her stepfather was as near Irene's age as he was to that of her mother. And she had gone willingly, embarrassed and worried by the look back of her young stepfather's affection to her. At first the fun and interest of travel had caught her. But always, as soon as she had reached home, her mother had suggested a visit to someone across the world, or to a tour with the "So-and-so's." Till she had come to feel like the Wandering Jew.

And now she was in London for a few days before she and the Frasers joined the Mediterranean

to belong somewhere. That was why she had made Jim Fraser drive her past her grandparents' house. Twice since their death she had been in Lon-

don, and she had felt that never again would she go near to Willesden Green. And then today, Christmas seething about her, she had been unable to keep away.

The old house had looked exactly like itself. Ten years had made no external changes. How she had longed to enter it. That old house was the only place she remembered as home, for her life with her mother in Canada had been flitting from apartment to apartment, dulled the more by interludes of hotel life. But Grandfather and Grandmother Blake had lived all their lives in the old house at Willesden. And as she had leaned out of Jim Fraser's roadster and stared at the gabled brick house, she had been sick with anger and resentment. These people—how dared they live in her Grandmother's house? Did they not know, these intruders, that old houses had souls?

She ordered more coffee. She felt as if she were coming down with flu. That was probably why everything tasted so filthy. Pretty thing to do when the Frasers and she must leave England the day after Christmas.

OUTSIDE the big glass windows it had begun to rain. She felt as if she were standing alone on the pavement, wet and desolate. And then, the rain didn't matter. She saw the old London she used to know, the London in which Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Jane were alive. It seemed to her that out Willesden Green way her Grandmother still sat in her big chair before the fire, her feet on a hassock, by her side the exquisite small walnut table littered with books. That little walnut table could twist, open, and reveal a backgammon board.

Grandfather was inspecting another painting he had just bought. Aunt Jane was perhaps upstairs, stealthily raising a corner of the carpet. Grandfather,

Grandmother, Aunt Jane! Are you all dead?

"Go up Edgeware Road, Maida Vale, Willesden Lane, along the old Number 8 bus route, to the old house—all alive—there is no time."

But strangers live there!

And then she remembered. Before the old home of her grandparents there had been a "For Sale" sign. She rose quickly. Of course!

She was speeding through the crowded streets in a taxi, bound for her grandmother's. I will say I want to see through the house. On Christmas Eve? Well, yes, but I am passing through London and want to buy a place for my return in a few months. No, no, insane. Dismiss the taxi a block off, walk [Cont on page 57]



Her old room, the nice freckled young man holding her wrist.

cruise. And Mrs. Fraser did not want her. Mrs. Fraser had felt unable to refuse when Irene's mother had asked: "Would you mind taking Irene with you? I want the child to see the world, and it will be such a comfort to know that she is with old friends."

And during the Atlantic crossing Jim Fraser had become sentimental, to Irene's boredom and to his mother's indignation.

Jim was forty, bald, fat, addicted to long rambling tales about dull people he had once met. But he had made a lot of money with his little invention for a milk-bottle top, and Mrs. Fraser lived with him. "Jim, of course, will never marry while I live; he says he has never seen a girl who could replace his mother."

The poached egg was placed clatteringly before her. The coffee was slapped down on the table.

"Anything else, madam?" The waitress stood with pencil poised over a chit.

But the egg was not nice after all, and the coffee tasted of brass-polish. Her head ached. Why had she slipped out of the comfort of the *Mayfair* to eat at this place?

The crowds of gay Christmas shoppers that surged outside the huge plate-glass windows answered her question. To escape Christmas. *Mayfair* was all Christmas. But, alas, all the world was Christmas. And Christmas here struck deeper. This was real Christmas. In the artificiality of hotel life had been only the trappings of Christmas, amid which fluttered the homeless and those far from home. Here Christmas had roots.

She lit a cigarette and sipped on at the brass-polish. "Christmas is a day for children." So the trite ones said. "Christmas is a day for home and family." So the domestic ones said. Irene Blake stared through the shop's windows at the crowds of parcel-laden every-day people, and knew that Christmas was a day

SHE walked into the cheap tea shop in Oxford Street.

But she had not escaped Christmas. Scarlet paper decorations and holly, mistletoe and tinsel gauged the place. She had thought to escape from her own life at the moment, from the blatancy of Christmas rampant and commercialized. But here it didn't matter, as it had done at the *Mayfair*. This was not *her* Christmas, this was the Christmas of another class, a Christmas so remote from her own life that it might have been the Christmas of another generation.

Another generation—today all her thoughts swung around to that pole. This afternoon she had made Jim Fraser motor her out to Willesden Green to gaze at the house where her grandparents had lived. She had not seen it for ten years.

"Well, had enough? You can't get out and stare over the hedge."

And she had hated Jim as he drove callously on.

The waitress pushed the bill of fare before her. Eat? She loathed the thought of food. Her head ached, her feet and hands were made of ice. She had been quite truthful when she had told Mrs. Fraser that she was too tired and headachy to go with them to some Christmas Eve celebration and then on to the theatre. She had really intended to rest quietly in the hotel.

But she must order something.

"A poached egg and coffee."

That would be nice after canapés and terrapin, quail and peach Melba. Perhaps she might even eat the egg.

A woman sandwiched herself in on the opposite side of the little table. Irene had never before seen on a woman so luxuriant a moustache. Why didn't she shave it? Too old to care? The dark heavy-moustached woman glared at Irene. Her eyes stared at the sable furs, at the pearls, at the diamond brooch. The flat, bulbous nose inhaled the aura of wealth as if it were noisome to her. She was angered, resenting this intrusion of youth and fortune across her drab path.

And Irene heard in her brain the words her English grandfather had said



"John," she whispered excitedly, "have you come back too?"



Oh John, I never found any one else like you



... and what is that one on the end for?

THAT big package is easy to guess. It's a pair of slippers for Grandpa. Hope they're big enough. And that next gift is a collar-box for Dad. Maybe he'll be able to find a clean collar now without the help of the whole family. Then there are silk stockings for Sally. And a book for Cousin Clara.

But that bar of Fels-Naptha. Of all things! Standing there with those other gifts as though it belonged with them. Surely you're not giving that to Mother? . . . No, I didn't think so. She deserves something expensive, sort of luxurious.

But you say that bar of Fels-Naptha is really a gift? For whom? . . . Oh, ye-es. Say, that's cute. And thoughtful, too. Giving the family clothes a Christmas present! That's splendid!

The clothes have done their best—they've looked as well as they could under the circumstances. But watch them now! With the good soap and plentiful

naptha in Fels-Naptha working together to loosen the dirt and wash it away—the family wardrobe is in for a sure-enough happy New Year!

Mother will be pleased, too, with Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. Clothes clean and white and sweet—without hard rubbing on her part. Dad's shirts will last longer now. And Junior will get more mileage out of his rompers . . . Fels-Naptha, move right up to the head of the line! You *are* a gift—even if you're not a Christmas gift!

• • •

Seriously, we hope this coming year you'll give *your* clothes the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha's generous bar. You'll get a lovely wash without hard rubbing—whether you use washing machine or tub; whether you soak or boil the clothes; whether you use hot, lukewarm or cool water. And Fels-Naptha will help keep your hands nice! And now . . .

FELS-NAPTHA HAS A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOU!

Whether you have used Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail the coupon with four cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now! © 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. WH-12-301

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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Fill in completely—print name and address

Trees Are Like People

Famous Ones Are Guarded

By Francis Dickie

TREES are like people, glad in the spring time, putting on bright and fine garments; and sad when arrive the melancholy days of autumn; shivering together at the first blasts of winter. But the affinity goes much beyond this; is as old as that time, when our first hairy ancestors swung from branch to branch and made nests in sturdy tree-tops in safety from the monsters that walked the earth. Then, undoubtedly, in the still dull minds of our first forefathers, gleamed the earliest spark of religion, and man naturally paid this beginning homage to trees, his chief ally in the struggle for existence. From such vague beginnings, tree-worship grew and spread across the world. It flourishes still today in the wilds of Borneo, and the jungles of Africa and Brazil. Even in so civilized a land as France, in Brittany traces of ancient Druid veneration of trees still are found in certain ceremonies. Trees as a symbol are not confined to pagan creeds. The conifer and the palm, at Christmas and at Easter, are Christian symbols.

Most of us have some trees of memory: the immense wide-armed one that shaded the old swimming hole, or some majestic guardian of school ground or home yard. To many of us, some single tree, or clump, or forest patch, marks a landmark in our lives. To view them once again, or merely call them to mind brings flooding back years we loved, or would gladly forget. They play so tremendous a part in our existence that even Freud has attached to them great significance.

Thus, it is from a wide variety of emotional reactions in men that a certain tree, or trees in every town and city are known to all the people, are cherished, protected, given the honor of special names.

There is no city in the world, I think, where this fact is so emphasized as in Paris. In the French capital the number of trees which have "personalities"

city fathers of the time. It took, however, nearly 124 years to complete the gigantic task. Wars and revolutions and many times lack of funds interrupted the work. It was finally inaugurated in 1913.

AT WHAT is now number 229 on this Boulevard, Victor Hugo once lived in a quiet little villa, for in his day Montparnasse was in the country. In front of his house Hugo planted an acacia sapling. When the Boulevard was cut through, the land leaped in value. The little country house disappeared, giving place to the magnificent line of many storeyed apartments of today.

Due to this change there occurred what is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable examples in history of what man will do to save a tree. The purchaser of the property once owned by Victor Hugo was a great admirer of the writer. So when it came time to erect a huge apartment block upon that spot, he forbade cutting down the tree planted by such illustrious hands, although the ground was worth thousands of francs an inch. Then he called into consultation his architect who drew special plans. The facade of the immense apartment block was indented at great extra cost, and this oddly shaped front rose around the tree. (See photograph). Thus, through the sentimentality of a literary landlord, the even line of the Boulevard is broken.

The acacia under which the great French poet sat dreaming stands in a miniature court yard closed in by a low iron railing and a gate. In the spring its delicate foliage throws a faint jade shadow against the grey of the stone front behind, and thus is a little poetry saved in the world of buses, and speeding taxis. Like all thrifty landlords of Paris who reserve the ground floor for shops, this one followed the custom. The shop in his house sells paints, brooms, and floor polishes and the owner named it "A L'arbre de Victor Hugo."



The "Cedar of Marengo," planted 130 years ago by Empress Josephine to celebrate Napoleon's victory of the battle of that name.

fig trees have grown here. Under one of these in the old St. Paul Cemetery Rabelais was buried.

TREES have been planted in France from time immemorial as a sign of public rejoicing. But during the Revolution of 1789, the custom took on a deeper significance. To consecrate the symbol of Liberty a tree was planted at one of the most frequented spots. The poplar was chiefly employed because its name "Peuplier" recalled the word "people" (people). And the planting was always the occasion of a solemn public festival. Many of those trees were torn up or destroyed when the Bourbons returned to the throne. But one of the first trees of other kinds to be planted at this period was an oak near Civray (Vienne) the ceremony taking place in May, 1790.

In front of the Town Hall of Montparnasse, protected by an iron railing, is the only Liberty tree left in Paris. It was planted in 1782. From that time on, more than 200 trees of Liberty were planted in Paris. In 1807 the law allowed prisoners to gather twice a day around one tree in the court yard of their prison, and to sing hymns to the glorification of the goddess of Liberty.

When Napoleon III came into power he had the unfortunate idea to have all the trees cut down. It was by an unknown miracle that the tree of the town hall of Montparnasse escaped.

This tree faces the statue of Michel Servet who was burned to death by order of Calvin. In May, 1870, the Montparnasse tree of Liberty was damaged by the cannons of the Germans besieging Paris. Its wounds were healed, however, and it soon regained its health and vigor. That year it escaped again miraculously with its life. This was during the bitter cold days of the winter of 1870-71 when even the benches in the parks and along the boulevards were chopped down to procure fuel for millions of freezing and besieged Parisians.

In 1789, the cutting through of what was going to be later the Boulevard Raspail, one of Paris' most beautiful thoroughfares which is bordered by a quadruple row of plane trees, was decided by the

EVEN more romantic is the story of the gigantic cedar of Lebanon which stands in the Jardin des Plantes. It is the largest tree of its species in Europe and was planted personally by Bernard de Jussieu, the man who organized the first botanical garden in France at Versailles, and was in charge of the Jardin des Plantes for many years. According to the story, Jussieu made a journey to Syria. When starting the return trip he had a number of precious plants carefully [Continued on page 61]



Victor Hugo's Tree. To save this acacia the building line of a boulevard was broken and a great apartment with specially constructed front was built around it. One of the most remarkable examples in history of man's veneration of a tree.

are many in number. Remarkable homage has been paid them, and their beginnings, growth and histories are closely linked with some of the greatest people of the land.

Since the time when Emperor Julian, who adored his dear Lutetia (Paris) sang its perfection in "Misopogon," that Montparnasse section has been noted for its trees. From early days until now the



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Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

"Abraham Lincoln"

D W. GRIFFITH, to whose masterly direction the silent screen owed many of its most spectacular pictures, now shows us what he can do with the talkie medium. His new picture, "Abraham Lincoln," is excellently produced, and, both on account of its subject matter and its appealing handling, it will undoubtedly take its place as a screen classic to be shown and re-shown long after most contemporary pictures have found their destined place in the storehouse or the dust-heap.

The more noted of Griffith's silent pictures, "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," and "Orphans of the Storm," were all stupendously spectacular. "Abraham Lincoln" is, however, a simple picture, quiet, sympathetic and tender. It gives us an intimate biography of the great president, picturing his early youth and his love for Ann Rutledge. The death of Ann Rutledge is, in fact, the romantic highlight of the production and her character and Lincoln's love for her are accentuated and idealized.

The courage, humor and humanity of Lincoln are all well brought out. Atmosphere and "local color" are cleverly worked into the picture—flashes showing the slave ships, the battlefields, the fields of army tents. Sheridan's famous ride to assemble his scattered forces gives us a little of the tense, breathless chase that was a feature of nearly every one of Griffith's past productions.

Walter Huston is excellent in the leading role, and, although his actual off-screen appearance is not at all like Lincoln's, his make-up for the picture is extremely clever. Una Merkel, whose wistful charm and fragile loveliness reminds me of Lillian Gish, is sympathetically cast as Ann Rutledge. Kay Hammond is excellent as Mary Todd. The rest of the cast is rich in talent, and includes Hobart Bosworth, Henry B. Walthall (the original "Little Colonel" of "The Birth of a Nation"), Lucille La Verne, Helen Ware and Frank Campeau.

"Abraham Lincoln" is a really worth while picture.

"The Office Wife"

FAITH BALDWIN, from whose book this picture was adapted, is a regular "sob-sister." Her novels present trite themes and reek with sentimentality. And her lurid writing makes her stories popular. "The Office Wife" has the old triangle: husband, wife, female secretary.

Lloyd Bacon, the director, has handled this undistinguished material quite well, giving it occasional touches of humor that the original story entirely lacked. Lewis Stone is well cast as the husband. Miss Mackail is attractive as the secretary. Joan Blondell, an actress from the real stage, makes a small part important by her very clever work.

"The Bad Man"

"THE Bad Man" won favor on the legitimate stage through the brilliant playing of the late Holbrook Blinn, one of America's most distinguished character actors. His characterization of Pancho the swashbuckling, romantic and likeable Mexican bandit, was one of the finest bits of acting that this continent has had in recent years, and Blinn's personality still haunts the play. Walter Huston is interesting in this role in the screen version and while he does not have to finesse of Blinn, he shows a valuable and versatile talent. The others of the cast, which includes James Rennie, Sidney Blackmer, O. P. Heggie and Dorothy Revier, are very good.

The story of "The Bad Man" concerns a bandit who plays fairy godmother for a ranch owner who once saved his life. There is plenty of plot, action and humor in the picture. It is good entertainment.

"Liliom"

"LILIOM," the noted play by Ferenc Molnar, Hungary's clever playwright, was originally produced in America by the New York Theatre Guild with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut in the leading roles. It is interesting and fantastic.

The earlier part of the play is set in an amusement park in Budapest where Liliom, a handsome, swaggering bully is a barker. A gentle little servant girl, Julie, falls in love with him and although Liliom is still rough and domineering with the girl, he really loves her. Just before their child is born, Liliom is driven to robbery in order to get money to provide comfort for Julie, and he is caught red-handed and commits suicide. He is taken to the Police Court of Heaven and sentenced for his sins. He is, however, given one chance for redemption.



Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln"

He is allowed, after ten years, one day on earth so that he may see his child. The day comes, but, ironically, it shows us that Liliom is still the quick-tempered, bullying lad he always was.

"Liliom," so strong and charming and colorful on the stage, fails miserably on the screen. Charles Farrell is insipid and amateurish as Liliom. His performance weakens the whole picture. Rose Hobart makes a sweet Julie, the role originally played by Miss Le Gallienne; and Estelle Taylor is vivid in a minor part.

The scenes in Liliom's heaven fail to be impressive although it would seem that in such a sequence the camera ought to have a distinct advantage over the stage.

"Monte Carlo"

A LIGHT comedy with a few musical numbers neatly interpolated, "Monte Carlo" makes an attractively entertaining picture. It has a truly operetta plot concerning a pretty young countess who falls in love with her hairdresser who turns out to be a nobleman in disguise. Earnst Lubitsch, the director, handles the story deftly, skating daintily over its frequent thin ice, and giving the whole frivolous picture a pleasing and sophisticated charm.

Lubitsch is not afraid to shift his camera frequently and makes brilliant use of sound effects. Outstanding is the sequence in which the heroine sings "Beyond the Blue Horizon" as she sits in the moving train watching the panorama of hills and vales sweep past her. The very noises of the train, its chugging, its whistling and the rhythmic click of the wheels form an accompaniment to the song.



Jeannette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan in "Monte Carlo"

Jeannette MacDonald, whose work in "The Love Parade" was not particularly promising, is quite bewitching in this film, beautiful and sparkling with gaiety. Jack Buchanan as the young nobleman incognito is clever and attractive. The rest of the cast is well-balanced.

"Madame Satan"

CECIL B. DE MILLE, noted founder of the lady-in-the-bathtub and the black-lace-nightgown school of cinema art, has recently spread himself on "Madame Satan," a film that mixes musical comedy, bedroom farce, melodrama and what you will in a most astounding and not very effective manner. Reginald Denny is amusing in a leading role of the piece and makes his debut here as a singer. His voice is not unpleasant. Neither is it anything to write home about. Roland Young, a clever comedian, does his best with a bad role. Lillian Roth and Kay Johnson are undistinguished.

Mr. de Mille has evidently tried hard to be naughty in this film and several times has succeeded in being vulgar. Most of the time, however, the picture is merely silly.

"Dixiana"

A GOOD cast and an evidently expensive production cannot make this picture anything but dull and puerile. The actors work with inane roles and hence Miss Daniels, for instance, who has done some charming acting on the screen recently, is very disappointing in "Dixiana."

It's a tiresome film.

"Good News"

"DIXIANA" and countless other films have proved that it is difficult, nay, almost impossible to translate musical comedy successfully to the silver sheet. "Good News," however, comes nearer to achieving good results with musical comedy on the screen than any picture I have seen in some time. And it makes quite a bright, though not dazzling, entertainment. The original script has been pretty closely followed. The plot is a college story—not unusual but a little better than most musical comedy plots. Gus Shy and Mary Lawlor, who appeared in the real stage production, are in the picture and Bessie Love, one of the best ingenues in filmdom, has a good role.

"Animal Crackers"

GROUCHO, Harpo, Chico and Zeppo, the Marx Brothers, bring their mad merriment back to the screen again in "Animal Crackers," a picture version of the play of the same name.

The lunatic chatter and slapstick comedy of these clowns are much what they were in "Cocoanuts." The film is rather long and tedious towards the end, but the Marx tomfoolery, occasionally vulgar, is in the main amusing.

Jerome Carver

NANCY CARROLL
the bewitching little Paramount star whose charm has won the hearts of millions, says: "You can keep your skin beautifully smooth just as we screen stars do—by using Lux Toilet Soap!"



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DORIS KENYON
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(Right) Radio Pictures: "A wonderful soap!"



ANITA PAGE
(Left) Adorable M. G. M. star, says "Almost every girl I know is devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 9

“He’s a Hudson’s Straits Ungava,” said Jim, proudly, rubbing the erect ears of the massive head. “He’s always glad to see me. Aren’t you, old scout?”

The hairy throat of Smoke rumbled a reply as he reared and placed his great fore-paws on Jim’s chest.

“He’s a raving beauty! Why did you name him Smoke?”

“When he was a small pup, he was almost entirely black, except his nose and feet.”

“The darling! Will he let me touch him? Most of father’s won’t.”

“Smoke, this is a friend of mine,” said Jim, rolling the great black-and-white head from side to side. Dropping the husky to his fore-feet, he commanded: “Shake hands with her!”

With a red grin which bared his formidable tusks, the Ungava raised a hairy paw which the girl took.

“Smoke,” she said, with a laugh, as the dog’s slant eyes watched his master’s face, “You’re not polite; you don’t look at the lady when you shake hands.”

“Like his master, he’s embarrassed by beautiful ladies,” said Jim, as they left the dog at the gate of the stockade and entered the house.

“Is that why you prefer this life to Winnipeg—because of your shyness of the ladies? But you’ll be lonely when this beautiful lady goes,” she challenged.

Here indeed was no false modesty. “What makes you think so?” he teased.

“Oh, everyone is. But you’re hardly polite. How nice and comfortable you are here!” she went on, her eyes moving from the chairs built of spruce and birch in the round, the caribou and bear-skin rugs, to walls bare except for moose-horn gun-rack and two shelves of books.

He reddened under his tan. “You’re laughing at my humble quarters. They’re not much like your father’s place, are they?”

Ignoring his remark, she faced him with: “Why do you men hate each other? Can’t you trade with the Indians without fighting?”

Stuart laughed at her frankness. “We haven’t exactly got to fighting yet; but I admit he’s making it pretty rough for me.”

They sat down at the table and the square-built Sarah appeared, her copper skin red from cooking, a large pink bow bobbing bravely from her dusky braids. With a withering look at Jim’s guest from her small eyes, she deposited a dish of steaming caribou stew, to be followed by broiled whitefish, hot biscuit, tea and wild strawberries.

“Dear me, but I’m hungry!” exclaimed the girl, as the outraged and inquisitive Ojibwa woman, hands on hips, boldly scrutinized her from bobbed hair to whipcord knickers—to gain a better view of which the cook coolly stepped back and circled her chair. “Marthe gave me some broth but I’m famished, and this stew smells so good.”

Then, aware of the exhaustive inspection from the rear by the fascinated and shocked Sarah, the girl rose and turned to the gasping cook: “Would you like to see my knickers?” she asked, wheeling on her toes. “You don’t wear them, do you? You’d find them very comfortable.”

Choking with confusion, the overwhelmed Sarah fled to the kitchen, while Stuart shook with laughter.

“You’re too much for Sarah. She was certainly hypnotized by your gibodiegwason.”

“My what?”
“Your gibodiegwason—your—pan—whipeords!”

“Mon Dieu! Are they as awful as that?” she cried, overcome by the Ojibwa equivalent. “What did you call them? Gibo-di-what? No wonder Marthe and Sarah are shocked! Think of a woman wearing anything with such a name! Gibo-d—” and she broke into shouts of laughter, while he watched the rich color flame in neck and face, the flash of white teeth, the dark eyes fill with the tears of her merriment.

“Gibo—” Aureore LeBlond rocked slowly back and forth in her chair.

“Gibodiegwason,” he repeated.

“Gibo-di-eg-wason!” she faltered, breathlessly, “gibos, for short! Wait till they hear that in Winnipeg! They’ll never wear ‘em again!”

Stuart regarded his guest with unconcealed curiosity. Buried in the hinterlands since the war, he had had no contact with the new girl. But now, it appeared, he was being offered a rare opportunity for the study of the species.

“There won’t be much left of me when Sarah and Marthe get their heads together, but you’re not really shocked, Monsieur Stuart. With us, all women wear them for sport.”

“No, indeed, I’m not shocked,” he laughed, his eyes shifting from her dusky head to the well-shaped hand busy with her fork. “We saw lots of them in France. But I’m wondering just how your being here will strike your father.”

She looked up quizzically, tea-cup suspended in air. “You think my father will be ungrateful to you for pulling me out of the lake?”

“He’s trying to drive me out of the trade here.” He rose and went to a window opening on the lake, where the wind was cutting off the foaming tops of the grey combers. “It’s going to blow all night, Miss LeBlond, and I don’t see how we can get you home.”

HER eyes followed him to where he stood, back toward her. From his moccasined feet her appraising gaze lifted to the generous spread of shoulder, the bronzed neck above the collar of his woolen shirt, the crisp brown hair.

“So you’re worried over what Marthe and Sarah will think if you



can’t rid yourself of your guest, Mr. Stuart?” she suggested with a curl of a full red lip.

He turned to meet her amused eyes. “I’m wondering how your father will take it. How will he like it when he learns that you’ve been here?”

She shrugged. “My father adores his unworthy daughter. He will love you for what you did this afternoon. The poor man must think I’m in the lake, now. He’ll be insane with worry! Poor Dad!”

Stuart scowled with impatience. “Are you never serious, Miss Aureore LeBlond? You may ignore the facts but he won’t. You French are careful—of appearances. If I thought I could get you safely over there tonight we’d start now.”

The blood drove into her olive skin. “It’s you who seem careful of appearances. You—you are bored with your guest, Monsieur Stuart. Let us go then!” She rose stiffly, her face flaming with outraged vanity.

But he ignored the challenge. “A boat wouldn’t live out there now.”

“Then I shall go by shore.”

With hands on hips he smiled indulgently at the indignant girl who confronted him. “Do you realize how far it is through the bush?”

“No, and I don’t care so long as I leave this place where I seem unwelcome.”

“Well, it’s a good twenty miles, and it’ll be dark in an hour. Have you ever travelled in the bush at night?”

Ignoring the question she contemplated Marthe’s beaded moccasins as she curled and uncurled her toes in their capacious interiors. Then her black eyes lifted to the man who watched her, ill at ease, as her face lit in an amused smile. “Have you really been so bored, Mr. Stuart?”

He laughed in relief at her change of mood. “Do you think I have? Is it likely that a man marooned up here in the bush would be bored with Miss Aureore LeBlond?”

“That’s rather half-hearted, isn’t it? Can’t you do better?”

“Yes, I can do much better,” he teased, “but I don’t think it’s good for you.”

“You think I’m vain?”

“I know you are.”

She nodded as she moved about the room. “That’s true. I am. Father’s made a fool of me—”

They turned at a knock on the outside door of the house.

“Come in!” called Stuart.

Omar’s broad face thrust through the doorway of the living room.

“You spik wid me?” he asked of Stuart, with a sidelong glance at the girl.

Nodding, Stuart turned to the girl with, “You’ll excuse me?” and left the room.

“What you do wid her?” demanded the half-breed, as the two walked to the rear of the building out of the wind.

“What can we do, Omar? We can’t push a canoe across the lake into those seas, and we can’t take her through the bush—the swamp at the outlet. She’s got to stay until the wind drops.”

“You don’t know Louis LeBlond,” muttered Boisvert, ominously. “Eef she stay here dis night it mean troubl’ for you and me.”

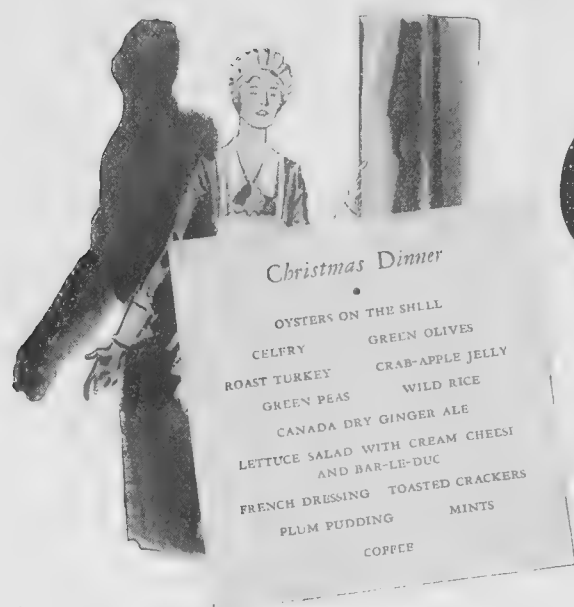
“I know he’ll not like it, but you think he won’t show any gratitude for saving her life?”

“Eet mean troubl’ for you and me,” repeated the other stolidly.

[Continued on page 30]

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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 28

"All right, let it come then!" angrily answered the trader. "A little more won't hurt us. We can't get her home to-night in that seventeen-foot Peterboro, and we can't put her out in the bush, can we? She's got to stay here. If he wants to make trouble—let it come!"

Stuart left the half-breed and entered the house. "Miss LeBlond," he said, "there's no trail along-shore, and there's a swamp at the outlet where you'd be eaten alive by mosquitoes. To start with our small canoe means filling, in a mile or two!"

She studied him with sober face; then, thick brows knotted in a mock frown, she demanded: "You're not trying to deceive a defenceless woman, whom fate has thrown into your hands? Oh, sir, somewhere in your black heart there must linger a trace of pity, of honor. Spare my tender youth!"

With a muttered exclamation of irritation, he turned to the window and gazed out where the running seas greyed in the fading twilight.

"Well, anyway, whether you're a villain or not," she continued, "I don't intend to swamp in that lake in the dark and get wet again. Oh-h-h! It was cold! It makes me shiver to think of it. And besides," her eyes flashed with humor, "suppose my what-you-call-'ems, my gibo-dieg-wason, shrank? What should I do?"

The man at the window remained motionless, but his hidden face went red in his attempt to suppress his laughter.

In secret satisfaction she watched his shaking shoulders, then said: "I like your back, Monsieur Stuart, but I think I prefer your face."

He swung on her with a smile of surrender. She was incorrigible—this daughter of LeBlond.

"They knew you took a canoe?"

"Yes, but they may think I landed on an island and couldn't get back. By the way, do you happen to have such a thing as a cigarette? Mine were water soaked."

"Yes, such as they are. But you'll find them pretty poor." He went to his bedroom and returned with a package.

"Now," she said, when he had given her a light and filled his pipe, "tell me about yourself."

"There's not much to interest a lady from Winnipeg."

"Try me. You came here three years ago to start a post for the Hudson's Bay Company. I know that much. Father was here first, for his North-West Trading Company, and, naturally, didn't like it."

"Yes, that's right." Now that the matter was settled and Aurore LeBlond was to stay at Sunset House, the curious trader thrust aside the responsibility assumed by her presence, and revelled in the picture she made as she smoked in his chair.

"I've heard so many terrible things about you," she went on, "that I've been gasping to learn just how much of a liar Paul Paradis was."

"So—Paradis has been blackening my reputation, has he?"

"Blackening is mild to what he's told me about the factor at Sunset House. You came from God's Lake, didn't you? Well, it seems you left a very dark and mysterious past up there, Mr. Stuart, according to Paul."

"Oh, very! I'm really a terrible man, Miss LeBlond. Hadn't we better have Sarah in here as chaperone?"

She laughed as she shook her head. "From what I've seen of Sarah, I'd wager she's on guard now, waiting to

rescue you from the woman with the gibodieg-wasons. No, Paul Paradis didn't impress me. He made you too black. Father is quite different. He intends to beat you but he's sorry for you—sent here by your people on a forlorn hope. He says you're too good a man to sacrifice up here."

Stuart's features hardened. Forlorn hope, was it? LeBlond was a bit previous.

"This Paradis—did he tell you anything of his own past?"

"Oh, trust Paul for that! Most romantic and mysterious—if one were to believe him. Why, what do you know about him?"

An enigmatic smile was Stuart's reply.

"You do know something, eh? Well, I'm sure father does, too; but the man is a wonder with the Indians. That excuses a lot."

"When did you leave Winnipeg?" Stuart changed the subject.

"In June. It took me three weeks to get here, but it was wonderful—that trip."

"You like it—the wilderness?"

"I love it. You may think it strange for such a frivolous person to enjoy it up here, but I do. Of course, I'd tire of it after a while."

"You go back in the autumn?"

Lifting her chin she slowly exhaled a cloud of smoke, her half-shut eyes on the spruce poles of the ceiling; tilted head baring the round throat in its loose flannel collar caught by its scarf of crimson silk. Wonderingly the man studied her so manifestly at ease in the house of a stranger, her father's rival for the trade of the district.

"Yes, she answered, after a space, "my father seems bound to marry me off in Winnipeg, you know. And Paradis worries him, with his mooning around ever since I came. Imagine," she laughed, "that monkey, Paul Paradis!"

"He's quite beautiful," objected Stuart. "I met him at Medicine Stone Lake, last November. His little moustache, and his red sash and embroidered leggings, surely ought to impress the ladies."

Without turning her tilted head, she flashed at him a sidelong look from under long lashes. "He seems to hate you; what have you done to him?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," protested Stuart, "except to knock him down when he tried to hog the trail."

The girl straightened in her chair,



her vivid face alight with interest. "What? You dared do that—to the great Paul Paradis?" she demanded.

"There was no trouble," drawled Stuart. "It was nothing. He stayed down."

"Ah! That explains a great deal. I knew there was something besides trade rivalry between you."

"What did he tell you, Miss Aurore?"

"He told me you had had trouble on a trail—that he had been compelled to choke you."

"If you ask Black Jules Renault, your father's head voyageur, he might tell you that Paradis has a poor memory."

"Oh, when I saw you, today, I knew it. Paradis choke—you!" Her dark eyes lingered significantly on the wide shoulders, the corded column of his neck, the evident power in the brown hand which held his pipe. "But why waste time on other people when we are so interesting, ourselves?"

Her frankness was exhilarating. Imagine Mary Christie, he thought, so far forgetting her sense of the properties! Mary Christie with whom Stuart through the evening had been contrasting this raven-haired daughter of his rival. He could see Mary's blond eyebrows lift in scorn of the sheared hair and the whipcord jeans; of Aurore LeBlond's unembarrassed acceptance of the situation which made her his guest; of her complete candor.

"Lead on, Miss Aurore."

So she led on while he listened; amused, startled, now charmed, now puzzled by the direct thinking and amazing sophistication of this graduate of a convent school in Winnipeg. Of her mother she retained no clear memory, but her childhood years in her father's trading posts in the north she still recalled. Then came school and long intervals of months of silence from the man who was buried in the forests. Now, her education completed, she was living life to the full—tasting its thrills, exploring its by-ways, testing whatever of interest it had to give.

"Little as this country can offer to a young woman curious of life," he observed, "it managed to provide you with one first-class thrill this afternoon."

"Two!" she corrected, her eyes suddenly grave with sincerity. "I was both drowned to-day—and saved!"

"You mean you were saved from drowning?"

She leaned toward him.

"No, I learned what it is to despair—and I learned what it means to have life given back to me." The eyes of the girl misted. In the intensity of her feeling her lower lip trembled. "You did that—gave me back my life! I did not thank you—made light of it. But I do thank you now!"

His face flushed; his grey eyes shifted uneasily under the poignancy of her dark gaze.

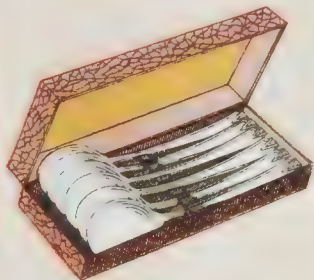
"It was easy enough—nothing," he avoided. "We were lucky to see you—that's all."

She shook her head. "I saw how you had to fight to reach me." Then with a shrug she shed her gravity as one sheds a coat. "Now tell me about yourself, Mr. Jeem Stuart."

But Stuart did not dwell long on his early life in Hudson's Bay posts with the father who had died at God's Lake. Avoiding the girl's live interest in his three years with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces, he talked of the coming of the Hudson's

[Continued on page 33]

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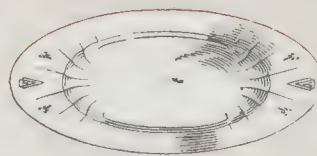
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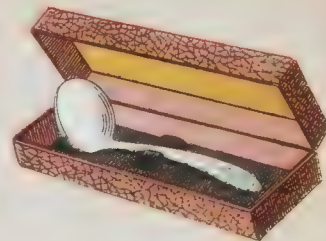
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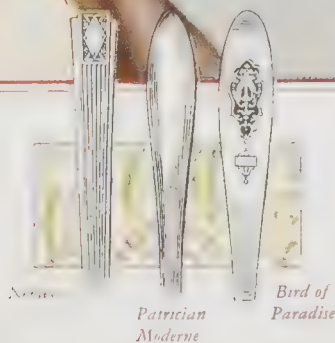
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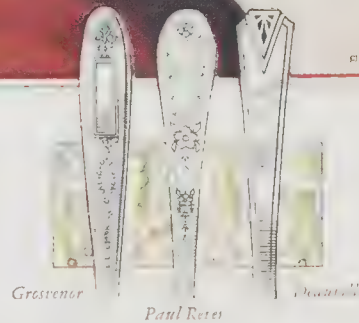
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Waterman's

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 30

Bay Company to the Lake of the Sand Beaches, and the building of Sunset House.

"Sunset House! Who gave it that name?" she asked.

"I plead guilty," he said. "We had such a succession of painted skies the week we finished the buildings. It seemed appropriate."

"Sunset House!" she repeated softly, as though to herself. "Lovely!"

"It sounds rather like a forlorn hope, doesn't it? I heard that your father thought it a great joke—said I knew what I was doing when I named it. It wouldn't last any longer than the setting sun."

"I don't think father knows you—very well," she said with conviction.

Their talk was checked by a knock on the outside door.

"What is it, Omar?" demanded the trader, with some irritation, for his evening with the daughter of his rival was proving most agreeable.

"Come outside; I show you something."

Leaving his guest, Stuart went out into the wind with the half-breed.

"Look!" And Omar pointed through the murk up the lake shore.

"I don't see anything," said the trader, impatiently.

"You wait . . . Dere! You see now?"

ON a point, far up the shore, like fireflies in the dusk, a light flashed—then another.

"Dey hunt for her," added the half-breed, significantly.

"Yes; we must let them know she's here," agreed Stuart. "Take a lantern and see if you can signal them. I don't like to build a fire in this wind. It's pretty dry."

Returning to his quarters, Stuart announced: "They've crossed the lake to search the north shore for you. We can see their lights."

"Poor dad! He must be frantic," she said soberly; then her lip curled in a faint smile. "It's early yet. Too bad to spoil our nice talk, isn't it?"

"It is," he agreed, "but think of your poor father."

"Oh, I do. I love him, you know. He's all I've got."

"Well, it'll be some time before Omar attracts their attention. All my men are up the lake with the freight canoes and my small Peterboro would fill to-night. Your father must have crossed in a big boat. There's nothing to do but wait for him."

"Then I can have another cigarette and we can talk until they come."

Was she strangely callous, he wondered or totally without nerves, that she could calmly curl herself in a chair and smoke while her desperate father and his men hunted a rocky shore white with surf, for her canoe and drowned body? Most women would have paced the clearing outside in a frenzy of excitement. With mingled amazement and curiosity he watched her remove the cigarette from her mouth with fingers which betrayed no sign of nerves, and exhale a cloud of smoke. In all likelihood this vivid creature, who for a few hours had shared the hospitality of Sunset House, would never again cross his path. In the autumn she would return to the world outside, and, in the meantime, in spite of LeBlond's gratitude, the rivalry between the trading posts and the open hostility between the company servants would prevent Stuart's seeing her.

"Let me see," she was saying, "I'm to be here six, seven weeks more."

How am I to endure that Paradis all that time?"

"You might get your father to send him to Fort Hope," he suggested.

"That's a good idea! I'll do it." Then her black brows drew together as she added suggestively: "But you know, Mr. Jeem Stuart, I'm to be lonely for someone to talk to."

"So am I, Miss Aurore LeBlond."

"Well, the answer is obvious. We'll talk to each other."

He shook his head. "I can't come to your father's place. There'd be war. You'll have to swamp again in the lake," he suggested with a grin.

"What? Wait that long? The wind might not blow for days."

The evident sincerity of the girl stirred his curiosity. "You've enjoyed your stay at Sunset House?"

"I've had a wonderful time! Between you and Marthe and Sarah, it's been a real party."

"Marthe and Sarah?"

"Oh, I don't want to spoil you—"

Omar's dark face, following a call outside, appeared at the door.

"Dey build fire wen day see my lantern. I tink a boat follow de shore, now."

Omar glanced darkly at the daughter of the man he hated, who returned his look with a cool indifference.

"Let's go and see," she suggested.

With the wash of the surf on the boulders of the shore and the drive of the wind through the neighboring forest in their ears, they stood on the beach, peering into the black night.

Shortly, a light blinked through the murk.

"It's a lantern—in a canoe," explained Stuart. "They're coming for you."

He felt her hand on his arm—felt her wind-blown hair on his face as he bent to hear what she said. His blood stirred at her touch. Then the blanket, shielding Omar's lantern from the wind, dropped, lighting their shadowy figures.

"When will they get here?" she called through her cupped hands.

"Soon, now."

"Let's go back and talk until they come!"

So the two returned to the house while the sullen Omar waited on the beach.

"You know that little island—I think it's the one farthest to the east—with all the rocks and boulders on the shore?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You remember that split rock which stands partly in the water? Well, if you were to look behind that rock, some day, you might find a note from a very much-bored person—that is, if you cared to go there and look."

Stuart thrilled at the thought of what her words implied. She wanted

to see him again—wanted to talk to him. Then the hopelessness of the situation—the sheer recklessness of attempting to meet the daughter of LeBlond secretly—forced itself upon him. Omar would know—staunch old Omar—would know and would not understand. Then there was LeBlond. A pretty mess! Still—

"You mean you would paddle there—some day—alone?" Stuart asked, wondering what manner of girl this was who so lightly put her trust in a stranger.

"Perhaps I should so far forget myself," she replied, archly, "if I found an answer to my note."

"Try me!" he urged, reckless of the outcome in his desire to see again this girl so vividly alive, so baffling to his curiosity.

Her dark eyes flashed the challenge: "You will be bored, too?"

"How can I help being bored—after to-day?"

"You're improving." A red lip curled in satisfaction. "A little more training and you'll be—"

The yelping of dogs and the sound of voices outside, above the beat of the wind stopped her.

"Here they are! He's coming—dear old dad!"

Stuart stepped to the door to meet the man who had, the winter before, down on the railroad at Wabigoon, boasted openly that two years would see the end of Sunset House.

"Aurore, my girl? She is here?"

The agitated LeBlond, delirious with joy at the news given him at the shore by Omar, pushed past the man who opened the door. "Aurore, my child! Ma chérie!"

"Dad! Mon pauvre père! Good old dad!"

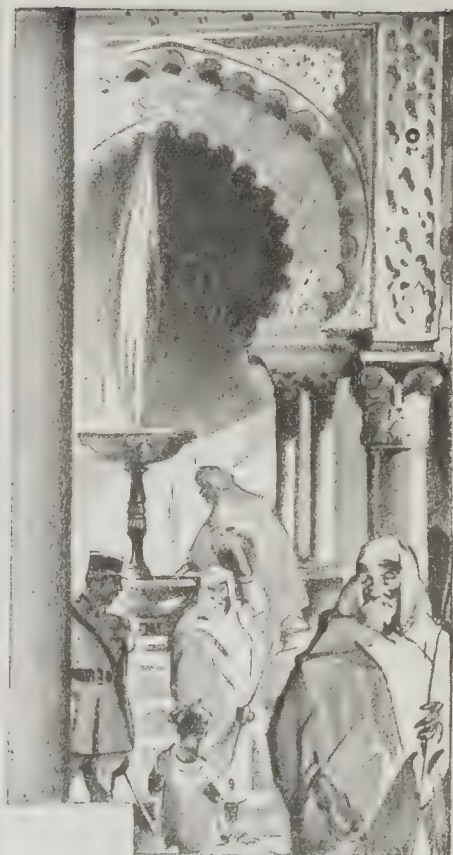
As the trader took his daughter in his arms, in a swift glance Jim Stuart's curious eyes measured the rival he had never seen. LeBlond was little taller than the girl who spoke rapidly in French as he stroked her black hair; but the set of the iron-grey head on the square shoulders—the bold nose and chin of the dark profile suggested the force and daring which his reputation had given him. Closing the door behind him, Stuart remained outside with the two men who had followed LeBlond to the house. In the blackness the Hudson's Bay man could not see the faces of the blurred shapes besides him. Then the door opened and LeBlond called them inside.

With a voice hoarse with feeling, he said, with a slight trace of accent: "Mr Stuart, my daughter says she owes her life to you and your man."

As they faced him, the striking resemblance in feature and expression between father and daughter impressed the man who entered the room followed by Renault and Paradis. The girl who had hung to the canoe while the seas drove over her, then laughed as she shook with cold, was the true daughter of Louis LeBlond.

"Luckily, we happened to see her," depreciated Stuart.

"Yes, but she tells me that her strength was gone—she had already given up, when she saw you." LeBlond impulsively grasped the hand of the man who studied him. "We are rivals in business; it cannot be helped. But what you have done for my child I will not forget. We have hunted for her since the afternoon. I have been half crazy. You will understand. [Continued on page 34]



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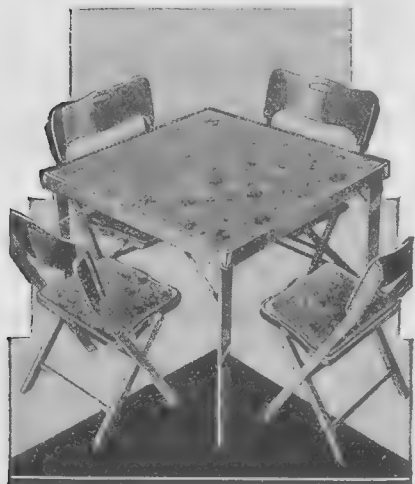
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Principal

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 33

In a corner of the room the slim Paradis, dark as a half-breed, talked excitedly to the thick-set Renault, across whose swart face a knife slash had left a livid scar.

"It was nothing," replied Stuart. "I happened to see her canoe. That was all. You owe me nothing, sir." As he spoke, Paradis left Renault and whispered in LeBlond's ear.

"My house is at your disposal," continued Stuart. "Will you and your daughter stay here to-night?" The eyes of the speaker hardened as he went on. "The gentleman who is whispering to you and Renault, here, are welcome to sleep in the trade-house. You can't cross the lake against this wind."

The somewhat small but regular features of Paradis darkened in a scowl at the thrust, but he continued his whispering. Slowly a look of doubt—of perplexity—crept into LeBlond's eyes, but with a gesture of irritation he waved aside the insistent Paradis. Turning, he spoke rapidly in French to his daughter, who replied vehemently, her courageous black eyes flashing in anger as she faced her father.

"Mr. Stuart," said the patently embarrassed LeBlond, "you—a—found her in the afternoon?"

"Yes." In a flash Stuart sensed what was coming—what Paradis had been whispering.

"And you let us hunt the lake through six hours of daylight—hunt for her, thinking she was drowned?" LeBlond spoke more in regret than in anger.

"Why didn't you send word?" added Paradis with a sneer.

"Father!" The blood rose to Aurore LeBlond's temples. "Are you crazy? Do you know what you're saying? Is this your gratitude?" The eyes of the girl flamed with indignation. "Mr. Stuart wanted to take me home, but I wouldn't go. There was only the small canoe here, and I was afraid—afraid of that lake. And this is your thanks to him! Oh, I'm ashamed of you—ashamed of you all!"

The enraged factor of Sunset House was near the end of his self-control as he faced LeBlond. "You see fit to quibble over my actions to-day. I've nothing to explain. You found out what the lake was out there, when you crossed with the wind in your big canoe. My large boats are bringing up my stuff, and I'm alone with one man I don't like your insinuations!"

With difficulty Jim restrained himself. "You can't take your daughter back to-night, and I offered you my quarters—such as they are. But, as for this whispering assistant of yours, I take back my offer. He can't stay here!" The speaker's voice snapped like a brittle stick. "You understand English, don't you, Paradis?"

The room went silent. In the glance of the girl as she watched Jim's eyes blacken with anger, was amusement and approval.

With a swift movement the enraged Paradis jerked his hand back to his belt; but the squat Renault's fingers gripped his arm. Then a movement at the window behind the two men drew Jim's attention. Two narrowed eyes in a seamed face were pressed against the pane. Beside the face a hand gripped the action of a rifle. The watchdog, Omar, was on guard. The knife of Paradis would never have left its sheath.

The working features of LeBlond reflected his warring emotions. This

man who had saved his daughter had also flagrantly affronted his friend. For a space his sense of gratitude and his loyalty to Paradis strove for mastery as he looked into the cold eyes which challenged his. Then he found his voice.

"You have insulted us, here, in your own house!" he burst out. "We want no hospitality from you." Then, as if ashamed, went on: "Oh, I'm grateful—I know what I owe you; but we'll bid you good-night. Come, Aurore!"

His answer from the girl was contemptuous laughter, "Oh, you men are so funnee—so funnee!" she cried. "So ridiculous! Because Mr. Stuart knocks down our Paul Paradis, and Paul fills your ears with a fool idea of word not being sent ten miles against that wind and sea, you forget that I'd be down there with the fish to-night if it hadn't been for Omar and Mr. Stuart. Pah! You men are all fools!"

She was serious now, her scornful gaze over-awing her father's uneasy eyes. In frank admiration Stuart watched her as she waited for LeBlond's reply.

"I thank you for what you did for her," said LeBlond at length, turning defeated from the accusing eyes of his daughter. "Come, Aurore!"

Paradis and Renault sullenly left the room while the trader waited at the door for the girl who had not moved.

"So you think, because of the hurt feelings of your pretty Paul, I'll spend the night in front of a fire, with my back against a tree?" she replied. "Well, I will not!"

Over the bold features of LeBlond crept an expression of helplessness—of impotence. It was patent to Stuart that this trader, whose energy and determination were by-words in the fur trade, was not the master of the girl who now faced him.

"I shall accept Mr. Stuart's offered hospitality," she continued. "As for you, mon père, you can stay and help old Sarah, the cook, guard the sacred honor of your precious daughter—or you can leave her to Sarah and go and sit by your fire. I stay here. Do you understand English, Monsieur LeBlond?"

In the end, LeBlond and his daughter passed the night in the quarters of Stuart while the indignant Sarah tossed through sleepless hours, outraged by the thought that the roof above her should shelter the enemy who had boasted that the wolves should soon howl in the deserted clearing of Sunset House.

SIX years before, when the boat brigade of the North-West Trading Company, in command of one of the partners, Louis LeBlond, had passed through Lake Expanse on the

trail to Mitawangagama, the Ojibwas, who were camped at Pelican Portage on their way south to the spring trade with the Hudson's Bay Company, had been greatly excited. Turning in to the camp, LeBlond's head voyageur, Black Jules Renault had announced in their native tongue that a trading station was to be built on the great Lake of the Sand Beaches two hundred miles north. Never again need they take the long trail south to Lake Expanse, but in the next long snows would find a warm welcome—a New Year's feast—and the best of trade goods ready for exchange for their fur at the new post.

In three years LeBlond had made serious inroads into the trade of the old company. He had gone to the Indians in the heart of a rich fur country. He no longer could be ignored. They must follow and fight him for the trade. But, on the word of hard-headed Andrew Christie, of Lake Expanse, Inspector of a territory larger than an eastern state, the man who could now wrest a share of the trade from the firmly entrenched LeBlond would need a particularly long head, boundless nerve, and the tenacity of the beaver. Such a man, Christie told his superiors, in conclave at Winnipeg, he believed was now at God's Lake in western Kiwedin—a young man with a fine war record and a local reputation for ability and judgment in dealing with the Indians.

In two months a mail canoe brought Jim Stuart orders from Winnipeg to report to Christie at Lake Expanse. A month later, with Omar Boisvert and a gang of men, Stuart had cleared the forest and was peeling the logs for the building of Sunset House. The following three years had been for Stuart a well-nigh hopeless struggle for a foothold in the trade, for his rival possessed the Frenchman's uncanny talent for handling the Indians, backed by an experience of thirty years.

As he lay on his bunk in the trade-house, after leaving Aurore LeBlond and her father in possession of his quarters, Jim Stuart's thoughts traversed the hours since mid-afternoon. To the man who, since the war had been marooned in the forests of Kiwedin—Ojibwa for "The Birthplace of the North Wind,"—the coming of this vivid creature, swept into his life by the accident of wind and sea, had been like the burst of a shell on a black night. To the picture of a dark head beside a submerged canoe which the seas buried as they drove past, his memory joined the dripping figure of a shivering girl, standing in Marthe's doorway, dismissing the adventure as a joke. Then her cool indifference to the scandalized Ojibwas! He had read that they were like that—these present-day girls. He chuckled at the memory of how she rose from the table to display her whipcords, to the consternation of the inquisitive Sarah. No false modesty there! In fact, he admitted, modesty did not appear to enter into the picture. And how she did seize on gibediegwason! It certainly was an insult to the well-cut knickers which set off her shapely legs—that name!

But what a crime it was to cut hair like that! It must have rippled to her waist. Then he laughed aloud as he remembered the disgust in the blue eyes of Mary Christie, daughter of the Inspector at Lake Expanse, when he once asked her when she

[Continued on page 36]



Don't Call it Luck

COUNSELS **ELINOR GLYN**



A romantic marriage to the man of her dreams—how can every girl win this?



ELINOR GLYN

HELEN M— is eating her heart out, poor child, because she is so "unlucky." There have been six weddings among her friends and she hasn't even one beau! "Miss Glyn," she writes, "really I am as good looking as these other girls. Can it be their clothes? I buy the same styles and pay just as much—"

DON'T call it luck, Helen. Undoubtedly these girls know something that you don't—that the thing about clothes that has the greatest appeal for men is *colour*. Psychologists say colour affects the emotions *more than any other factor in dress*.

As long as its intensity, its balance, are not upset or diminished, *colour* will work unflinching on the *emotions*.

It all comes down, Helen, to these two simple rules which any girl can follow:

ONE: Wear the colours which suit you best; and

TWO: Keep those colours fresh and new and vital, just as you keep your things clean and dainty.

The difficulty is that some women use an ordinary "good" soap, but it is not *good enough*, for just a little of the colour pigment goes from the fabric. But there is a famous product especially made to take

out dirt *without disturbing the colours*. That is the well-known Lux. If a colour is safe in plain water alone, Lux will preserve *all* of its *original magnetism*.

And Your Home Too

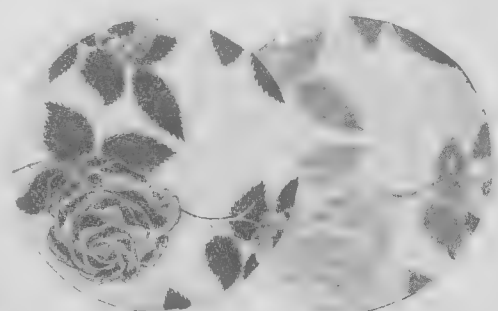
And, girls, remember this, too. A man does judge a girl by her setting—her home.

If everything around you, from the dainty curtains in your living room to the gay pillows on the porch, the pretty linens on the supper table, reflects the charm of fresh colour which *Lux alone gives*, this will make *you* seem more charming, more desirable, to *him*.

ELINOR GLYN



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IT IS the extremes of temperature which impose the hardest of all tasks on motor car operation. The owner who goes through the winter with the least difficulty, and the least car expense, is he who prepares his car for winter driving.

For motor car efficiency is then at its lowest ebb.

A foremost factor in keeping motor car performance at its highest possible winter level is to install a complete set of new spark plugs at the beginning of cold weather. At no other time does your engine need a hot, fat spark so vitally as during the winter.

Cold stiffens the oil in your engine, making it more difficult to turn over. Gasoline is harder to vaporize, and to ignite. Your starter revolves only with difficulty. Consequently, a terrific strain is placed on your battery.

Other than to use lighter lubricants and the most volatile gasoline, there is nothing you can do to ease this burden, except to use spark plugs which insure you of better performance.

These spark plugs are Champions. They are preferred the world over, not only because they insure easier starting, but because they better the performance of every engine. You get from them more power, speed, economy and efficiency than is otherwise possible.

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Windsor, Ontario



Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 34

intended to bob her hair. No, Mary wouldn't cut her hair or shorten her skirts either. Lake Expanse fashions were somewhat behind the times, and—as Mary was the only white girl at the great lake—would remain so.

Of course, the astute LeBlond was set on marrying his daughter off well in Winnipeg. Strange, she'd escaped so long—with those dangerous black eyes and that magnetism. It was magnetism no doubt about that. The man on the bunk in the tradehouse sucked in a deep breath at the memory of his struggle to get the half-drowned girl into the canoe—the dead weight of her in his straining arms.

But strong as was the appeal of this dark daughter of Louis LeBlond to the eyes and senses of the man who had not seen three comely white women in as many years, she was, he realized, only a spoiled child; vain, headstrong, the pampered darling of a lonely father. Then his thoughts shifted to the loyal, capable girl at Lake Expanse, who ministered with head and hands to the well-being and comfort of his chief, Andrew Christie, and who, except for five years' schooling in Scotland, had spent her life, without complaint, immured in the northern forests. He pictured her frank disdain of the dress and manners of the girl who slept over in his quarters—her outraged sense of propriety at the direct thought and speech of this self-possessed daughter of the free trader. She wouldn't understand this girl—would condemn her on sight as over-bold, light, unwomanly. But no one who had seen Aurore LeBlond grimly refusing to be swept from her grip on that canoe, as the seas buried her, could doubt the metal of her courage. She had proven that. Whatever else she might lack, it was not a valiant heart; and it was masterful the way she over-awed her father—forced him to stay at Sunset House. Then he found himself comparing the blonde comeliness of the decorous daughter of Andrew Christie with the dark loveliness of Aurore LeBlond.

The following morning Stuart walked with his guest to the beach where LeBlond had preceded them to his waiting canoe.

"I really think you about won Sarah over, when you patted her shoulder and put that silk scarf around her neck," he said.

"Poor old soul, she almost burst, didn't she?"

"I know Sarah pretty well," he laughed, "and the way that grin slowly widened across her red face when you gave her the scarf and shook her hand makes me think she's forgiven you your gibodiegwason. Though, of course, she wouldn't admit it."

"She thinks me insane, probably."

"She didn't know what to think."

Then, as they approached the shore, she said, hurriedly: "The split rock on the shore of the last of the islands—look there in a few days; you might find something. Good-bye, Mr. Jeem Stuart." She gave him her hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Gibodiegwason."

When LeBlond stepped into his big freight canoe he said to Stuart: "I

thank you again for what you have done. Your people have seen fit to send you here to take the trade from me. Between the North-West and the Hudson's Bay there can be no quarter. But to you, yourself, I owe much. Some day I may be able to repay."

As the factor of Sunset House watched the departing Peterboro nose an ever-widening ripple out across the still lake which now mirrored the hills—for the wind had dropped in the night to a flat calm—a voice at his side aroused him from his thoughts.

"We got a beeg job ahead, dis summer."

Stuart looked into the grave face of Omar. "We have, Omar, but I wish I knew where to begin. They heard at Lake Expanse that LeBlond got thirty-thousand dollars worth of fur from Pipestone Lake and the Sturgeon River country alone, this year. We didn't get a pelt—not one hunter from that country!"

"I hear, last night, something about dat."

"You did?" How d'yuh mean—heard?"

"De men wid de cano'" talk wile LeBlond go to de house for de girl."

"What did they say?"

"Eet was so dark dey did not know I was dere. De wind blow so hard I hear onlee little.

Dey talk about jingwak."

"Jingwak, the medicine man at Pipestone Lake?"

"Ah-hah, you know how he got all de hunter to trade wid LeBlond—not one come to Sunset House?"

"No, but I'd like to," said the interested Stuart; for never had a dog-team or a canoe from the Pipestone Lake and Sturgeon River country, in the three years of its existence, come to Sunset House to trade. These northern Ojibwas from a rich fur country had avoided the little post as if it harbored the plague. "Wal—Jingwak tell all dem peopl' dat dis place ees full of devil. I find dis out, for one of dat crew had fear to stay on de beach.

Slowly the blood filled the bronzed face of the man who listened.

"So they are bribing the medicine men, the conjurors, are they, to keep the trade from Sunset House?"

It was clever of LeBlond, for the Pipestone Ojibwas, who came two hundred miles south to trade, were a wild, superstitious lot, easily influenced by a medicine man—a shaman.

"W'at you t'ink of dat?" demanded the half-breed. "I tell you we got good job ahead, dis summer, w'en we get de trade stuff up from Lak' Expanse."

"Omar, we've got to get some of that Pipestone and Sturgeon River trade. We can't live on what we get from the rest of the country. What're we going to do?"

The swart Boisvert rose from his squatting position. He was not tall, but his Scotch and French blood had united with the Ojibwa to create a rare example of nature's skill in the building of human thew and muscle; for in his compact one-hundred-and-eighty pounds Omar carried power

[Continued on page 38]

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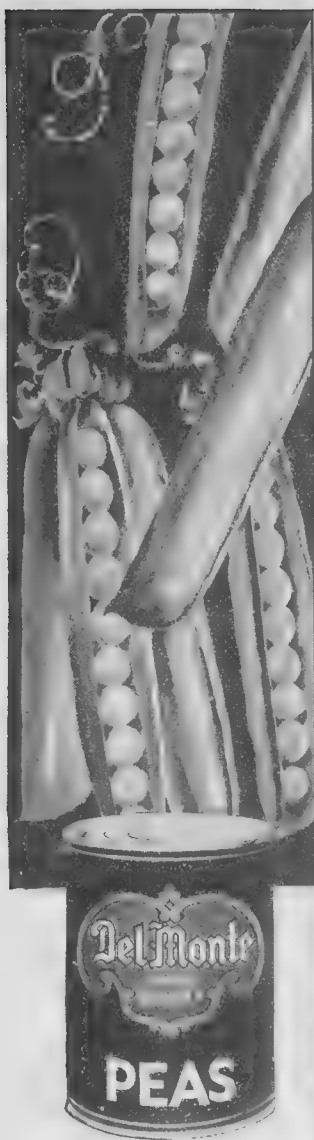
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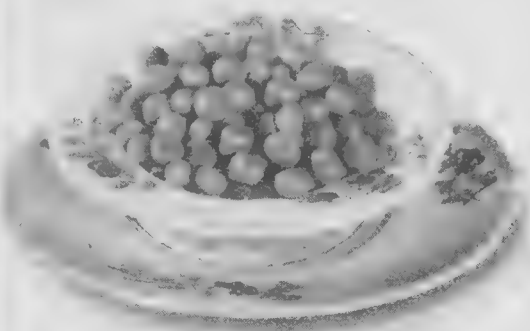


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Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 36

and stamina which had been a byword among the voyageurs of western Kiwedini. Deliberately reaching to the rear, the half-breed drew his skinning knife and, lifting a foot, stropped the blade slowly on his moccasin. "Dere ees one t'ing we can do wid M'sieu' Jingwak," he said significantly. "You old wolf," laughed Stuart, "I believe, if I said the word, you'd hunt him down this summer and stick that in him."

Because of his devotion to the elder Stuart, and to the son lately returned from the war across the big water, Omar had, three years before, left the God's Lake country to follow Jim's fortunes on the upper Albany, and his small eyes met his chief's cryptically as he said: "Dere are manee way to keech a fox."

"Yes, and we must find one to beat this Jingwak; but we can't hurt him, you know. There are laws in this country?"

"Law? Umph!"

grunted Omar. Then his broad face puckered into a network of wrinkles as his wide mouth stretched in a stiff smile and the small eyes snapped. "All right! I go see dis Jingwak an' tell him he mak' beeg mistake; dere ees no devil here."

"Meaning that you're crazy to get those bear paws of yours on his neck and shake the teeth out of him."

"Wal, we got do somet'ing ver' queek!"

"We have, Omar," admitted Stuart. "If I'm licked here, I might as well look for a new job. The Company'll never forgive me. Christie knows what the job is here, but he's not satisfied with the small trade this year."

With an impulsive movement Boisvert grasped the hand of the young man. "We not tru yet! Dis summer we go to Pipestone Lake."

TWO days later, with the freight boats from Lake Expanse which carried the next year's supplies and trade goods for the little post and had been wind-bound at the head of the lake, came Esau Otchig, whose shoulders had rounded and lean face creased with furrows in the service of the company—old Esau, a full-blooded Ojibwa, who had served thirty years with Stuart's father and now followed the fortunes of the son. To the Indian, when the supplies were unloaded and the empty freighters had started back on the trail south, Omar related what he had overheard on the beach—how the hunters from the Pipestone country had been kept from trading at Sunset House by the tabu of the shaman, Jingwak.

His wrinkled face as bare of expression as if carved from wood, the old Indian sucked on his pipe as Omar told his story. For a space Esau was silent, his slit-like eyes on a moccasin; then a gnarled hand removed the pipe while his seamed features faded behind a cloud of smoke.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered, at length. "So dis Jingwak put de devil into Sunset House. Wal, we put de devil into Jingwak."

"Good!" agreed Stuart, "but how?"

Esau's beady eyes met the widening grin of Omar as he answered: "Omar evair tell you w'at happen to Makwa, de beeg shaman at Wolf Riviere, manee long snow back?"

Stuart shook his head. "No, what happened?"

Esau was not to be hurried. Calmly cutting a pipeful from a plug of Company nigger-head, he refilled his pipe and lighted it before replying. "Dis Makwa," he said, "he t'ink he mak' de beeg medecine. He come an' say to de ole man at Wolf Riviere, 'You geeve Makwa, de shaman, flour, tea, trade-good, an' you get all 'Jibwa fur. You not geeve Makwa dis, an' free-trader, he get de fur.'"

"What did the Hudson's Bay man say to that?"

The old Indian's eyes snapped with humor. "e don' spik noding; he sen for Esau."

"What'd you do Esau?"

Esau puffed for a space, his eyes on his moccasin; then he said: "Makwa, de beeg shaman, mak' medecine no more"

Stuart leaned forward curiously, "You chased him out of the country?"

The old man shook his head. Stuart turned to Omar, who chuckled: "Esau nevaire tell, but Makwa come to Wolf Riviere to trade next tam widout hees ear."

"What! Without his ears?"

"Ah-hah! He no good for shaman after he lose hees ear."

"You mean they were cut off?"

Omar nodded. "Widout dem he was no good to mak' de medecine."

Stuart glanced doubtfully at the sphinxlike Esau, who avoided his look behind the screen of smoke.

"Do you intend to cut off Jingwak's ears, Esau?" he laughed. "That will be some job! They're a wild lot up there in the Pipestone country; they might cut off yours—or worse."

The lean face of the old Ojibwa shaped a cryptic smile as he rose with a grunt and went out to visit the gill-nets below the post.

"Do you believe the old rascal actually cut off the medicine man's ears?" Stuart demanded of the grinning Omar.

"No one know. Esau nevaire tell."

"But the shaman, you say, lost his magic with his ears?"

"Ah-hah! All de 'Jibwa laugh at heem affair dat."

"Well, I'll say that's a great yarn, anyway. But what do you suppose Esau meant when he said he'd put the devil into Jingwak?"

The half-breed shrugged. "I don' know. De fader of Esau was a shaman, a sorcerer. Esau, melbe, got frien' among de devil."

His supplies and trade-goods properly checked and stowed away against the coming of the Ojibwas for the Christmas trade, Stuart prepared to follow the freight canoe, with his fur from the spring trade, down to Lake Expanse, the headquarters of the district. There he would listen in sullen silence, while his chief, Andrew Christie, talked deep into the night of the failure of Sunset House to obtain its share of the trade. Again, as he had in January, when he brought down the fur from the Christmas trade by dog-team, he would explain the situation which confronted the struggling little post, opposed by the astute LeBlond and his able assistants. But the stubborn Christie would shake his grey head and dwell on the

[Continued on page 40]

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ASPIRIN

TRADE-MARK REG.

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 38

disappointment and chagrin which had been his over Stuart's failure—how from all the young Company men he knew, he had recommended for this important job, Jim Stuart, son of the famous James Stuart who for decades had held the trade of the God's Lake country against all comers. With endless reiteration the stiff-necked inspector would dwell on the cost of building the post and its small yearly returns in fur while Jim, raging inwardly, endured in silence. And, from the increasing stiffness in the manner of his chief, the discouraged Stuart knew that the end of Sunset House would mean the end of his advancement in the Company's service. For a failure is a failure. The fact that he had been chosen to head a forlorn hope—that Sunset House was doomed from the beginning, would be forgotten. He would have had his chance. If he stayed with the Hudson's Bay, they would send him somewhere as clerk, assistant to a luckier man.

But the journey to Lake Expanse would consume a fortnight, and the thought of what might await him behind a certain split rock on an island ten miles across the unruffled surface of Mitawangagna led him to postpone his start with Omar.

THE spell of the northern summer was on cloudless sky; the dusky, spruce green of the ridges; the cool depths of the translucent lake, as Jim paddled alongshore toward the sturgeon set-lines at the outlet, to deceive the sharp eyes which followed his departure from the post. The stem of the light birch-bark nosed a soft ripple along the sleeping shores. To the south the islands hung as if suspended in the clear air. As his dripping paddle flashed in the sun, from the greenery of a mirrored ridge a *doré* rose. His golden scales flamed as he turned in air and fell, to start a circle of ever widening ripples from the broken surface. Far to the south a moose was leisurely crossing from mainland to island. Overhead, on lazy wings drifted two northern ravens, while high in the heavens a dark spot marked where an eagle calmly surveyed a thousand square miles of lake-splashed forest.

One calm night in June, during the spring trade, he had overheard an old squaw on the shore, gazing at its liquid mirror shot with points of light, call it Anagami, the Lake of Stars. Jim's eyes followed the black timber of the shore lifting to the shoulders of the ridges, until far in the west it faded into blue haze. Seventy miles of this, he thought bitterly, with lake trout and sturgeon, *doré* and white-fish for the mere setting of net or line, with moose and caribou and fur in the back country. And in two or three years LeBlond would have it for his own.

Then with a savage lunge his paddle tore the water to foam. Across the lake they laughed at the name, Sunset House, did they? So they held the whole Pipestone and Sturgeon River trade by bribing a sorcerer! Well, as Omar said, there were ways of handling a shaman. LeBlond and his men, Paradis and Black Jules, would learn something before the snow fell about the taming of medicine-men. Esau was an old hand at

that game. He and Omar should have their wish. They would go to the summer camps of the Pipestone Lake Indians—carry the war into the enemies country. Jim Stuart's future as a fur-man was at stake. He'd played fair, but now all rules were off and henceforth there'd be no quarter.

Then his anger cooled as he thought of the girl whose message he was paddling ten miles to look for at the split rock. A reckless game, this, he admitted. Some day she'd be seen and followed. They, even, might be caught! Then what? He laughed aloud at the thought. Well, she was worth it—this bewildering daughter of LeBlond. He remembered, with a deep drawing in of the breath, the weight of her in his arms as he took her from the lake—the touch of her hair on his face.

It was mid-forenoon when the birch-bark of Jim Stuart approached the split rock on the stony beach of the island. Stepping from the canoe, Jim's eager eyes searched the bushes behind the rock for the tell-tale white of the note which she had promised to leave. Then, lying under a small stone, he saw to his surprise a folded sheet ruled, as if torn from a small note book. It did not seem like her—this soiled scrap of paper at his feet. Puzzled, he picked it up and read:

"This is your first and last warning. Louis LeBlond will see that there are no more love notes here for you. The next time you come for a letter you'll get lead."

The note was written in pencil in an immature hand and unsigned.

"Paradis!"

He had followed her canoe at a distance and, finding her note, had left this. And now LeBlond would not allow her out of his sight—would watch her as a lynx watches a rabbit. Jim Stuart had seen the last of the girl who had filled the living room at Sunset House with laughter—whose departure had left him lonely, vaguely restless, puzzled with himself.

Nice dog in the manger, this Paradis! The head man of LeBlond had only run true to form in spying on the girl who laughed at him. Then the angered Stuart rasped aloud: "Get lead, eh, if I come again? If I could meet Monsieur Paradis here, I'd come tomorrow!"

"Weel today do?" From the thick spruce in his rear a voice wheeled Jim in his tracks, as Paradis appeared in the brush back of the canoe, carrying a gun. A few quick steps toward the shore gave LeBlond's man a view of the inside of the canoe. It was empty. Stuart was unarmed.

Then, with evident satisfaction, Paradis leered at the man who watched him.

"Well, Monsieur Stuart, here ees Paradis!" he taunted. "You have your weesh. What weel the writer of love notes do about eet?"

"You're a pretty speciman of a man, Paradis," said Jim coolly, refusing to take the situation seriously. "You swing a gun on me, then ask me what I intend to do. Drop that gun and come down here on the beach, if you're not afraid, and I'll show you what I'll do about it."

"Ah, he boasts." Paradis grinned in derision. [Continued on page 41]



Under Frozen Stars

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"Well, there's only one way to call a bluff," drawled Jim, studying the bloodshot eyes and flushed face of the man he had knocked off the trail at the Medicine Stone portage and insulted at Sunset House. "You hold the cards. It's your play."

"Yes, it ees my play." As Paradis bent with laughter, Jim edged a yard nearer. "But I have not made up my mind weder to shoot you for de insult you give me—or take you to Louis LeBlond and let you taste de sting of Black Jules's dog-whip."

At the fantastic threat the hard-thinking Stuart grinned in derision, but the situation was not humorous. Was this wild-eyed Paradis, fingering the trigger of his rifle, fifteen feet away, unbalanced over the girl—or drunk? Either condition was equally dangerous with that gun.

"Shoot me, eh?"

Jim scoffed, sliding a moccasin a foot nearer the man who covered him. "You'd hang, if my man Omar, didn't get you first, and they'd run the North-West Trading Company out of the bush." Then an idea flashed through his active brain as the inflamed eyes of Paradis glared at him. "Take me to LeBlond. It's his daughter. Let him settle it."

"I settle my own affair." The face of Paradis was distorted with passion. Slowly he brought the rifle to his shoulder.

Stuart's heart started with a leap. The man was crazed! He would shoot! With a desperate bound Jim strained to reach the madman—to deflect his aim; but fell, sprawled in low brush far short of his goal, as Paradis backed away, his gun still covering his enemy.

"Ah!" chuckled the other, "that was worth de blow in de face at Medicine Stone to see you jump like a frog."

Jim got to his feet, his eyes on the grimacing face behind the rifle barrel. The mad Paradis was playing with him as a fox plays with a wood-mouse; but how long would it last? He must get closer—risk being hit, to get that gun. But how?

Lowering the rifle, Paradis said with a chuckle: "Now that I have made you jump, I weel make a little hole through your heart, Monsieur Jeem Stuart. Then he raised the rifle and took deliberate aim.

The levelled gun was yards away, with low bush between. It was hopeless. If he rushed, Paradis couldn't miss him. Then, sucking in a deep breath, Jim deliberately folded his arms over his chest, and taking a desperate chance, challenged: "All right, I'm ready! Now—right through the heart!"

For a space the black tube covered the chest of the man whose eyes did not waver. But the tensed forearms on Jim's ribs rose and fell with the pounding of his heart.

"Your arm is een de way. De shot weel not be a clean one," muttered the man whose finger slowly curled on the trigger.

Jim Stuart's straight gaze held the grimacing face behind the black tube sighted on his laboring heart, but doubt slowly chilled him. Had he misjudged his man? Did Paradis, after all, intend to murder him?

Slowly, under the strain, the sweat broke from his forehead. Better to take the chances of a rush than to be shot like a spy against a wall. Then, as Jim stiffened for a headlong leap, with a laugh Paradis dropped his gun butt.

"Now we go an' see Louis LeBlond."

Jim let the breath out of his lungs. It had seemed minutes while he looked into that gun muzzle. It had taken all the nerve he had. But it had worked—that trick; or was Paradis merely baiting him? His fingers bit into the hard palms of his hands with his desire to reach his leering enemy.

"Get into your boat! Take de stern and paddle! If you move, I shoot you for sure!" ordered Paradis.

Jim did as he was told. Facing him, with the gun in his hands, Paradis squatted in the bow of the boat, and they started along the shore.

"You think you are Luckee I deed not shoot you, Monsieur Stuart of de Hudson's Bay; but when Louis LeBlond hear you come to meet hees daughter—den you weesh I shoot. Dat beeg dog-whip of Jules—ah! I can hear it seeng now.

Now. Crack! She go on your back!"

The threats of Paradis fell on deaf ears. Jim was not worrying over LeBlond. But he did not relish the humiliation of being brought into the post by the unbalanced Paradis. He pictured the mirth in the eyes of Aurore LeBlond. But as for the jealous and demented Paradis, he almost pitied him. There would be no mercy when she learned how he had spied upon her movements. And LeBlond? She'd laugh at him, as she did that night at Sunset House.

Beyond the island of the split rock, across a half-mile of quiet water, lay another and larger one. As Jim paddled leisurely, ignoring the abuse of the man squatted in the bow, holding his rifle, he wondered whether this strait was visible from LeBlond's place on the mainland.

"Does your majesty desire to pass between the islands?" he broke in on the muttering of Paradis.

"Yes, turn een here," answered the other.

"How far is it?"

"You've been sneaking 'round dese island for de last tree days; you ought to know," sneered the man in the bow.

"But I don't. I've never passed inside the islands—always followed the north shore." And, leaving the island, Jim pushed the canoe briskly out into the deep water of the strait.

"You didn't tell me how far your place is from here," Stuart persisted with a guileless smile, as the water began to boil behind his paddle.

"Tree-four mile. Not far. Don't hurry. Louis LeBlond, he weel soon enough teach you to come sneaking 'round de south shore for de love lettair." Paradis laughed uproariously.

Then, as the man in the bow lurched forward and jerked himself to an upright position, Jim suddenly realized that he was not mad, but drunk.

On his knees, Stuart rapidly drove the light birch-bark out into the strait with his brisk stroke. To the south

[Continued on page 44]

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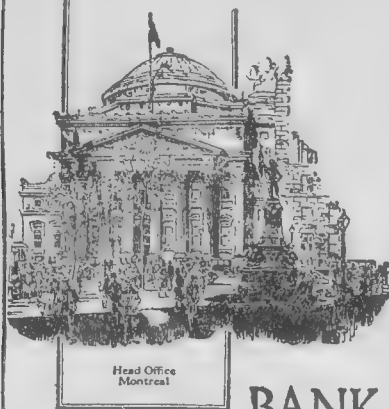
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903

What shall we give?

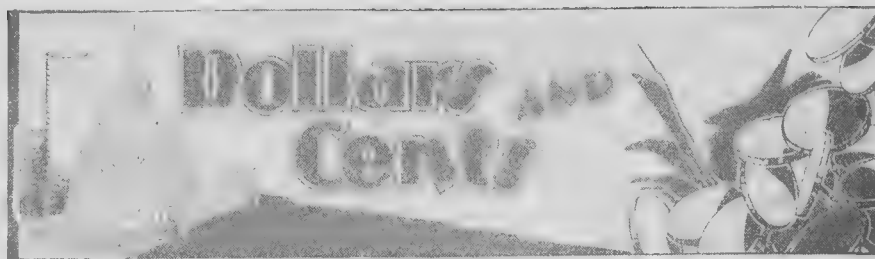
BACK through the centuries Christmas has always been a time for the giving of presents—big or little things to delight and gladden the hearts of children and their elders.



Keep alive the spirit of your gift. Let it bring happiness and contentment from Christmas to Christmas. Solve your gift problem by giving a Bank Book.

Presentation Covers are
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of Canada**

800 Branches in Canada



IT IS regrettable to make reference again to the general depression that seems to have settled on the industrial and agricultural worlds. The price of wheat still holds very low and coarse grains are scarcely worth the selling. In the latter connection the Royal Bank of Canada in its monthly letter draws marked attention to the relation between the bacon industry and the barley market. It points out that at a time when the prices for grains and other farm products have been declining rapidly, livestock prices have shown outstanding strength. At present relative prices it is contended that it is decidedly more profitable for the farmer to export his grain in the form of cattle, cheese and bacon than to attempt to sell it in a world market burdened with surplus supplies from many countries.

The article further points out that during the past few weeks shipments of live cattle from Canada to Great Britain have been resumed after a lapse of three years. This trade was at one time an important outlet for the Canadian livestock industry. Increasing demand and higher prices in the markets of the United States diverted these exports, and shipments overseas ceased. The initial shipments of the last few weeks have been cattle from Eastern Canada, but a trial shipment of Western cattle is being made from Montreal about the end of October, and there is a sound basis for the hope that Western cattle can be finished for this trade at a profit.

Certain figures are illuminating. The demand for bacon in Great Britain has grown at an amazing rate. For instance, in 1921 the imports amounted to 636 million pounds and during each of the last three years total imports have been more than 900 million pounds. In 1924 the average price of Canadian bacon on the British market was equivalent to the price which prevailed in September, 1930, in that market. In 1924 Canadian exports amounted to 120 million pounds. For the present year it is doubtful whether they will amount to as much as 20 million pounds.

The article concludes with this significant advice: "The high standard of quality achieved by producers of Canadian bacon and cheese is well known overseas. Farmers and others interested in Canadian livestock might well consider their opportunities for the development of the industry and the extension of both the domestic and export markets for such products. The assurance to importers of adequate and steady supplies with quality and price in keeping with similar products from other countries is necessary if Canada is to regain her former position in the international field. Present conditions seem to be favorable for the expansion of this industry and for greater diversification in Canadian agriculture."

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Kindly let me know if the North-American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago, 830 Broad Street, Newark, N.J., pays claims in Canada. I hold a policy but have heard it is not good here.—A.B.

A. The North American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago is licensed to carry on business in the Province of Manitoba. This means that the Insur-

ance Department of the Province requires the Company to maintain on deposit with the Province securities sufficient to pay what the insurance experts consider would be the possible losses in the Province of Manitoba.

The Provincial Insurance Department does not guarantee any policies, but any company which carries on business in the Province must be in satisfactory financial condition before the Government will authorize the company to carry on its business.

We believe that a policy with this company will prove satisfactory.

Ketchen, Sask.

Q. Kindly advise me as to the value of two lots I hold title to in the Municipality of St. James, Winnipeg. On tax list they read as follows: No. on roll 73723/17 Ward 3, Description 4, Block 7, D.G.S. St. James 28/9 Plan No. 1502 and also Roll No. 724-30, Ward 3, Description 24, Block 7, D.G. S. St. James 28/9, Plan 1502.—M.E.H.

A. It is difficult to give you any estimate of the value of your lands. Sales of vacant lots in this Municipality are governed largely by the condition that the Municipality owns a great many lots acquired through tax sale. The Municipality offers them at a very low price which accordingly fixes the sale price which can be asked by other owners.

It would appear to us that if you allow your Title to be foreclosed by tax sale proceedings you would have very little difficulty in re-purchasing the lots later from the Municipality, if you thought it advisable to do so.

The lots are outside the closely built up district, and in our opinion it would be many years before they have more than nominal value.

Arrow Park, B.C.

Q. Is the Intermountain Building & Loan Assn. of Canada with offices in Vancouver, B.C., a sound investment? I have paid six monthly payments on a \$5,000 at Maturity Savings Certificate, and would like to know if it is worth following up.—"Regis."

A. The Intermountain Building & Loan Assn. is a comparatively small company which has not a proven record of successful operation. Until it has such a record its securities cannot be considered as an investment. The success of such a company depends upon the ability of its management to choose profitable investment in real estate. Such companies have a record of moderate success, but must have very conservative and careful management.

Any person who purchases any of the saving certificates of this company should be prepared to keep up the monthly payments to the maturity of his obligation.

We would prefer the purchase of government or sound industrial bonds, which can be purchased on the installment plan from your bank and have the advantage of quick marketability in case you require to realize upon your investment.

Kincaid, Sask.

Q. I have a Class A Preferred Stock Certificate and ten Common shares. Could you advise whether this company, National Accounting Systems, Ltd., have called in Class A Certificates? What is the financial standing of this Company? I paid one hundred dollars for Preferred A Share and five dollars a share for ten Common.—C.M.W.

[Continued on page 56]

LEGAL INFORMATION

This department is conducted by one of the best known Winnipeg legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases one dollar should be enclosed with questions.

OWING to the large number of questions received this month, it has been found impossible to allocate space for the insertion of the usual monthly legal article. This will be resumed next month in the ordinary way.

Iron Springs, Alta

(Q) Kindly advise me about the following:

I bought land not knowing it was included in the "Little Bow" Irrigation District. This land is outside of an organized municipality. It would cost more to put the water on the land than it would be worth.

(A) What steps should I take to have this land released from the Irrigation District?

(B) How long after water tax is due before a seizure or sale of my chattels could be made?

(C) Could livestock bought in my wife's name, paid for by her own money, but out of our joint bank account be seized while on my land for this tax? Could they be seized on land in my wife's name?

(D) Could our joint bank account be seized?—W. M.

(A) Even if your land is within the irrigation district it may be that it is not being irrigated, and in that case we presume it will not be assessed with water rates. We believe the only way in which your land could be actually released from the irrigation district is to send to the Irrigation Board a petition signed by the owners of at least one-half of the land affected. You must also deposit the Board's anticipated costs of the proceedings. The Board then advertises a meeting to hear your application and objections thereto and if at the meeting it is decided to approve of your application, the Board may recommend to the Minister the withdrawal of your land from the district. If all debentures issued for expenditures of the district have not been paid you must file the consent of all other land owners in the irrigation district before the Minister will approve of your application.

(B) Thirty days after the tax notice has been sent to you.

(C) Yes.

(D) Yes, if your wife was assessed with water rates in respect of any lands within the irrigation district.

(E) Your bank account cannot be actually seized and as it is a joint account it cannot be garnished for your separate debt, but there are other ways in which the money can be attached by Court proceedings after Judgment.

St. James, Man.

(Q) My wife left me over five years ago with two children. She went away with another man. I have witnesses that she lived with him as his wife but I cannot find out where they are now. Could I get a divorce, or would she have to be served with a notice of divorce? I would like to marry again, can I do so legally?—R. J.

(A) We are of the opinion that you can obtain a divorce. The papers should be served upon the other parties to the proceedings.

[Continued on page 56]



The Perils of Old Pepys

Living in the 17th century was dangerous

(Extracts from the famous diary of Samuel Pepys)

¶Sept. 19, 1662—At night I walked with three or four to guard me—it being a joy to my heart . . . that people should of themselves provide this for me. I hear this walk is dangerous by night.

¶May 11, 1663—On foot, I was set upon by a great dog who got hold of my garters and might have done me hurt, but Lord! to see what a *maze* I was that, having a sword about me, I never thought to use it.

¶June 30, 1664—Walked back all alone. Saw a man that had a cudgel in his hand and though he told me he labored in the King's Yard, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me, I did doubt he might knock me on the head with his club.

¶July 11, 1664—About 11 o'clock, knowing what money I have in the house and hearing a noise, I began to sweat worse and worse till I melted almost to water. Then I understood it was only a dog!

"Long talking with my wife," wrote Pepys on one occasion. "What she should do if I should by accident die!"

Living in the 20th century is more dangerous:

True, its perils are different — swift transport—air flight—machinery—the pace that kills!

But

Pepys couldn't insure his life—YOU can
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In the making of transformations, toupees, wigs or other hair goods, Pember leads all Canada. Our fine hair goods, created by the most modern processes, will match perfectly any color and texture of hair and they are absolutely hygienic.

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Have You Any Legal Problems?

REMEMBER the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you.

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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The BEST Gray Hair Remedy is Home Made



To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlax Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Under Frozen Stars

Continued from page 40

happened this morning—I didn't let you drown when I had good reason to. From now on, between you and me there'll be war. You've started to put me out of business—you and LeBlond; but before you're through you'll know you've been in a fight. Now go back and tell them a cock-and-bull yarn about what happened to you!"

Turning from the surprised Paradis,

Jim stepped into his boat and started for Sunset House. As he passed the split rock, he suddenly swung the canoe with a sweep of his paddle and started furiously back up the shore. Her note? Paradis must have it in his pocket. It could be dried and read.

But when Jim reached the strip of beach where he had left his man, it was empty.

[To be continued next month.]

Melody and the Lyric

From Chaucer to the Cavaliers

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, distinguished writer and novelist, is particularly noted in Canada as an authority on folk music. He is the originator and organizing genius of the French-Canadian Folk Song Festival of Quebec, the Festival of English Music held at Toronto, the New-Canadian Festivals of the Prairie Provinces, the Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival given annually at Banff, and the Vancouver Festival of Chanteys and Sea Music. In arranging this splendid series of festivals, Mr. Gibbon has made charming, singable English translations of countless folk songs, and, working with Canada's finest musicians and artists, he has shown this new country of ours its magnificent heritage of song—a heritage to inspire our artists of the present and the future.

Now Mr. Gibbon again puts lovers of music and poetry greatly in his debt, for his latest work, "Melody and the Lyric," is a veritable treasure trove of beauty. His extensive researches into lyric poetry on music have shed a new light on early English poetry. As the title of his book suggests, the author proves conclusively that "considered without relations to the music of its time, the lyric of Mediaeval and Tudor England can be but half understood." Melody and the lyric formed a close partnership with benefit to both, for music was enriched by poetic fancy and narrative interest, and the lyric, inspired by and founded on melody, gained beauty of sound and rhythm.

Mr. Gibbon traces the adventures and development of this happy partnership from the time of Chaucer to the days of the song-loving Cavaliers. Early chapters deal with the influence of the troubadours, the traditions of

the monastic singing schools and the Franciscan "minstrels of the Lord." Old ballads are traced and identified with their original tunes. The lyrics of the Elizabethan period take on a fuller glory when they are shown in their close kinship with the gorgeous music of the day. In fact, many a poem, though long loved and admired by us through reading, is made more vital by Mr. Gibbon's explanation of the music which influenced it.

Several fascinating chapters trace melody and the lyric as they were used in plays and masques; and many of Shakespeare's songs are discussed at length. The importance of Luther's hymns is also shown, and we see church music inspiring such poets as John Donne and George Wither.

The book closes on the relationship of Purcell and Dryden, and the final dissolving of that perfect partnership of melody and the lyric. In his last paragraphs Mr. Gibbon pleads for a return to the musical tradition, a tradition that makes poetry truly singable, and, as it ought to be, a joy to the ear, and not merely a chilly pattern of black print on a white page. And, concluding, he quotes a fellow poet and authority on early poetry, Ezra Pound, who once said:

"Poetry withers and dries out when it leaves music, or at least imagined music, too far behind it. Poets who are not interested in music are, or become, bad poets."

Outside of the tremendous historical value of the book, "Melody and the Lyric" is as fine an anthology of such verse as can be had, and, beautifully printed, with its two hundred musical illustrations, it forms a rare collection of old tunes. Three books in one, it will be the pride of every self-respecting public and private library.

(Published by J. M. Dent and Sons Limited, London and Toronto)



The Author enjoying his favorite sport.

the timbered shore of the mainland lay unbroken by the post clearing. From LeBlond's the canoe could not be seen!

Then the maple paddle lunged at the water. It returned on the recover for a new stroke, but the hands which grasped it dropped it and seized the gunwhales of the boat. With a lurch of his heavy body, Jim rolled the light canoe over as he plunged into the lake.

As the speeding canoe capsized, with a cry the surprised Paradis slid headlong into the water as his rifle exploded. Rising beyond reach of the boat, for an instant he beat the water desperately; then sank. As he rose again to the surface, coughing from swallowed water, Stuart gripped his collar to push the floundering Paradis to the boat; but, frantic with fear, the drowning man flung himself at Jim's neck.

Holding the struggling Paradis away with a stiff left arm, Jim sank beneath the surface; then, as he rose, struck the gasping man fiercely in the face. The fingers which clutched Stuart's shirt relaxed, and he pushed the half-conscious trader to the boat floating bottom up.

After much exertion Jim got the limp Paradis across the bottom of the overturned boat, recovered his floating paddle, which he wedged under the stern; and started the slow ordeal of pushing the canoe to the shore.

At last they reached the shore, and wading to the beach with the man who had ambushed him, Jim dropped him none too tenderly. Then freeing his boat of water, he turned to Paradis who was slowly recovering from his immersion.

"Now, what are you going to tell LeBlond, when you can walk and are able to find your boat which you have hidden somewhere on this shore?" he asked of the hiccupping Paradis propped on his elbow, his red eyes picturing his fear of what awaited him at the hands of the Hudson's Bay man.

Paradis weakly shook his head.

"You deserve a good north country beating, my friend, for throwing that gun on me. You might have pulled that trigger. But for spying on Miss Aurore, you deserve—I'll take this." Stuart suddenly bent over the shivering Paradis, who shrank from the blow he anticipated, and jerked a knife from its sheath on the other's belt. "Yes," Jim went on, "you deserve getting this between your ribs for following her out here, and I'm goin' to let you have it." With a black scowl Jim drew back the skinning knife and thrust savagely at the helpless man at his feet. The mottled face of Paradis went white, as he shrank from the blow. But the shining blade stopped inches from his ribs.

"How d'yuh like that, my brave beauty? Not so nice when the other man has the whip hand, eh?"

"Don't, don't!" whimpered the man on the beach, too weak to move. "I onlee play wid you—I nevaire shoot!"

"Well, the least I can do is to cut a birch whip and give you what you promised I'd get."

But Stuart had had enough of this head man of LeBlond's. The yellowness of spirit of the one who, an hour before, had held a rifle on his heart, disgusted him. And across the lake Omar was waiting.

"Just remember one thing, Paradis," he said, "when you lie about what

Churchill

Western Canada's North Star

Continued from page 11

the river water, and tumbles down to the Bay at Battery Point and the old Battery and Powder Magazine. The right pincer or narrow neck of land is on the eastern side, and between the rocky ridge and the river the town is being built. Between the pincers lies the harbor, which will accommodate the largest fleet of ships in the world, and protect them from those zephyrs "Shakespeare" had in mind when he said, "Blow, wind, blow, and crack your cheeks."

THE Hudson Bay merchant marine is a modest outfit which will need encouragement if it is to take a proper place in the Canada Premier R. B. Bennett has prophesied at the London Economic Conference. It is made up of quite a fleet of small sailing vessels engaged in the fishing trade and the business of the Hudson's Bay Company, old timers in these fur trading grounds; some unauthorized visiting vessels which are bootlegging fish into the States; Government dredges and lighters and the tugs, "George W. Yates" and "Dainty," the last-named of which was chartered from the Irish Free State and made the trans-Atlantic journey all by itself. But these crafts can haul the stuff around and make the mud and sand fly. They are the forerunners of large ice-breaking steamships, passenger vessels and tramp steamers which old salts around the port say will write new history in Hudson Bay. A black, spider-like, hay-burning, little locomotive of the old, narrow gauge type creeps industriously along surface-laid tracks, pulling long trains of dump-cars which hold 5 cubic yards of earth for the big fill. Such pigmy weapons directed against Gargantuan tasks, the intelligent reader may think, are fit for the pranks of military men whose lives are a paradox of inadequate preparation for great achievements; but this does not necessarily follow. Pathfinders travel light; it was so when Henry Hudson sailed his 55-ton cockle shell "Discovery" into Hudson Bay in 1610 under the auspices of the Dutch, a year after going to the present site of New York; and it will always be so. Hudson and eight companions were marooned in the southwestern end of the bay by a mutinous crew which sailed home, and these brave men perished. W. J. Healy, provincial librarian of Manitoba, has discovered that Hudson bore from King James I of England a letter of introduction to whatever Oriental potentate he might chance to meet after emerging from the new north-west passage, and that Thomas Button, Hudson's successor in command of the same ship in 1612, arrived at the mouth of the river he named Nelson with a similar letter from the same king.

Churchill can raise very good lettuce, potatoes, cabbages, turnips and similar vegetables, while a varied assortment of berries, notably cranberries, grow wild and are plentiful. Some horses and cows are kept there in fine condition, and butter has been made from milk by thrifty housewives; but dairying is not due to assume large proportions, and a monopoly of refrigerator business will still be enjoyed in the States.

Fifty-five millions of dollars are said to have been expended to date on the Hudson Bay Railway and the Port Nelson and Fort Churchill improvements. Like the United States Congress and the railroads, which haggled

many years over the Nicaragua and Panama routes for a way through the Isthmus of Panama by canal, the Ottawa Government teetered between Nelson and Churchill. On March 1, 1880, Mr. Bannerman, of South Renfrew, introduced a bill to incorporate the Winnipeg-Hudson Bay Railway and Steamship Company, and in 1881 Mr. Boulton introduced a bill to incorporate the South Saskatchewan and Hudson Bay Railway Company. Conflicting provincial ambitions between Manitoba and Saskatchewan caused the matter to drag, especially since Winnipeg wanted Nelson and Regina wanted Churchill. In 1884, Sir John A. Macdonald introduced a resolution providing free grants of land along the right-of-way, and adding "the Government of Manitoba have made up their mind that they must have that railway." In 1885, Manitoba came forward with funds, and added to them later on, so that 40 miles of the road was built in 1887. From that time to the World War the matter was juggled in the arena of politics and parliamentary niceties; some substantial work was done in putting tracks up to Kettle Rapids on the Nelson River, but the war put a stop to this work, and after the war economy blighted the boosters of the Bay. After a good deal of money had been spent at Nelson, a report of Engineer Frederick Palmer, of London, made in 1927 at the instance of the Hon. Chas. A. Dunning, then Minister of Railways and Canals, recommended Churchill as being some \$17,000,000 preferable to Nelson on outlay alone. The architectural and engineering firm of C. D. Howe & Co., of Port Arthur, was awarded the general contract, and the elevator contract was let to the Carter-Halls-Aldinger Co., of Winnipeg. Work has been going on for two years, winter as well as summer, and although some criticism has been heard that the project is not progressing fast enough, the Hon. R. J. Manion, Minister of Railways and Canals, expressed satisfaction at what he saw on a recent visit to the spot. The provincial Minister of Mines, the Hon. D. G. McKenzie, visited Churchill early in June and again in August with an inspection party, and his opinion was very much the same.

In 1925 the "On-to-the-Bay Association" was formed at Winnipeg to encourage this great work, and in various pamphlets it has presented the matter thoroughly. Brig. Gen. R. W. Paterson is the president and among the patrons are some of the noted names of Canada. Even Eastern Canadians, who have been chided for regarding the prairie section as a sort of overgrown colt with extravagant fetlocks, have recognized the legitimate claim of the West to an outlet other than the railroad termini of Montreal, Philadelphia and New York. Sir Wilfrid Laurier lent the weight of his presence to the occasion in 1910 when a silver spike was driven in a cross tie by the Hon. George Graham, starting the road north from The Pas. On March 29, 1929, H. A. Dixon, chief engineer of the Western Division of the Canadian National Railways, received this cryptic telegraphic message at Wabowden: "Steel laid to Churchill today." He relayed the word to Winnipeg, and Winnipeg flashed it to the world. The Hudson Bay Railway, according to the plan, will become a part of the system of the C.N.R. [Continued on page 46]

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You can make "his" eyes sparkle this Christmas! Give him the things he would like to buy for himself . . . Forsyth Shirts, Pajamas with the exclusive Forbelt feature, or gorgeous Mufflers. You are sure to find these Forsyth accessories at your favorite store . . . and remember only Forsyth can give you Forsyth quality.

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The Free Press Prairie Farmer

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A Stamped Apron

ALL FOR \$1.50

So many requests for a repetition of last year's popular clubbing offer, that we comply very readily. This time, however, the apron is stamped on plain unbleached material and the new design, we think, is even daintier than the other one.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Apron.

Name.....

Address.....

Churchill

Western Canada's North Star

Continued from page 45

HUDSON BAY is rich in the traditions of romance surrounding "the Great Company" to whom its terrain was deeded May 2, 1670, by King Charles II of England for fur trading purposes. It has proven a convenient back door for forays into the Mississippi Valley in the battles of French and English rulers for territory in the New World. The company's political activities have been curtailed from time to time, and in 1782, at the close of the American Revolution, its Fort Prince of Wales and accessory battery and powder magazine at Churchill were levelled by the French admiral LaPerouse, who was somewhat surprised when the Governor, Samuel Hearne, raised a tablecloth over the post as a token of his surrender. The Hudson's Bay Company plainly faces another interesting epoch as steel bisects the territory which constitutes the visceral mass of Canada and over which it has exercised a limited authority for so long. The company has indicated that it will accommodate itself to the situation by retiring still farther northward; and indeed, facilities at Churchill will make possible a considerable extension into the white Arctic expanse.

In a nutshell, Churchill represents the answer of Western Canada to high railroad freight rates, particularly as they affect wheat. Churchill is only about 300 miles farther west of Liverpool than is Montreal by the Great Circle course, and the claim is made that the shortened railroad haul will make it possible for the prairie growers to land wheat in Europe at a saving of eight to 15 cents a bushel over the old scale. The temporary glut in the wheat market does not bother the promoters, who see various other advantages in a northerly objective which will furnish a stem to build north-south traffic upon in a position perpendicular to the customary flow east and west. This, it may be remarked in passing, is as sound a principle in the geographical and economic development of a country as is the custom of building streets north and south and avenues east and west, or vice versa, in a perpendicular position to each other. The north-

south movement, it goes without saying, will mean that Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America and South America will know and like each other better than ever before.

Many years ago a Spanish diplomat referred to the budding Washington as "the city of magnificent distances." Sir Thomas More saw in the L'Enfant architectural and engineering plan "squares in morasses, obelisks in trees," and Charles Dickens, penning his "American Notes," followed the fashion of facetious criticism. Washington's attempt to connect her Pillars of Hercules, represented by a Capitol and a White House a mile apart, with boulevards like Pennsylvania Avenue were grotesque; but that was Washington in the rough.

Churchill may expect the same. The Churchill mosquito will become a gallinipper fiercer than the New Jersey variety which fable has it eats men alive. Such propaganda was raised when Winnipeg was growing into a city, yet this industrious inhabitant of the swamp has been exterminated by the use of kerosene and crude oil. From its inception, the Churchill City Council will possess a committee on mosquitoes, flies and other irresponsible insects, so that in a few years the tourist can return happily from the beauty and grandeur of the sub-Arctic without having experienced a single bite.

The super-men who are laying the foundation of this new empire of the north are working quietly to do a definite job. Their monuments will be represented by the shafts of concrete, brick and stone which penetrate the skies. Giant steamers will plow through Hudson Bay with greater ease than sailing vessels now tack their way along, and in summer citizens will fly non-stop to Europe without encountering darkness, by the benevolent aid of the Midnight Sun. If Arctic mysteries are dispelled, the price will be written off in the further advance of man. A century hence, when the pioneers slumber deeply in the Great Valhalla with the black-bearded moujiks of Peter the Great, the historian will explain how Churchill got that way.

Village Boy to Imperial Statesman

Continued from page 4

At Criccieth he has built a fine home on the hills, overlooking wooded slopes and facing Carnarvon Bay. Down there Lloyd George and his family lead an unconventional life in the open air. He is fond of fishing, golfing, rambling, camping, and delights to work in his garden. Above all, perhaps, he cherishes his walks into the villages in the hills nearby for unconventional chats with the cottagers. Popularity and power have not spoiled him, he is afflicted with no form of snobbishness or false values concerning life, and possesses a profound sense of equality.

It was during his Chancellorship, when he was subjected to an avalanche of vile, unfounded abuse from his political opponents, that home was his greatest consolation, even though it was the sternly official residence of No. 11 Downing Street, but had been transformed into a place of serenity and restful peace. Mrs. Lloyd George had made it her particular care that her over-worked husband should have rest in his home at least. Here, surrounded by his family, the youngest

his daughter Megan the favorite companion of his walks, he found abiding quiet from the responsibilities and intense labor of his office.

Although he is not a great reader himself, books play an important part in the home life of Mr. Lloyd George. He will tell you his working life is too strenuous to allow of the joy of intense reading. But he is a judge of books, finding pleasure in Dumas, Stanley Weyman, and writers of historic romance; in Meredith for his resounding prose, and in Byron's poetry for its note of unconvention and liberty. Philosophic religious books captivate him also, so do books of a lighter vein dealing with the adventurous romance of the vast, uncharted places of the earth. Even during the tense years of the war when he was Prime Minister of the British Empire, and the leading statesman of the Allies, he found time for reading adventure stories.

No outside political turmoil was ever allowed to disturb the happiness of [Continued on page 47]

Village Boy to Imperial Statesman

Continued from page 46

his home life at Downing Street. Visitors found him always cheerful, with a quiet confidence which bespoke the master, a proof of the strength he got from his affectionate domestic surroundings. Then, as at every other period of his romantic life, his humor was infectious: his guests invariably left happier and more at ease for having contacted the radiance of his optimism. He gave to them a sense of assertive invincibility, and more than one great personage of that period has remarked upon this unique gift as having acted upon them like a tonic.

Mr. Lloyd George has sincere regard for, and is a personal friend of King George. He has tremendous admiration for the domestic life of the Royal Family with its simple, unaffected devotion to everything that is best in British family life. He considers the British Court the most inspiring example of that domestic harmony from which springs the greatness of the British race.

Since the war Mr. Lloyd George has built another home at Churt, in Surrey, about forty miles from London. Here there are a spacious garden and a small farm on which he grows agricultural produce. In this new country home most of his work has been done in connection with his new constructive schemes for reviving British social, commercial and industrial life. In the beautiful garden notable economists and leaders of his own party have gathered to take part in conferences.

The healthy atmosphere of the heather-clad hills suits Mr. Lloyd George admirably, and some parts resemble closely his picturesque Wales. During week-ends he is often found working with his men on his small farm now that he has a chance to devote a little time to his inborn love of agriculture. He has a great fondness also for animal husbandry, and at Churt there is space enough to keep a few head of cattle.

Home life has been the initial cause of Mr. Lloyd George's greatness, and the deep spring of his inspirations. Little wonder, then, that he has a passion for the sanctity of home life, and demands that the very poorest citizen shall have a good home in the best and most inspiring surroundings. He knows that in happy homes is born the real strength and greatness of a nation.

FROM the age of twenty-one David Lloyd George was a qualified solicitor and began to forge his career. His refusal of offers of employment with other lawyers is characteristic, and although penniless he had great confidence in his own ability to succeed. It is recorded that he had to wait for the fees from his first case, a modest three guineas, to purchase the robe without which no lawyer could appear in the Welsh County Court. At Criccieth in the district where he was best known, he started his practice in a small back room and put a small brass name-plate upon the door of his home.

The winning of his first cases in the Courts established his professional career; two of his early cases in which he showed great daring and academic skill made him famous as an advocate throughout Wales. Speedily he became a new and unexpected power in local law, his advice to farmers, laborers, and quarrymen creating in them a new spirit for their fight against the reigning powers of feudalism.

This early success gave him confidence to carry on his profession also in the neighboring town of Portmadoc,

only a few yards away from the office where he had been articled. Here he and his brother William laid the foundations of the firm "Messrs Lloyd George & George" which is still in being today.

But it was to public life and politics that he felt himself drawn and never let an opportunity pass to champion his downtrodden countrymen's cause. His eloquence and indomitable courage soon gained for him an affectionate reputation throughout Wales.

Then the inevitable happened. In December, 1888, he was adopted Liberal candidate for his home constituency, and by April, 1890, he was a Member of the House of Commons, representing the same division ever since, and now he is the "father" of the House.

As a Member of Parliament his path was no easy one. He came from a race whom the powerful English thoroughly dislike. But this handicap, together with the fact that he was a free-lance, refusing even to accept the advice of his own political chief, Mr. Gladstone, upon Welsh Nationalism and Welsh Church Disestablishment because it did not blend with his ideals, far from mitigated his activities, and he soon became a marked man for future power. He possessed those qualities which, irrespective of party, the House of Commons admire—a well-stocked mind, accuracy in detail, evident sympathy, and eloquence.

It was in the provinces, however, that he became a popular figure. As a man of the people he appealed to the people of the rural and industrial districts of both England and Wales, and was soon the most-talked-of and best hated politician in the land. Landlords and vested interests saw in him a fierce challenge threatening to usurp their privileged authority, whilst the common people saw their material dream of social emancipation coming through him.

Everywhere he went large crowds would gather to hear him speak, his eloquence and daring, original analogies often defiant of all convention, disarming his fiercest critics. His repartee was apt and quick, and no member of the opposition could score off him at his meetings. In one of his famous Home Rule speeches he was interrupted by a man shouting: "Home rule for hell." "Quite right," replied Mr. Lloyd George, "let every man stick up for his country!"

During his early parliamentary career he was once suspended for a week from the House of Commons for defying the Speaker on a point of justice, and took the opportunity this enforced vacation gave him to speak throughout the country. The people for whom he had been suspended naturally acclaimed him a hero, but it was not till 1899, the year of the outbreak of the South African War, that Mr. Lloyd George felt the full force of his responsibility as a public servant.

He flung himself violently into a crusade against the Boer War, becoming then the most unpopular politician in England, but subsequent events have proved that his judgment was based on his ideal of justice.

After the War he regained his popularity and in 1905 attained to Cabinet rank as President of the Board of Trade. Three short years after this signal achievement he was created Chancellor of the Exchequer by Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister. During this office of second in command of the Government of England he re-created

[Continued on page 54]

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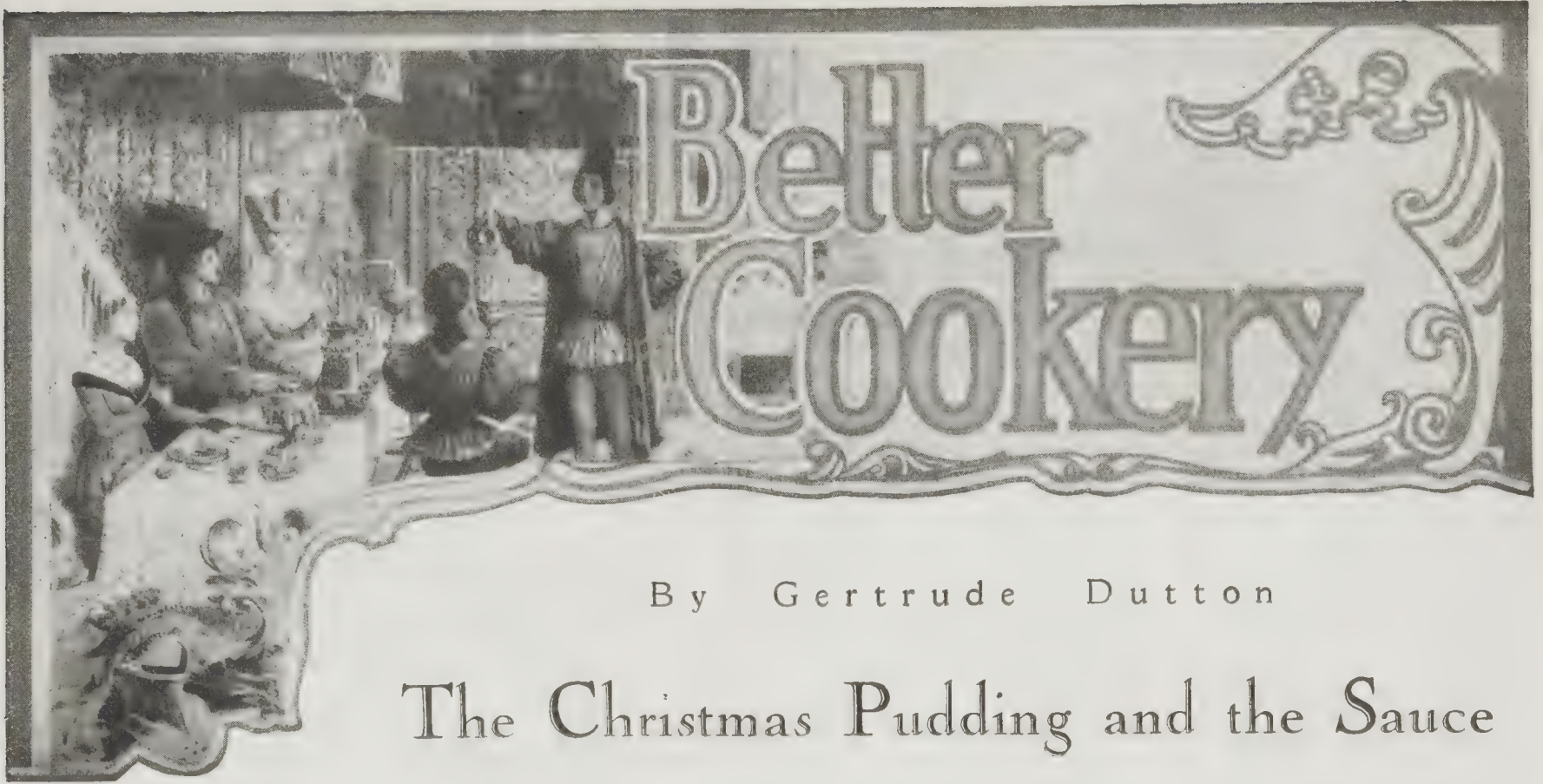
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Canadian Pacific

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM



By Gertrude Dutton

The Christmas Pudding and the Sauce

SO MANY people a Christmas dinner is not complete unless there is a real plum pudding, dark and rich and deliciously full of fruit, nuts and so forth. Nowadays we steam these puddings rather than boil them in a cloth, because in the latter method there is so much waste. Three hours is the usual length of time required for steaming. Re-steaming to heat the pudding for serving does not injure it in the least, in fact, many people consider it an improvement. Rich puddings may be made several weeks in advance, which is certainly an advantage to the busy woman. A simple steamed pudding will not tax the weakest digestion and should be on the winter menu quite often. There is an unlimited variety of sauces from which to select a suitable one for each pudding. The pudding mixture is put into a buttered mold, filling it not more than two-thirds full, and covering closely, if the mold has a lid, if not, with waxed paper, or shiny brown paper and a piece of cheese-cloth floured, or one may have a small pie-plate or heavy white earthen plate which fits closely. Either set the pudding-dish in a perforated steamer, or on a false bottom in a closely covered kettle or roasting pan, having the water in the outer vessel not deep enough to boil up to the tops of the pudding molds, or to risk tipping them over into the water. Melon molds, baking-powder cans, fluted pans, ordinary bowls, tube cake-pans, or little individual molds, are all excellent. After cooking, if the pudding is not to be served at once, the cover should be removed till all the steam has passed off, to prevent sogginess. When quite cold, the cover may be replaced. Such puddings may be frozen when cold, if a supply intended for several meals, is to be kept for a time. About an hour's steaming is needed to heat a fairly large pudding through properly. A pudding intended to be hot, but cold in the centre, is most unappetizing.

Fig Christmas Pudding

Molasses 3 c. Chopped suet 3 c.
Sweet milk 3 c. Raisins, seeded, 3 c.
Flour 7½ c. Walnut meats 3 c.
Soda 3 t. Figs, chopped, ¾ lb.
Salt 1 t. Nutmeg, 3 t. or more.

Sift together the flour, soda, salt and nutmeg, using more nutmeg than 3 teaspoons if a spicy pudding is liked. Mix the chopped figs, raisins, suet and nutmeats broken in pieces, with the molasses. Brown sugar may be substituted for part of the molasses. Add the milk and sifted dry ingredients alternately. Put in buttered molds, and steam for 3½ hours. Foamy sauce is particularly good with it.

English Plum Pudding

Stale bread crumbs ½ lb. Candied peel 2 oz.
Hot milk 1 c. Suet ½ lb.
Sugar ½ c. Fruit juice ¼ c.
Eggs 4 Cinnamon ¾ t.
Raisins ½ lb. Nutmeg ½ t.
Currants ¼ lb. Clove ¼ t.
Figs ¼ lb. Mace ¼ t.
Salt 1½ t.

Soak the bread crumbs in the hot milk, then cool. It is advisable to weigh rather than measure bread crumbs when using them for such things as steamed puddings, or the batter may be too thick or too thin, depending on how dried out the bread happens to be. Cut the raisins and flour them and the currants. Chop the figs and the suet; cut the candied peel in fine strips, using either citron or mixed peel. The fruit juice may be that of well-flavored canned fruit, or it may be orange juice or grape juice. The spices may be varied to suit the taste. To the soaked and cooled crumbs, add the sugar mixed with the spices, the beaten egg-yolks, the fruit and the suet then the fruit juice, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Put in a buttered mold, cover and steam four hours.

Carrot Pudding

Raw carrot grated, 1-c.
Raw potatoes 1 c.
Flour 1 c.
Sugar 1 c.
Raisins ½ c.
Currants ½ c.
Spices 1½ t.
Soda 1 t.
Butter ½ c.

Sift the soda and spices, which may be any kind liked, perhaps cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg mixed together, with the flour. Cream the sugar and butter, mix a little of the flour with the fruit, combine the ingredients and steam 3 hours.

Carrot Suet Pudding

Raw carrots, grated 1 c. Raisins 1 c.
Raw potatoes, gtd. 1 c. Currants 1 c.
Brown sugar 1 c. Spices 1-1½ t.
Flour 1½ c. Chopped suet 1 c.
Soda 1 t. Salt ½ t.

Mix and steam as above.

English Christmas Pudding

Bread crumbs 2 lbs. Suet, chopped, 1½ lbs.
Flour 4 c. Candied peel ¼ lb.
Baking powder 1 t. Eggs 7
Currants 1 lb. Allspice 1 t.
Raisins 1½ lbs. Ginger 1 t.
Almonds, chopped 1 oz. Molasses 1 tb.
Brown sugar 1 lb. Orange juice ¼ c.
Milk

Sift the flour, baking powder, and spices. Add to the crumbs and add enough milk to moisten, reserv-

ing enough flour to mix with the raisins and currants. Let stand a few hours, then add the beaten eggs, suet and fruit and sugar, molasses and orange juice. Steam.

Plum Pudding I.

Eggs 4 Raisins 4 c.
Sugar 3 c. Currants 4 c.
Suet, chopped, 1 lb. Apples, chopped 1 lb.
Molasses 1 c. Sour milk 3 c.
Soda 2 t. Spices 2 t.
Baking powder 2 t. Flour to stiffen

Sift together 1 c flour the soda, baking powder and spices. Use a little

more flour to mix with the currants and chopped raisins. Mix the beaten eggs sugar, suet, molasses, milk and fruit, sifted flour, and enough more flour to make a batter of the right consistency to steam.

Plum Pudding II.

Flour 4 c.
Bread crumbs ½ lb.
Brown sugar 1 c.
Molasses 1 c.
Milk 1 c.
Salt ½ t.
Suet 1 lb.
Raisins 1 lb.
Currants 1 lb.
Eggs 4-5
Soda 1 t.
Candied peel ½ lb.
Spices 1 t. or more.

Mix like the other puddings and steam four hours, or longer.

Plum Pudding III.

Suet 3 c. Raisins 1 c.
Brown sugar 1 c. Prunes 1 c.
Soft crumbs 4 c. Candied peel ½ c.
Flour 3 c. Spices 2 t.
Eggs 5 Fruit juice ½ c.
Salt 1 t.

Cut the prunes in halves and stone them, after soaking for several hours. Steam the pudding six hours.

Plum Pudding IV.

Suet ½ c. Raisins ½ c.
Molasses ½ c. Currants ½ c.
Milk ½ c. Figs ¼ c.
Eggs 2 Almonds ¼ c.
Flour 2 c. Citron peel ¼ c.
Salt ½ t. Candied cherries ¼ c.
Soda ½ t. Spices 1½ t.
Baking powder 2 t. Mix and steam for three hours.



A tube cake pan makes an excellent mold, when waxed paper and a cloth are tied on it.

For Christmas—Premium Ham, baked this new way!



AN escort squad of cinnamon apples, generously stuffed with mincemeat . . . a rich hot sauce tasting of spices and of currant jelly . . . and then, the Ham itself—golden brown, fragrant, topped with a saucy sprig of holly! A Premium Ham, of course. Mild and sweet and savory as only hams cured Swift's Premium way can be. And this one is prepared according to a special Christmas recipe, given here in full.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited



Swift's Premium seal—which identifies the largest selling ham in all the world.

Christmas Baked Ham

Place Swift's Premium Ham on rack in roasting pan; add 1 cup water, cover and bake in a slow oven (300°F.) allowing about 20 minutes per lb. Remove from oven, skin ham, stick cloves one inch apart on fat surface. Return to oven and baste with a syrup made by dissolving $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. cinnamon drops in boiling water; boil until smooth, then add a glass of currant jelly and baste ham frequently until surface is well browned (45 minutes). At same time bake half apples, cut as shown here, and baste with cinnamon syrup until done. Then stuff with mincemeat and bake for a few minutes longer. Serve apples around ham on large platter. Serve separately the sauce in which ham was cooked. Garnish with holly.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



A welcome gift—and unusual! A Premium Ham, gaily wrapped in special holiday parchment within an attractive re-shipping case, will solve many of your Christmas gift problems. Your dealer will be glad to send one to any address on your list.



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FROM all over Canada come letters from Ford owners telling of the reliability and economy of the car. Over and over again you read this significant comment—"I'm glad I bought a Ford."

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impression of quality and increase your satisfaction in its capable performance. In everything that goes to make an automobile, it is a value far above the price you pay.

Because of this value, the new Ford leads all other cars in Canada by a large and increasing margin. In many sections, between 50% and 70% of all cars sold are Model A Fords.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



OF CANADA, LIMITED

"THE CANADIAN CAR"

Plum Pudding V.

Bread crumbs 3 c. Figs ½ lb.
Suet 1/3 c. Raisins ½ c.
Brown sugar 1 c. Nut meats ½ c.
Evap. milk ½ c. Spices 1 t.
Water ½ c. Eggs 4
Flour 2 tb & ½ c. Baking powder 2 t

Use the 2 tb. flour to dredge the raisins and currants. Sift the spices and baking powder and half a teaspoon of salt with the remainder. Steam three hours.

Date Pudding

Eggs 3 Suet, chopped, ¼ lb.
Sugar 1 c. Dates 1 lb.
Bread crumbs 1 c. Cinnamon ½ t.
Flour ½ c. Salt ½ t.
Milk ½ c. Walnut meats, 1 c. or less
Baking powder 1 t.

The amount of flour will depend on the dryness of the bread crumbs, which should be soaked in the milk. Chop the dates after pitting them, and dredge with a little of the flour. Steam three hours.

Ginger Pudding

Flour 2 c.
Soda ¾ t.
Baking powder 2 t.
Bread crumbs 1 c.
Molasses 1 c.
Suet 1 c.
Raisins 1½ c.
Nut meats ½ c.
Ginger 2 t.
Salt 1 t.
Sour milk 1 c.
Steam two hours.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

Flour 2 c.
Baking powder 3 t.
Salt 1 t.
Bread crumbs 1 c.
Brown sugar 1 c.
Chopped suet 1 c.
Cranberries 2 c.
Eggs 2
Milk 2/3 c.

Cut the cranberries in pieces. Beat the mixture and steam two hours or longer.

Steamed Cherry Pudding

Shortening ½ c. Sugar 1 c. or less
Milk ¾ c. Flour 3 c.
Cherries, drained, 1 c. Baking powder 3 t.
Egg whites 4 Salt ½ t.
Vanilla 2/3 t. Almond extract 1/3 t.

The amount of sugar will depend on the sweetness of the cherries which will be canned ones at this season of the year. Drain them and remove the pits. The juice may be used in sauce. Steam for 2 hours.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding

Butter 4 tb. Chocolate 2½ squares
Sugar 1 c. Or 3 tb. or more of cocoa
Eggs 2 Milk 1 c.
Flour 2 c. Baking powder 3 t.
Salt ½ t. Vanilla 1 t.

If chocolate is used, melt it over hot water. Cocoa may be sifted with the flour, baking powder and salt. Mix as a cake batter and steam two hours.

Steamed Fig Pudding

Figs 1 lb. Suet, chopped, ½ lb.
Milk 1½ c. Brown sugar 1 c.
Dried Crumbs 1½ c. Nutmeg 1 t.
Flour 1½ c. Eggs 3
Baking powder 3 t. Salt ½ t.

Soak the figs over night, then stew, drain and cut in pieces before combining with the rest of the ingredients. Steam two hours.

Plain Pudding With Variations

Suet 1 c. Molasses 1 c.
Flour 2½ c. Milk 1 c.
Soda ¾ t. Raisins 1 c.
Cinnamon ½ t. Salt ½ t.
Nutmeg ½ t. Baking powder 1 t.

Variations—In place of the raisins, use 1 c. dates, 1 c. figs, add ¼ citron peel. Add nuts.

One half white, one half whole wheat flour.

In the bottom of the pudding dish put a few spoonfuls of marmalade or jam, omitting the raisins, and

perhaps the spices, using, if wished a little flavoring extract.

In the bottom, put sliced apples, or canned fruit such as apricots, peaches, raspberries, etc.

Steam three hours.

Marmalade Pudding

Butter ¼ c. Flour 1¾ c.
Sugar ½ c. Soda ½ t.
Eggs 3 Baking powder 1 t.
Orange marmalade Salt ½ t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs and the flour sifted with the soda, baking powder and salt, and enough orange marmalade to make a batter of a consistency which will steam. Steam one and a half to two hours.

Date Pudding II.

Molasses ½ c. Salt ½ t.
Butter 6 tb. Spices 1 t.
Brown sugar ½ c. Flour 2 c.
Sour milk 1 c. Baking powder 2 t.
Dates 1 lb. Soda ½ t.

Mix as any other batter and steam two and one-half or three hours.

If a steamed pudding is being served from the kitchen, the most satisfactory way to cut it is with a piece of string, especially if it has been steamed in a mold which will give round slices, such as a baking powder can, but this method is too awkward to use at the table. With Boston brown bread, it also gives much neater slices than when the soft warm bread is cut with a knife. Heavy white thread, such as No. 10 sewing cotton, is good.

Much of the success of a steamed pudding depends on the sauce which accompanies it, and the variety is great enough to suit any pudding or any taste. Many people like a hard sauce for rich plum puddings. It has the advantage of being cold,

so that it may be made and put in the serving dish a day or two in advance which saves time at the last moment. Yet so many women seem to have the mistaken idea that it is hard to make. Liquid sauces may be rich and flavorful for the plainer puddings, or a little plainer for the very rich puddings.

Hard Sauce

Butter 1/3 c.
Powdered sugar 1 c.
Hot water 1 or 2 drops
Vanilla 2/3 t.
Lemon extract 1/3 t.

Warm the bowl in which the sauce it to be mixed, with hot water, when it is poured out, have a drop or two remain in the bowl. Cream the butter and sugar together, adding the flavoring while creaming them. Another drop or so of water may be added if needed. Pile in a mound in a pretty dish. Nutmeg may be sprinkled over the top of liked.

Sterling Sauce

This is not unlike hard sauce, being another one which is uncooked.

Butter 6 tb. Vanilla 1 t.
Brown sugar 1 c. Rich milk or cream 4 tb.

Cream the butter and sugar, which has no hard lumps. Add the vanilla and cream or milk drop by drop to prevent curdling by the acid of brown sugar.

Sauce Supreme

This sauce is also served cold.

Sugar 1 c. Cream, whipped 1 c.
Water 1/3 c. Egg yolks 2
Vanilla 1 t.

Cook the sugar and water together till they spin a thread. Pour over the beaten egg-yolks and beat till creamy and cool. Just before serving, fold in the vanilla and whipped cream.

Foamy Sauce I.

Butter ½ c. Egg 1
Powd. sugar 1 c. Orange juice 2 tb.

Cream the butter, add gradually the powdered sugar, beaten whole egg and orange juice, or other fruit juice such as that of canned strawberries, if the flavor is more suitable for the pudding for which it is intended. Heat over hot water, beating continuously.

Foamy Sauce II.

Brown sugar 1 c. Butter 6 tb.
Eggs, 1 large or 2 small. Boiling water 2 tb.
Vanilla 1 t. Salt ½ t.

Mix all together and heat, while beating, over hot water.

Foamy Sauce III.

Powdered sugar 1 c. Hot rich milk or cr'm 4 tb.
Egg whites 2 Vanilla 1 tb.

Fold the powdered sugar into the stiffly beaten egg whites, and the vanilla, then beat in the hot milk or cream, and serve at once while still warm.

Cranberry Sauce

Cranberries ½ c. Butter 1 tb.
Powdered sugar 1¼ c. Water

Cook the cranberries in a small amount of water till the skins all burst, then rub through a sieve, and cool. Cream the butter and add the sugar and pulp alternately.

Orange Sauce

Sugar 1 c. Orange, rind & juice of 1
Flour 2 tb. Boiling water 2 tb.
Salt ¼ t. Butter 2 tb.

Mix together the flour, sugar and salt, then add the boiling water and orange rind, and cook seven or eight minutes, add the butter and orange juice and serve at once.

Yellow Sauce

Eggs 2 Powdered sugar 1 c.
Vanilla 2 t. Salt ½ t.

Beat the eggs and gradually beat in powdered sugar, salt and vanilla. The eggs may be beaten separately if wished, and half of the sugar added to the yolks, with the salt and vanilla, then the remaining sugar added to the beaten whites, and the two mixtures combined.

Caramel Sauce

Sugar 1 c.
Butter 2 tb.
Salt ½ t.
Water 2 c.
Cornstarch 2 tb.
Vanilla 1 t.

Cook the sugar in a frying-pan, stirring constantly, till it melts. Add the water and cook till all the lumps (which form when the water is added) are melted, then stir in the cornstarch, dissolved in a little cold water, and cook over hot water for 15 minutes, or till required. Stir

Lemon Sauce

Sugar 1 c. Lemon juice 3 tb.
Boiling water 2 c. Cornstarch 2 tb.
Butter 3 tb. Salt ¼ t.

In any pudding sauce requiring cornstarch, flour may be used, by using once [Continued on page 52]

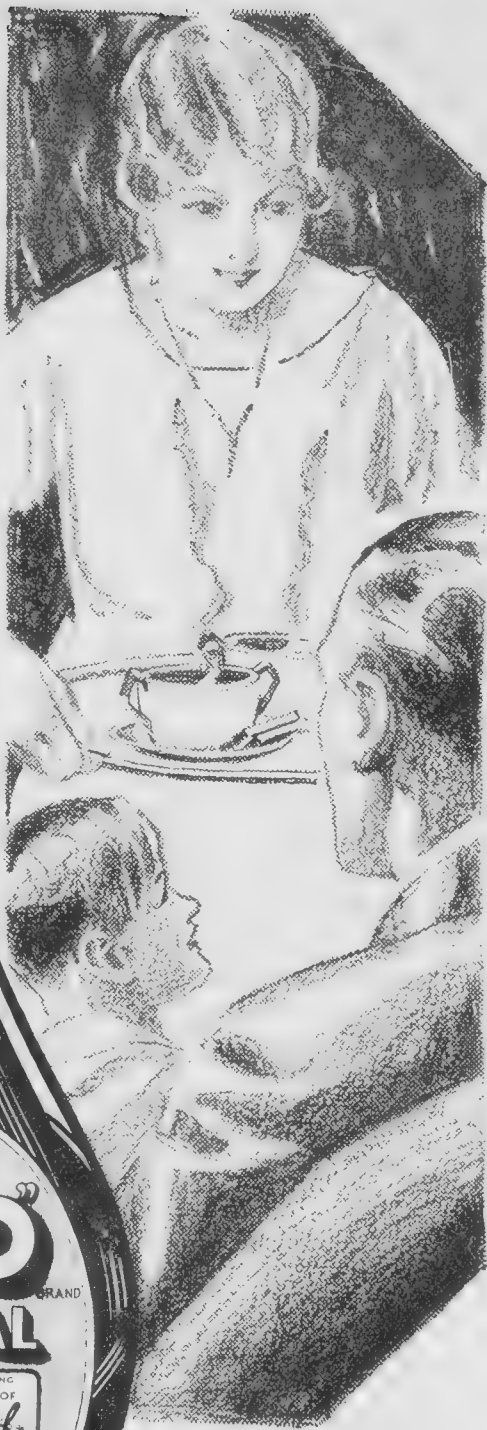


Ye Christmas Cake
Alle Riche Wyth Plummes—
Sweet Nuttes & Spices Rare
Conceals Ye Humble Coin & Ringe
Soe Choose Thy Slice Wyth Care!



Sweete Plummes & Raisins from afar
{Ye Best thatte Coin can Buy}
Wyth Candied Peele & Brandy wine
And eke Ye Spices Rare & Fine
Baked inne Ye Goothisome Pastry Crust
They make Ye Riche Mynce Pye.

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THE
SANDMAN



It is a wise Mother who
sends her sturdy son to
bed contented, warmed,
nourished by a cup of steaming OXO.

Dad needs it too, to refresh him for the evening
after a hard day at the office.

A teaspoonful of OXO Cordial in a cup of hot water
—that's how easy it is to prepare—a nourishing,
easily digested auxiliary to regular diet that every
family needs.

OXO
CORDIAL

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and a half times as much as the recipe calls for.

Mix the sugar and cornstarch and add the water slowly, while stirring, and the salt. If cornstarch or flour are mixed with such a large proportion of sugar, they will not lump when hot water is added directly to them. Cook over hot water for fifteen minutes or longer. When ready to serve, remove from the fire, add the butter and lemon juice, and stir till the butter is melted and blended with the rest of the sauce.

Nutmeg Sauce

Make the same as Lemon Sauce, adding some grated nutmeg with the butter and lemon juice.

Vanilla Sauce

Use the recipe for Lemon Sauce, omitting the lemon juice and adding 1½ teaspoons of vanilla.

Almond Sauce

Butter 4 tb. White of 1 egg
Powdered sugar 1 c. Almond extract ½ t.
Cream the butter and sugar and almond extract, then beat in the beaten egg-white.

Chocolate Sauce I.

Egg 1 Chocolate 1 square
Powdered sugar 1 c. Butter 4 tb.
Vanilla ½ t.

Beat the egg, add the sugar then the melted butter and chocolate, melted over hot water, and the vanilla. Beat till foamy.

Chocolate Sauce II.

Flour 2 tb. Chocolate 2 squares
Sugar 1 c. Salt ½ t.
Boiling water 2 c. Vanilla 1 t.
Butter 3 tb. or a little less.

Make the same as Lemon Sauce, cooking the chocolate with the flour, sugar and water. The amount of butter will depend on the kind of pudding the sauce is eaten with.

Maple Sauce

Brown sugar ½ c. Flour 2 tb.
Maple syrup ½ c. Butter 2 tb.
Boiling water 2 c. Salt ½ t.

Follow the directions for Lemon Sauce.

Creamy Sauce

Butter 4 tb. Milk 2½ tb.
Powdered sugar 1 c. Fruit juice 2 tb.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk and any desired fruit juice a drop at a time to prevent curdling, then stir constantly over hot water till warm. This heating will counteract any curdling which may have occurred.

Caramel Sauce

Butter 4 tb. Brown sugar 1 c.
Eggs 2 Milk or cream ½ c.
Vanilla 1 t.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg-yolks, vanilla and cream or milk. Cook over hot water till it is like custard. Pour over the beaten egg whites and blend together. Serve warm or cold.

Uncooked Fruit Sauce

Butter 1/3 c. Powdered sugar 1 c.
Fruit juice ½ c. White of 1 egg

Cream the butter and sugar, add the stiffly beaten egg-white, then the fruit juice, which should not be sweet. Grape or strawberry juice are particularly good.

Cooked Fruit Sauce

Make this sauce like Lemon Sauce, using fruit juice, such as cherry, strawberry, raspberry, plum, etc., from canned fruit, in place of part or all of the water, depending upon the richness and sweetness of the juice. Thicken with 2 tb. cornstarch or 3 tb. flour to each 2 cups of the juice. The amount of sugar required will depend upon that in the fruit juice. No flavoring will be needed, as a rule.



GRACE
JUDGE

My Cinderella

By H. H. Fariss

My Cinderella smiles and softly sings
In the domain she rules supreme,
As she bakes loaves of sweet, brown
bread
And stirs the thick clotted cream;
She does not sit in the cinders,
But her kitchen's as redolent
Of spices and cloves and cinnamon
As a breeze from the Orient.

She wears long, bright gingham aprons
Whose sleeves leave her white arms
bare,
And what a wonderful picture she
makes

As she sits in the worn old chair
And mixes a light cake batter
That like molten gold, richly flows,
All blissfully unconscious—bless her,
Of the smudge on the tip of her nose.

But—when she comes out of her
kitchen
And puts on a soft, clinging gown,
There's not a girl one half as sweet
In countryside, city or town;
If she'll take me as her Prince
Charming,
From her I never will part,
For she is my own Cinderella,
The girl who has stolen my heart.

Useful and Useless Gifts

By Laura Allan

THE "Willing Workers" held their January meeting at my house last week, and the conversation naturally drifted around the holiday festivities.

"Lou Whatmough won't be here today," Mrs. Wilson informed me and the meeting in general. "She apologizes for being so easily daunted."

"When seventeen in-laws descend upon a young housekeeper at her first New Year's party, it's quite a strain," remarked Mrs. Boyton. "However, Lou did entire credit to herself. The resplendent dinner set that the new relatives gave at the wedding was displayed in all its glory."

"Its radiance is now somewhat dimmed," rejoined Mrs. Wilson regretfully. "The younger guests started gaily to wash up and the cream jug was the victim.—No, it isn't easy to match. In fact, impossible, to Lou's endless regret. She has tried desperately in every china shop for miles around."

"Why don't folks have sense enough to choose a stock pattern?" demanded little Mary Spencer impatiently. "It recalls my bachelor Uncle Bert. Every time he visits us he brings Mother a half-dozen pieces of flatware. But never by any chance is the pattern like any of the previous gifts. I know just how Mother feels. Such beautiful gloves from my old school chum this Christmas, but *beige*, if you please, and Maud knows full well that I renounced that color and all its works six months back!"

"All this emphasizes my good luck," spoke up Miss Emily Seton. "Everyone here knows that I'm daft about my garden, but I didn't know the news had reached the ends of the earth. All my house guests from city and farm brought garden tools and such—the latest in trowels, a Japanese bamboo rake, labels enough to mark all my plants and a bottle of metallic ink to write the names; bird houses for wrens and martins—just what I lacked; the cutest round green case holding a 60-foot measuring tape; silver-plated scissors; a thermometer that registers maximum and minimum; and actually a basket on wheels for hauling tools! Three books on horticulture and a wonderful notebook came by mail; gloves and a kneeling pad; the new type of grass shears that I've longed for. I just can't name them all! Why, packages of prize flower seeds came instead of Christmas cards! And the crown of all, a sundial from England—imagine! Come into the garden, Willing Workers, all of you, early and late next summer! I can scarcely wait."

Never had we seen quiet Miss Seton so elated. I made a mental note to write congratulations to our mutual friend on the success of her conspiracy.

"It would seem that co-operation like that of Miss Seton's friends is the best solution of the gift problem," said Mrs. Jones thoughtfully as she rethreaded her needle, "provided that an understanding person engineers the job."

"Miracles are sometimes wrought by the right gift," averred gentle Mrs. Grant who is 'grandmother' to the neighborhood. "None of you know the person concerned so I may tell you. Down the street from my girlhood home was a fine old house where

dwelt all alone, with just a maid, a woman of means and good looks. She frankly acknowledged forty-seven years, but to us young girls that was no reason for neglecting her house and wearing old-fashioned clothes.

"One Christmas Miss A. received a box gaily wrapped and tied with pink silk ribbon in a jaunty bow. At her lonely breakfast table she slowly opened it, lifted out the fragile gilt bowl and sniffed! Bath salts—violet. She recognized the giver by the fragrance! Gathering up the box and ribbon and the bowl she went up to her room and looked for a place for the gift. Her dressing-table held the silver toilet articles given by her parents

when she was twenty-one. Also a pair of tall, heavy glass bottles whose stoppers refused to unscrew. No space here for the frivolous, delicate bowl. It looked equally forlorn upon the mantel, a common painted shelf of wood with a china ornament at each end and a photograph of the Lincoln Memorial in the centre. The Venetian bowl was as much out of place as a nymph at a School Board meeting. Opposite the mantel was a fine old walnut chest of drawers with an

embroidered scarf. Miss A. whisked off the yellowed linen and placed her gift there. That was better. Its glowing beauty was reflected in the depths of the polished wood. But as a background the old flowered wallpaper was a calamity. Wouldn't cream look better? She surveyed her room with growing dissatisfaction. On one occasion she had been in the bedroom of the gift-carver. The dresser was covered with plate glass on which stood a long mirror and a bowl of flowers. Everything else dwelt in the drawers in tidy seclusion.

"To make a long story short, in course of time the entire house was changed through the influence of the fragile, fragrant Venetian bowl. Even Miss A. herself, aided and abetted by her young friend, lived up to the natural beauty that was hers."

Mischievous Nellie Brooks cried: "Three cheers for the girl of the brilliant idea!" When the applauding chatter had died down, little Mary Spencer wanted to know: "Didn't she ever get married?"

"Yes, indeed," smiled Mrs. Grant. "Her old lover returned and she made a happy home for him and his boy and girl. Just like a story-book!"

"Our rural mail carrier is the hero of my Christmas tale," contributed Mrs. Winslow of the Fifth Concession. "The old skinflint who has bought the Rogers place and is the wealthiest man in our district, won't have any further chance to abuse the little Orphans Home boy. Mr. Dale caught him beating the boy one day and threatened the law. On Christmas Eve the poor little fellow was hiding among the bushes near the letter-box when Mr. Dale came, and told such a story of woe that he brought him home covered with the robe, and is making arrangements for adoption. Mr. Dale has six children of his own, and we all know how inadequate the mail carrier's wages are."

"Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least," said Mrs. Grant softly. "Let us hope the Christmas spirit may abide with us throughout the new year."



"I say, Mabel, where do you learn all these new dishes"?

"This would be the best yet, if it were not for some of the others! I had no idea I had married such a trick cook."

"My mother's daughter, old dear. She imparted a few secrets of fine cookery that she felt ought to help keep my home happy. One of them was to season my dishes successfully—to make even very simple things savoury and tempting."

"Another 'trick', as you call it, is to adopt new things occasionally—or adapt them to your own liking. That is what seems to tickle my noble lord's fancy so much!"

"Well, now that you speak of it, I realize what fine flavour your dishes have, old and new. They certainly make me hope to see them again soon—although a new dish makes a hit with me too. I began to wonder how you do it."

"Mother's seasoning trick is Lea & Perrins Sauce—a few drops of it contain countless herbs and spices I could never learn to use by themselves; in Lea & Perrins they are all expertly blended for me, and it is so easy to add a few drops to my soup—a dash to the gravy—a little in a sandwich filling, in made up fish and meat dishes like this soufflé; a dash of Lea & Perrins in a salad mixture or in a dressing, works wonders—this is a perfectly ordinary French dressing, or would be so if I hadn't added just a quarter teaspoonful of my magic Lea & Perrins."

"You're a wonder Mabel—and I'm even luckier than I thought I was! I'd like to tell some of the fellows who think meals at the club a treat, to take home a bottle of your LEA & PERRINS."

—the sauce for subtle seasoning.

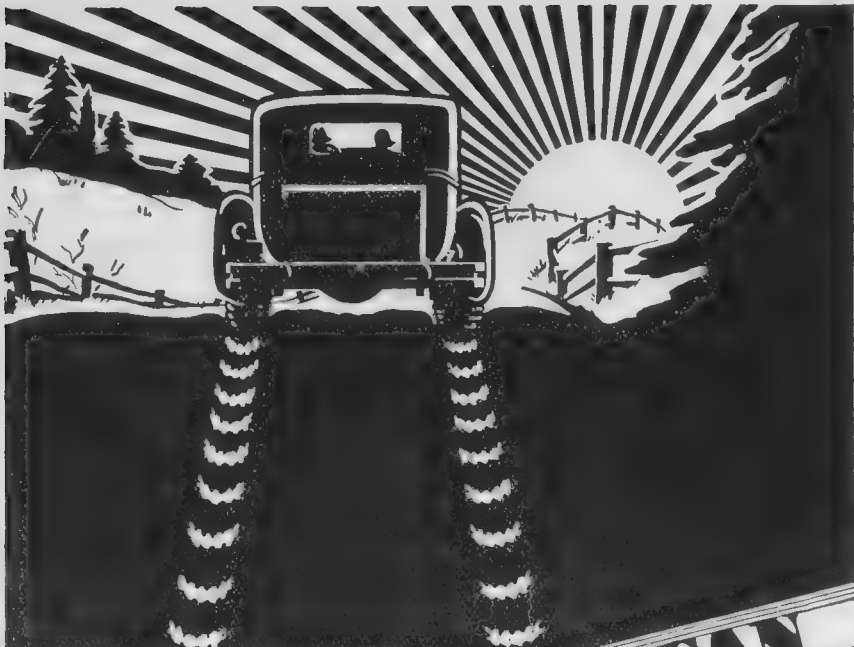
Savoury Shrimp and Bacon

6 slices side bacon	1 cup milk
2 cups canned shrimp	4 tablespoons flour
1 quart canned tomatoes	Salt
2 tablespoons chopped onion	Few grains pepper
1 teaspoon Lea and Perrins	

Cut bacon in small pieces and cook in frying pan until nicely browned; turn in the shrimp (after removing the little black line from each), the tomatoes and finely minced onion. Heat well. In another saucepan, scald the milk and stir into it the flour moistened with a little cold milk; stir until smoothly thickened. Just before serving, combine with the first mixture, and add salt to taste, pepper and Lea and Perrins.



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE



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Tell your dealer you want to try the new Weed American Tire Chain. It costs a few cents more than ordinary chains and gives you 70% more mileage. Many users report 200% more mileage and some even more than that from Weed Americans, thanks to the reinforcing bars of hardened steel electrically welded to contact links.

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 VAPOR-CRESOLENE COMPANY
 Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.

Village Boy to Imperial Statesman

Continued from page 47

the social life of his country by causing a crop of laws to be passed, justifying completely the people's confidence in his advocacy of their cause. Added to this, he broke the ancient power of the House of Lords, thereby changing the English Constitution, which had been in force for hundreds of years.

With the Liberal Party still in government the epoch-making days from August, 1914, gave immeasurable responsibility to Mr. Lloyd George as chancellor. His handling of the finance of the country was a piece of master-statesmanship, and his further work as Minister of Munitions and War Minister soon marked him out as the only statesman who really understood the intense gravity of the war and how it should be fought.

Openly he disagreed with the Prime Minister over the conduct of the war, and when Mr. Asquith resigned in consequence the King sent for Mr. Lloyd George to form a new government. With amazing success Mr. Lloyd George did this, showing a keen and intuitive insight into the worth of men whose help he enlisted for the bringing of the war to a successful issue.

During the most critical period in the history of Great Britain and her Dominions, Mr. Lloyd George remained Prime Minister. His unique gifts of statesmanship—untiring energy and amazing will power, abounding practical optimism, unfailing humor when the odds against were greatest, and his masterly management of the Allied cause gained for him a lasting reputation in the history of mankind. Freely

he used in the service of the Allies his nature-endowed gifts of fearlessness and courage, and his unrivalled eloquence together with an unfailing intuition of the colossal power of the press.

With the termination of the War and the Peace of Versailles where, with the late President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George took a leading part, it was naturally hinted that his work as a statesman was over and that he would retire from public life. But they who thought this knew not the man. No sooner had he been relieved of his responsibility as Prime Minister and found himself one of the few left of what had been a powerful Liberal Party, he set to work again in domestic politics which the coming of the War necessitated his abandoning.

Although his party seems temporarily shattered, he is still the most powerful individual in British politics. His influence does not diminish with his advancing years. Internationally his reputation has suffered little as the result of his defeat in British politics. His peace utterances are read by millions, and his presence in any country is a source of delight and inspiration to the masses.

In Great Britain he is the greatest living orator. His schemes for post-war reconstruction are the only practical ones before the country. He is still the most picturesque and powerful figure in European public life, his dynamic personality and abundant human sympathy with the aims of the common people conjure up for them the vision of materialized hope for better social and economic prosperity.

Christmas

Continued from page 20

civilization can live where poverty and crime flourish and increase.

While wealth has got into the hands of too few men in all our Western lands, there is a growing sense of the responsibilities of wealth and a growing determination that all shall have a fairer share of the products of industry.

While there is much materialism and an appalling greed of easy-gotten gain, yet there is a wonderful ministry to the weak and unfortunate and an ever-deepening sense of good will and a desire to serve our fellow-men.

So we come to Christmas, 1930, as the shepherds came to the first Christmas. For them the radiance of Heaven shone on a sky almost wholly black with gloom; for us there is still thick darkness over much of the heavens, but everywhere there are centres of light, prophecies of a glorious flooding of the whole sky with the abiding radiance of the Kingdom of Heaven, come to abide upon the earth.

The humble shepherds of Bethlehem were lifted out of their humdrum round of duties into a thrilling fullness of life and joy by their first Christmas. But they lost its meaning unless they went back to make each step of the humdrum round radiant with the vision of Eternal things and rich with the spirit of peace on earth goodwill toward men.

How slowly men have learned the lesson of Christmas. It floods the sky with light and the earth with warmth and love, and those who see the light and feel the warmth and love may go out into the crowded ways of men and live the things that Christmas brings in every least relation of life.

To make it so, the Master died on the cruel cross and myriads of men

and women have followed Him along the *via dolorosa*, but down the vista of time the Cross shines ever more brightly as the very heart of eternal life and the *via dolorosa* is seen to be the Way of Life to men.

As Christmas, 1930, draws near, let us open our hearts more and more fully to the world's sorrow and poverty and fear that we may see more clearly the brightness of the radiant Heavens and feel more deeply the flow of love and life that comes to earth with each new Christmastide from a new unveiling of the face of Him who is the Babe of Bethlehem and the Christ of Calvary, our Master and Lord. Then shall we, too, become centres of light and life and love and Christmas, 1930, shall be the world's gladdest, richest, Christmastide.

There is no other way to cure this old world's ills, but the way of the loving heart and the shining face, the way of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

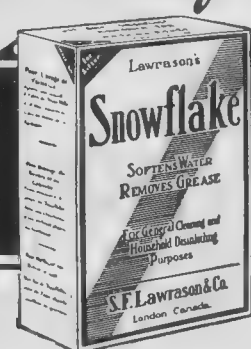
Lift up your hearts, ye sons of men,
 For lo, the heavens, aflame with light,

Proclaim that He draws nigh again
 Who came to drive away your night.
 The light of Christmas shines anew
 In children's faces, bright with joy,
 In homes, where love glows strong and true,

In hands that loving deeds employ.
 Chill penury and bitter need,
 Dark sorrow and the stain of wrong,
 Through loving thought and kindly deed

Break into hope and joy and song.
 The radiance of His wondrous Face
 Dawns o'er a waiting world again;
 A better day draws on apace
 Of peace on earth, goodwill toward men.

for a refreshing bath~ use



Snowflake
 It softens the water

3 places for Snowflake
 Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Courage

RECENT press reports of the death of the Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon, will remind old subscribers of the fact that he conducted the Young Man's column for several years before the present writer was entrusted with the honor. Dr. Gordon's articles and his addresses always made a strong appeal to young men and for the sake of old times we are reproducing a characteristic specimen of his writings.

"The courage most needed in the day-by-day battle of life is not physical, but moral. Moral courage is concentrated self-mastery. It is optimism of the soul manifest in action. It is the kingly consciousness of the individual that there is a something that makes him greater than all the forces that can be ranged in battle array against him. Courage inspires coolness, confidence and calmness in meeting the problems of each new day with the full realization that it is our part to do each day the best we can by the light we have and to accept bravely whatever may be the result. Even the angels can do no more than their best, and the serene restfulness and peace that comes from knowing we have tried to live up to the highest ideal is a wondrous source of strength."

Journalism

AN Alberta correspondent writes in part as follows:

"Perhaps you will conclude from the above that it is my desire to be another short story writer, but such is not the case. I intend to enter the employ of the Alberta Government Telephone, and it is my desire to do some journalistic work as a side line. Of course, I would prefer to write technical articles if possible, but there are many things that I believe I could write about, for example: I am keenly interested in art, and would like to write a short article calling the attention of the reader to the beauty in everything that exists, including nature. I have had considerable experience in life, for my age; was raised on a farm, had a high school education, worked in the bank for some time, and then went to engineering school. I do a lot of reading, have a good vocabulary, and can operate a typewriter with considerable speed and accuracy."

A personal letter has been sent to this correspondent and sources of information have been listed that may prove useful to writers who are interested in learning of effective methods of placing their articles with magazines. The same information is available for other correspondents who may wish to have it for reference purposes.

Choosing a Vocation

SOME space will be given next month to problems connected with the choice of suitable vocations and a list of inexpensive books will be supplied in this connection. Subscribers who have special vocational problems are invited to write to this Department during the next few weeks.

\$10,000 For Solving this Puzzle

First Prize \$5,000 Cash - Skill alone will win—

THE PRIZE LIST

1st prize—Total Value \$5,000.00 cash, awarded as follows:

\$1,000.00 if winner remits \$2.00
1,500.00 if winner remits \$3.00
2,000.00 if winner remits \$5.00

The remaining \$3,000 to be paid to winner on the basis of \$20.00 extra for every dollar (\$1.00) remitted over \$5.00.

2nd Prize—Total Value \$3,000.00 cash awarded as follows:

\$ 800.00 if winner remits \$2.00
1,000.00 if winner remits \$3.00

Balance at the rate of \$20.00 for every dollar (\$1.00) remitted over \$3.00.

Prize	Cash	Prize	Cash
3rd	\$700.00	8th	\$50.00
4th	500.00	9th to 15th	25.00
5th	300.00	16th to 30th	10.00
6th	100.00	31st to 50th	5.00
7th	75.00	51st to 100th	3.00

Correct Answer Unknown

To prevent the Contest Department, the artist or anyone else from knowing the correct answer to this puzzle, certain figures were erased by the Contest Judges: Messrs. E. A. Williams, Toronto Star Weekly and H. M. Sandison, Regina Leader-Post.

Neither of these gentlemen know what figures the other erased, but after the Contest closes, they will announce what these figures were and when these figures are subtracted from the total of the figures used by the artist, this will give the correct answer to the figures in the puzzle.

There are no tricks to this Contest. It is merely a matter of skill in finding all the numbers shown and then adding correctly. We wish it clearly understood that there are no hidden figures. Every number can be plainly seen. The degree of your care and skill will determine the prize which you will win.

The ONLY requirements for entry to contest are those listed here. You will note their extreme simplicity and a careful reading now will avoid any possible confusion later.

Secure Correct or Nearest Correct Total

The problem is to add together all of the numbers shown above. Each figure is clearly indicated, and they run from two to nine; the sixes have a curved stem; the nines a straight stem; all are single numbers, there are no combinations; add them as if each figure stood one above the other in a single column. Every figure in the picture is complete. If in doubt about any of the figures, send in the chart with a figure marked, to the contest department, which will gladly tell you what it is.



Will your prize be on "The Record" Christmas Tree? Early Answers Rewarded.

GENERAL RULES

- (1) Contest is open to everyone except (a) Employees of this firm and their immediate family; (b) Prize Winners in former Goblin contests who won more than \$100.
- (2) To enter contest it is necessary to enclose at least a \$2 subscription to The Montreal Record.
- (3) All solutions must be accompanied by a cash subscription, otherwise they will not be accepted. All solutions are recorded and cannot be changed once they are received at the contest office.
- (4) It is not necessary for a contestant to send in the entire amount of subscription money at one time. Accurate records are kept, and every time a contestant makes a remittance, the amount will be added to the previous amount which a contestant has to his credit.
- (5) Contestants can send in a different answer to the puzzle each time they make a remittance, but not more than one prize and bonus will be paid to one family living at one home address.
- (6) EXTRA PUZZLE FORMS MAY BE OBTAINED FREE BY WRITING TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT.
- (7) All money orders, cheques, or postal notes must be made payable to The Montreal Record; acknowledgments will be made immediately upon receipt of solutions.
- (8) If the correct answer is not sent in by any contestant, the prizes will be awarded for the nearest correct solution.
- (9) In the event of a tie, a second puzzle will be mailed. This puzzle will be a chain problem requiring accuracy in addition and subtraction. Only those tying will be permitted to solve the second puzzle.

CLOSING DATE

- (10) The last day for mailing solutions to this contest is December 22nd, 1930. Solutions mailed and having the postmark of not later than December 22nd, 1930, will be accepted. Contestants are advised to send in their answers as soon as possible.
- (11) In entering the contest, contestants agree to abide by the rules of the contest and to accept the decision of the judges as final. The Montreal Record reserves the right to amend or add to the rules of this contest, if necessary, for the protection of the interests of both the contestants and this publication. The right is also reserved to refund subscriptions and to disqualify any contestants whom the Judges, the contestants' representatives, deem undesirable.

NOTE:—At an early date Goblin Magazine will be changed to a weekly publication which will appear under the name The Montreal Record. Present Goblin subscribers who enter this Contest are requested to write "Renewal" on their entry forms which will prevent two issues of the same date being mailed. New subscribers will kindly write "New" in the margin on coupon.

SOLUTION BLANK TO BE USED BY CONTESTANTS

This Blank must be used when sending subscriptions and solutions.

MY ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM IS.....

Gentlemen: Kindly enroll my name as a contestant in your puzzle contest. I am enclosing herewith the sum of \$..... which kindly place to my credit, both as entrance fee to the contest and as a paid-up subscription to The Montreal Record for the following party or parties.

If you are a subscriber to Goblin and you send in a paid-in-advance subscription for yourself, write the word "Renewal" in place designated.

1. Name Amount \$..... New
St. Address Town & Prov. Renewal.....

2. Name Amount \$..... New
St. Address Town & Prov. Renewal.....

Attach further names and addresses on plain paper.

Is this your first solution to the puzzle?..... How much money have you sent in to date?.....

If this solution wins a prize, send it to

Name Town & Prov.

St. Address (Name and address must be printed)

Please answer all questions on this form and mail same to—

The Contest Department, The Montreal Record, c/o Goblin Magazine Ltd., 5357 Park Ave., Montreal.

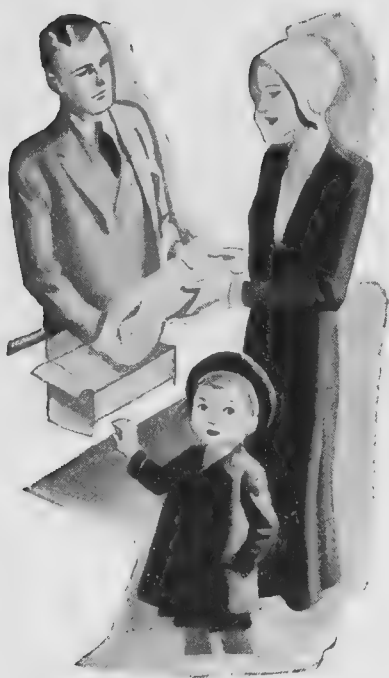
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3.00 60 Weeks

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Made in Canada

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This Trade-mark assures Healthy Comfort for every member of the family.

Legal Information

Continued from page 43

If you have not the present address of your wife and can satisfy the Court that you have tried to trace her, and that there is some possibility of notice of your proceedings reaching her if mailed to a former address, and published in the newspapers, then the Court has jurisdiction to direct that service be made in this way.

You cannot legally remarry until you have obtained a divorce.

Silverton, B.C.

(Q) Is it legal for a wife to sell all property and shares which I had in theatre stock and not divide the proceeds with her husband because I put them in her name?

(A) A wife can give a valid title to any property which is in her name provided that the Purchaser did not know that the wife was trustee for the husband or that in some other way the property did not really belong to her.

The husband by putting property and shares in his wife's name presumably does so in order to make her a gift of the property. Nothing can prevent an agreement between them that while the property was apparently given to her it would remain the husband's property. If in breach of the agreement the wife disposes of the property the husband's claim can be only against the wife for breach of the agreement and breach of trust. In this latter case the husband, would be entitled to the value of the property disposed of, but if his wife has no apparent assets or property the husband has no practical means of collecting.

Vancouver, B.C.

(Q) A man 72 years old, unable to work, resident in British Columbia for 20 years to date without a break, applied for the old age pension and is refused it. His circumstances are as follows:—

He and his wife reside together with their two daughters (both single) who, between them, earn a little over \$2,000.00 per year. Neither parent has any money or property of any kind, beyond a small insurance payable at death. The daughters are their sole support.

Is it possible to obtain a pension for the man as the burden carried by the daughters is aggravated through having to meet a series of doctors bills during the last two years. The daughters are endeavoring to buy their home and through contributory pension funds to provide some provision for their own old age.—J.P.

(A) We are of the opinion that the man is entitled to the Old Age Pension. However, there are certain requirements which he must fulfill. You did not mention whether he is a British subject. This is necessary to qualify him for the pension.

We would suggest that the daughters take the matter up with the Pension authorities so as to ascertain what their objection is to allowing the pension because it would appear to us to be a case in which something can be arranged.

Pigeon Lake, Alta.

(Q) A woman of 70 years living on her homestead from which she is getting in revenue. When she applied for Old Age Pension will the pension be put against the homestead as she wants to make a Will to dispose of homestead to the children, in case she cannot sell it before her decease. If she could sell it she would not need the Pension.—E.G.

(A) When an Old Age Pension is paid to any person the Government has a right to require that person to transfer to the government whatever real property the Pensioner owns. The idea is that in this way the government will have the right to reimburse itself out of such property for any pension paid to the owner of the property. If, when the property is sold and the government has recovered the sums paid as pension, there is any balance left over, this balance belongs to the heirs of the Pensioner. The Pensioner, may make a Will of the property at any time. It will only take effect from her death.

We believe that the government would be quite prepared to assist in the sale of the property at any time during the life of the pensioner. If the pensioner sells the property she would be entitled to retain out of the sale price thereof an amount sufficient to pay her an income of \$120.00 per year.

Moose Jaw, Sask.

(Q) Lease half section. A tenant's lease reads like this. "The Lessor to receive one third share or portion of the whole of the different kinds and qualities of grain which shall be grown on the said land.

1. Does this mean hay or anything grown on the farm.

2. Or grain only?—H.E.R.

(A) In our opinion the Lessor is not entitled to any of the hay grown on the land. It covers grain only.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 42

A. We have very little information as to National Accounting Systems Limited. The company is apparently having difficulty in establishing a market for its accounting system.

This business is highly competitive and the market is well canvassed by well organized and old established firms. You will appreciate that a new product is bound to experience considerable difficulty in getting established.

We have no record of the Class A Preferred stock having been redeemed and we have no report on the company's financial standing. We would suggest you inquire direct from the company as to the redemption and inquire through your bankers for the company's financial standing.

Charleswood, Man.

Q. I have 500 shares in Bird River

Mines Ltd. Have you any report on this property? What do you think of it as an investment? Where are these mines located?—A.S.

A. This company owns a number of tin, copper and gold claims in the Bird River district in Eastern Manitoba.

Because of the fact that only a limited amount of development work has been done on the Company's claims it can still be classed only as a prospect and its shares cannot be considered an investment, but purely a speculation.

The company is at present listed as being dormant, and we presume until conditions improve in the money market the company will not be able to obtain sufficient funds to develop its claims and give some evidence of the value of its shares. The shares do not appear attractive to us at the present time.

EVERY REAL BOY'S DREAM— Christmas!



Make your boy's dream come true this Christmas—give him Starr Skates.

Starr Skates are made by the world's leading Ice Skate Manufacturers—every pair guaranteed to give satisfactory service regardless of price.

Flat and tubular models for Hockey, Speed, Pleasure and Fancy Skating. Sold by better dealers everywhere.

32

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A Day to Belong Somewhere

Continued from page 22

along that quiet, familiar street, slip noiselessly into the old garden, and there for a long time dream that it is ten years ago.

It was! It was ten years ago — somewhere! Or so many people thought nowadays. That play, Berkeley Square, those books of Marcel Proust of which people talked. They said queer things about "space-time," about "le temps retrouvé"; they said time existed only in our minds.

Was it Einstein who had said that Time was but a fourth dimension? Could it be true? Was all time running on forever like a great river? Because one was on a wave of it which had passed a particular spot on the landscape, was every other wave, every wave both before and behind us, still bearing its argosy of life, although we on our one little wave called the others dead or unborn?

Was life a sort of cinematograph, one picture as real as another, even if it were not at the moment projected on the screen?

It was all the same. It had not changed at all. Only she had changed. She was no more a child. She had no longer any grandparents, no longer a funny, embittered Aunt Jane, only a very young stepfather and a mother who dyed her hair and kept a girlish figure on a diet whose by-product was nervous irritability.

The faces of the people in the streets were eager and happy. They all belonged somewhere. Soon they would hurry back to their homes. She swayed weakly. That word—*home*—had blown away partially the blurring which her mind had been feeling all day.

Oh, no, she couldn't have done that. But it had been a promise of a home, of the end of this nomad life. But she couldn't have told Jim Fraser she would marry him. He was kind and good, but he was the dullest man in the world.

"If you like, Jim. I'm tired of belonging nowhere. If you don't mind my not being crazy about you. I wouldn't cheat by pretending that I am."

"That's all right, little girl. That's all right. I'm no Valentino. Affection lasts longer than all this infatuation stuff. Now take Freddy Burton; he married—"

She couldn't remember the details of Freddy Burton's marriage. They had been so many, and Jim had given them so fully, that they had fogged her mind completely. And then she had said, as they reached the hotel, that she had a dreadful headache, and must go to bed.

Every minute was nearer to them. Willesden Lane, only a few more streets. Would the lights be lit, would—

*To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come*

That verse of Chesterton's had swung through her brain all day. It was Christmas that had stirred all these longings.

*To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome*

"Stop here, driver." She knocked on the glass behind the chauffeur.

When she had paid him off and he had driven off, she found herself alone on a dimly-lit street. Trees edged the sidewalk. She knew every one of these trees. Had she not lived near them for spells of six months at a time? And

six months of childhood are longer than six years of maturity.

She must be careful to lift the latch of the little gate very quietly. Sitting in the library over the backgammon board, Grandmother used to raise her head and say: "Postman," and then a moment later the quick double knock would sound on the door. Grandmother had such sharp ears.

But the hedge was high. No one would see her in the garden. Unless a policeman . . . She looked behind her. No policeman was in sight.

Quickly, but without the slightest sound, she lifted the little latch. She slipped through the green wooden gate on to the gravel walk.

The door of the house swung wide open. In the oblong of light stood her grandmother. Absolutely unchanged. Stout of hip and erect.

Coming quickly now down the narrow gravel path to the gate where Irene Blake stood dazed.

"My child! I knew you would come!"

Her grandmother's arms were about her, folding her to the well-remembered and ample bosom.

I have been watching for you from the dining-room window, sitting in the dark for hours. But I knew you would come. Supper is waiting, and your place is laid.

Her grandmother's arm about her, Irene Blake entered the open door to the warmly-lit home of her childhood.

The hall, tiled still in its old dull blues and reds, was draped with ivy and mistletoe, the newel posts were wound about with holly.

"Oh, Grandmother, you haven't changed the wall-paper!"

There it was, the same crimson-striped paper. It was the most beautiful paper in the world. Victorian? Gloomy? Awful? In a new house, yes, but here, perfect.

And standing in the library door was John, freckled still, but grown six feet tall.

"Why, John!"

He came forward eagerly. And behind him, could that be Aunt Jane? Why, yes, of course.

"Where is Grandfather? I want awfully to see Grandfather."

They looked queerly at each other. Then John said kindly:

"Your grandfather is upstairs, ill. We will take you to see him afterwards."

She tossed her furs and her hat on to the chair by the hall table as she had so often done.

"May I have my old room?"

They did not answer. "Oh, if Aunt Jane is in it, I'll be just as happy in the back one with the little bay window. Oh, please let me go over the whole house! I have been so dreadfully lonely for you and for it."

John still held her hand. "John," she whispered excitedly, "have you come back, too? You must have, for you're grown up. How did you do it. I just wished and wished and wished, and kept thinking that time didn't exist, and I came here just to stay in the garden, and then—it all happened. I had travelled through Time, the door opened, and there stood Grandmother."

But she mustn't whisper to John. Perhaps they didn't know she had travelled through Time. It was very muddling, for some things had changed.

They were leading her into the dining-room. She stared about her. The same large room with the bay window,

[Continued on page 58]

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PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

A Day to Belong Somewhere

Continued from page 57

the same blue walls covered with pictures, the same Empire couch covered in grey-blue repp.

"Why are the pictures different?"

"Some of them were sold at Christie's, dear."

They were whispering to each other something about the furniture, but she had not travelled through Time to argue about a change of pictures. Grandmother was the same, Aunt Jane was almost the same, John, the little boy from next door, was the same yet strangely grown up, and the house, wall-papers and furniture were all the same.

And there was her place, waiting for her! Her old place with her back to the fire. She walked to it, and sat down.

"Is Grandfather very ill?"

"Yes, dear, but we hope . . ."

"I don't remember Grandfather being ill, except——" She stopped sharply. It seemed rude to refer to their ever having died. "Oh, yes, of course, his bronchitis."

"Yes," said John, "his bronchitis."

SUPPER was served. An old-fashioned Christmas supper. The turkey was tied about with wide scarlet ribbon. Crackers and Yuletide favors were on the table. Her brain kept singing, "Home, Home, Home!" She tried to adapt Chesterton's lines about Christmas. But "To an open house on Christmas Eve" somehow didn't go. It wasn't "Christmas Eve," it was "in the evening." That meant when one was dead. She started. Was she dead? Was that how she had found them? Was that why John had changed? Had he grown up before he died?

"I think," she said confidentially, "that it is very absurd, absurd and conceited, how living people think that we are dead, really dead. Don't you?"

"Very," replied John, gravely. "But you are not eating."

She laughed. "Everything has tasted horrid and metallic the last two days. I'm not hungry. Tomorrow——"

"Don't press her," John said to her grandmother.

"But I'll play backgammon with you, Grandmother, after supper. Remember our terrific championship contests?"

Grandmother nodded.

"Grandmother, I used to pretend that I was more interested than I was, because I thought I was giving you a good time. But for years I have known that you were pretending, too, because you thought it was amusing me. But now I'd rather play backgammon with you than almost anything else."

"How did you find your way here?" asked Aunt Jane.

She looked at Aunt Jane. She, poor thing, had died before Grandmother and Grandfather.

"It was Christmas, and I had to come home."

Grandmother was talking low to John.

"I'm afraid Mary is not coming."

"Mary," said Aunt Jane angrily, "is having a gay time in Devon. I knew she wouldn't give up that house-party to come home, even if it was Christmas and her grandfather was ill."

"Who is Mary?"

"Mary," replied Aunt Jane tartly, "is——"

But Grandmother interrupted firmly. "My dear, Mary is a young girl whom we also expected to arrive here tonight. She is—well, she is a friend of John's."

"Is Mary——" She was about to ask "Is Mary dead too?" but she herself had so recently accepted death as involving no change, that she was still

a little shy of the word. Instead she asked suddenly: "Is Mary going to marry John?"

"No," said John with explosive finality. "I'm jolly sure she wouldn't look at me anyway, but I shan't give her the chance. Not when she prefers Devon with her new acquaintances to Christmas at home with her family and me."

Irene, for her part, began to laugh. Each minute it became a happier world. "And now I won't have to marry Jim. Yet only this afternoon I told him that I would. This afternoon when I made him drive me out here to look at the old place, and I hated him because he thought me emotional about it. And then he said: 'You poor kid, I believe you're sincere. What you want is a home. Say, baby, let me lead you to a home so swell you'll never need another as long as you live.'"

Her head began to swim again, as she stared at her silent grandmother, her Aunt Jane's surprised eyes, and the sympathy in the face of little freckled John who had grown up. She gave a little gasp. "To think that it is only a few hours ago that I told Jim," her voice became embarrassedly explanatory. "I only wanted a home, to belong somewhere, especially at Christmas. I didn't want Jim."

She said this to John, as if it settled matters nicely between them. She had always known that no man in the world was as nice as her first little boy playmate in England next door to her grandmother's.

And John's eyes grew very wonderful as she spoke. Why, all her living life she had waited for this. And John said gently and softly to her:

"I think it is very nice to want a home; to want to belong somewhere—especially at Christmas."

Then they began asking questions.

"What is Jim's last name?" This from Aunt Jane

But Grandmother was distressed. "Don't, Jane, don't. She needs me and I need her." Grandmother bowed her head, and said very low: "Mary feels no such need."

"Jim's last name? Why, Fraser, of course. Oh, but you couldn't know. And, Grandmother, why do you want this Mary so, when I have come home after ten years?"

"Where is Jim now?" persisted Aunt Jane.

Poor Aunt Jane, incurably matchmaking. Tease her a little. "He's taking his mother out to dinner, you know, one of those expensive hotel Christmas Eve celebrations, and then on to the theatre."

"Where does he live?"

"In Canada, near us. But, you know, I was travelling with him and his mother." But perhaps they didn't know. So, to Grandmother gently: "Grandmother, since you—died, Mother married again. Oh, a very handsome and young man. So I must not stay at home. I travel all the time. I move and move and move." She smiled at them, struck with the sudden delicious humor of it. "And yet I never 'got anywhere' until tonight. The day after tomorrow I was to have started on a Mediterranean cruise with Jim and his mother."

"Yes, dear," encouraged Grandmother, "and then you began to feel ill, and then?"

"And then, oh, Grandmother, Grandmother, I wanted nothing but you. I can stay always. Jim won't mind long, and his mother doesn't want me because she thinks—oh, my head hurts so!"

But Aunt Jane's eyes stayed cold and probing. Poor Aunt Jane, life was hard for you. "But where are this Mrs. Fraser and her son with whom you are traveling; at what hotel are they staying?"

"At the Mayfair. But it doesn't matter."

"You mustn't question her any more," commanded John.

"Why can't they question me?"

"Dr. Boyd thinks you are tired," soothed her grandmother.

"Why can't they question me?"

"Dr. Boyd thinks you are tired," soothed her grandmother.

"Dr. Boyd?"

"John."

"Did John become a doctor? But—but his name wasn't Boyd."

"Do you remember what it used to be, dear?"

"Of course, I remember. It was Ronalds—John Ronalds."

They looked at each other. They all began whispering at once.

Aunt Jane sibilantly — "Why, the people next door! But their boy——"

Grandmother softly—"It is the most extraordinary thing."

John, lower than the others—"must stay here—mustn't be moved—perhaps typhoid, perhaps——"

"Who has typhoid? Grandfather? Can't I see him?"

"Yes, dear, you can see him. And then you are going to bed in your old room. You are very tired."

Suddenly John began fumbling in his pockets. He drew out a small case which he handed shyly to her.

"I didn't know when I bought this that it was for you. But it is, a Christmas present from the little boy you knew years ago."

She opened the case and saw a tiny watch set in diamonds.

Grandmother and Aunt Jane were moving from the dining-room. Aunt Jane was saying something about it "serving Mary right."

And as John led her after the others from the room, she had to hold very tightly to his arm.

"Oh, John, I never found anyone else like you. Don't ever go back—go back to ordinary living people."

"WHO are you?"

"John."

Her old room, the nice freckled young man holding her wrist

"Where am I?"

"In your grandmother's old home"

"Am I sick?"

"You will soon be well."

"Who have been coming to see me all these days? They thought I knew nothing, but I saw them. I was too tired to talk, to ask. That stout old lady, and the middle-aged one with the tight mouth, and—and you?"

"Friends, all of us."

"Then why didn't they keep Jim away?" I don't want to see Jim. He's so tiring. Why didn't Jim's mother ever come?"

"Mrs. Fraser has gone on a Mediterranean cruise, but her son stayed in London until you should be well enough to join his mother."

Her eyes closed. She was alive again. She had come back.

"I thought I had found my grandmother and the past. Was I out of my head?"

She opened her eyes with a demand for frankness.

His grey eyes met hers puzzledly. "I believe you saw your grandmother. I believe you 'went back.' We know nothing of such things. A derangement of the normal workings of the mind may possibly——"

"Then you aren't John, grown up?"

"My name is John."

"John Ronalds?"

"John Boyd."

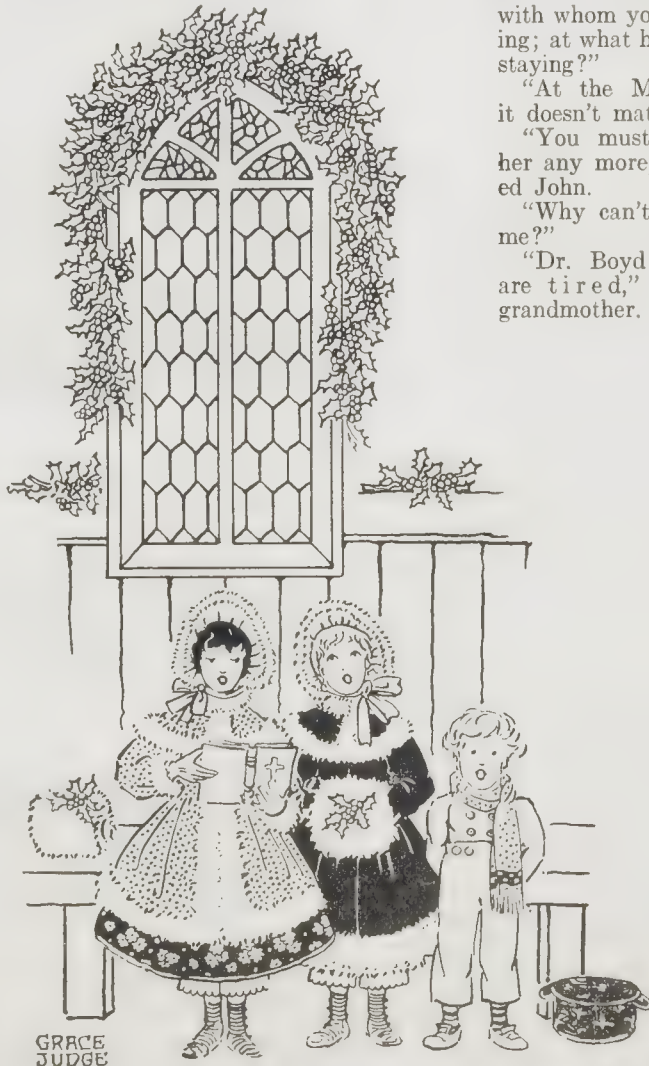
Her eyes left his. "I knew, somehow deep down I knew, it couldn't last."

He bent over her

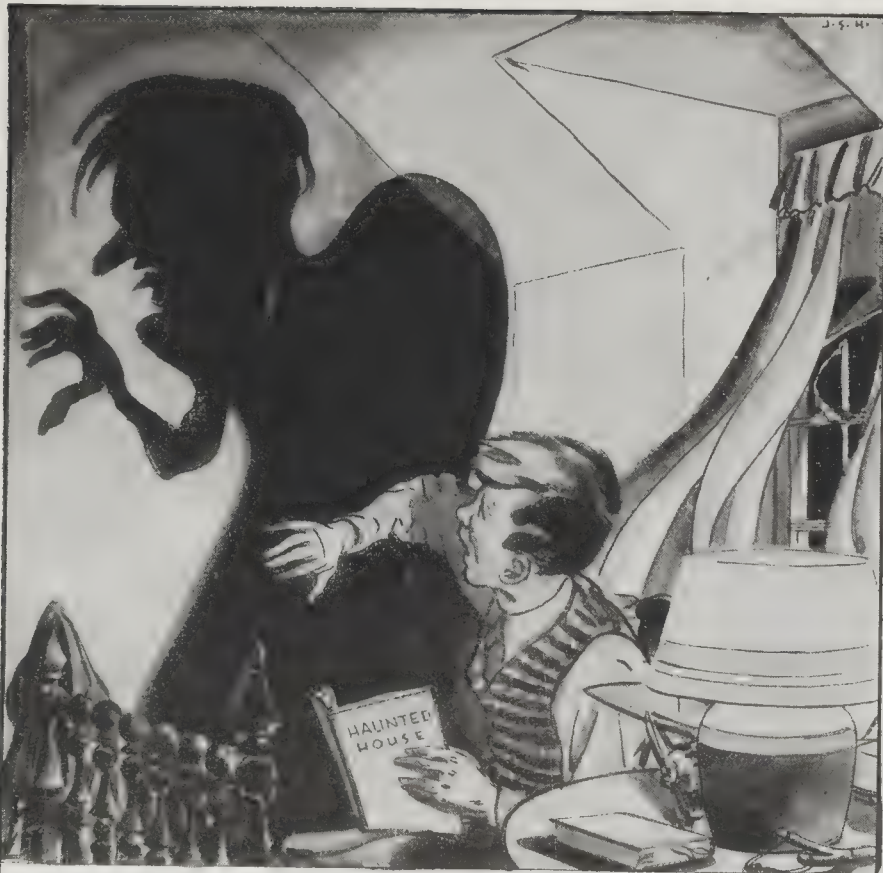
"It can last. Nothing need ever end. John Ronalds is dead, but John Boyd will stay with you always, if you will let him."

"Here?"

"Anywhere. But I have taken an option on this old house—a six months option. Whether I buy it or not depends on you."



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In Santa Claus' Pack

Continued from page 15

for more toys! Something's got to be done, and done soon. But what? I'm not going to disappoint that dear child about those doll's shoes she's expecting, or that carriage either—and that dear boy Dick who's just crazy with delight for the drum he's so confident I'll give him—and Dorothy's heart will be half broken when she doesn't get her doll—and Teddy and Betty and Polly and Harry and—oh, dearie me!" and the tears actually rolled down Santa's big rosy cheeks. "If only I had somewhere near I could go and get new toys! If only—but ah! what about old Peter! Dear old friend Peter! He's the very man to help me in my trouble!"

In a moment Santa was scurrying up the chimney—calling to his reindeers—in his sleigh and away he went! The reindeers never slackened speed till they came to a wood, and there by the trees at the edge of the wood was a little—a very little brown house. And there, prancing and a dancing Santa soon brought his galloping team to a standstill, and in a moment was rapping noisily at the door of the house and calling out:

"Up, friend Peter! It's Santa Claus—hurry and let me in!"

And soon the door was opened by a little old man, chuckling as he did so:

"Welcome, Santa Claus! I never expected you'd take time on Christmas Eve to give the likes of me a call."

Hurriedly the old man lit a candle and threw wood on his still flickering fire; as he did so Santa glanced quickly around the humble room. How poor it was! And yet Peter was one of the happiest men he knew, and he had neither wife nor child to cheer him.

"Sit you down Santa, here by the fire and tell me your trouble, for I can see there is something wrong; and I'll do my best to help you."

Hurriedly Santa told his story, ending up with: "How can I disappoint those dear children—who trust me so? It will spoil their Christmas, for you know well, dear Peter, what disappointment does to the heart of a little trusting child. No happy Christmas for them—and to think I've never before had to disappoint them! Oh, Peter—good friend, do try to think of something—some way—"

And for just a minute Peter did not answer. Then his face lightened.

"Ah, I have it, Santa!" Then he laughed. "It is very simple. 'You must hurry and buy more toys to take the place of those. Certainly those dear children must not have their Christmas spoiled—certainly not!'"

"But how can I buy them when I have no money here—and where could I buy them at this hour of the night?"

For answer, Peter lifted his candle and hurried to a big red cupboard in the corner. He took down a little brown shiny pitcher from the top shelf. He took this to Santa Claus and from it took three bills, counting "five—ten—fifteen dollars." He handed them smilingly to Santa Claus.

"But I cannot take all your money, dear Peter; it will be weeks before I can return it. With what will you buy food?" questioned Santa, lovingly.

"See, I have still some bits of silver," laughed Peter, jingling the pitcher, "and my wants are few. You need not bother to return it"; then he hurriedly

raised the window-blind. "Do you see that little light, twinkling away over there," he asked. That is in a house at the edge of the town—there is a sick boy there, that is why they are awake—the sick boy's father thinks I saved his child's life, and will do anything for me. The father is a clerk in the largest toy-store in town, so I shall give you a letter to him asking him to go with you at once to the store; likely you can get blue doll's shoes and the rest of the things, there."

So, he hastily scribbled a note, Santa took the money and the note and hurried to the door, saying:

"Peter, how am I ever going to thank you?"

"Thank me—why, it's I who should thank you, for giving me this opportunity to make those dear children

happy on Christmas—I was just wishing I could make someone happy at Christmas," and as Peter said it, into his eyes came a beautiful light.

"Now, if I only had a beautiful Christmas gift for you, but I have nothing—but wait,

I'd forgotten!" and Santa gave one of his funny chuckles and dived into one of his big pockets. Here's the wee mouse that did all the trouble—take it and it will be company for you." So into Peter's hand he dropped the frightened mouse. "But—one minute, Peter—I have something else for you." Then he took from his inner pocket a queer golden wand, waved it over Peter's head and said: "A happy Christmas, Peter!" then away over the snow he rushed with his reindeers.

Peter was delighted to have the mouse. "I'll keep it for my pet," he said.

CHRISTMAS morning Peter was castir bright and early, for now he had a "family" to look after: the mouse. His own breakfast, even on this Christmas morning, was a very frugal one, but by his own plate there on the table he placed a slice of cheese, and placed the wee mouse beside it. So, the mouse had a splendid Christmas breakfast, and right away became fond of Peter. After Peter had eaten his own breakfast, and mouse had swallowed the last crumb of cheese, he pulled his chair in front of the fire and at once became very drowsy. It seemed strange, for never before had he felt sleepy so early in the day—it must be something else! But before he could reason about it he heard voices—and children's voices at that! In a moment the room seemed full of laughing, happy children.

There was a little girl with long golden curls and dancing blue eyes; she held a bulging stocking in her hand and was saying:

"O—h! I'm most afraid to open it in case Santa Claus has forgotten—" but she quickly slipped in her hand, and from the stocking drew out a pair of lovely blue doll's shoes. O—h! O—h! He didn't forget—oh, the beautiful shoes!" and with her face alight with happiness Mary-Louise kissed the shoes again and again.

Then a small boy came dancing by beating a drum. "Hurrah—hurrah!" Santa brought me a drum—and I'm a Captain marching!" he called out joyously. [Continued on page 61]



Trees Are Like People!

Famous Ones Are Guarded

Continued from page 28

packed to bring to France. Among them was a tiny shoot of a cedar tree a few inches high. While crossing the desert his caravan suffered a shortage of water. Jussieu was forced to make a selection of his plants. He chose the cedar, and in order to save it he gave his share of drinking water to the sapling. Though he suffered intolerably from thirst, the sprig was brought to France in a flourishing condition. He planted it at the foot of the hill of the Labyrinth in 1734.

Today, 196 years later, the tree towers and bulks beyond all others. Upon its trunk a placard tells of its planting by Jussieu.

ANOTHER tree planted as a sapling to mark a historic victory stands near the Malmaison Museum, which houses the greatest collection in the world of relics relating to Napoleon Bonaparte, and where Bonaparte and Josephine lived during the first Consulate. This is known as the cedar of Marengo. It stands near the ancient Imperial Palace and a magnificent group of oak, horse chestnut, elms and plane. In autumn its sombre hue shows—in vivid contrast to the varying shades of the turning leaves of the others. Towering commandingly in front of the Mehul Avenue gate it tells of an ancient victory, and stands emblem of tragic people who left so deep a mark upon the history of the world.

On the 14th of June, 1800, there galloped up to the gates of Malmaison the last of a relay of horseman. He brought to Josephine Napoleon's message of the victory of the battle of Marengo. In honor of the occasion Josephine selected a tiny cedar sapling and planted it in the commanding position where it towers so majestically today.

Interest in the care of trees is increasing every year.

ONE of the most important new celebrations in honor of trees in France will be held annually in future on Armistice Day. The choice of November 11 for the Tree Festival was made in agreement with the Government which has understood

how this initiative may increase the traditional character of the Peace Festival. The association has appealed to the mayors, pointing out that if every commune plants 1,000 saplings on Armistice Day more than 22,000 hectares will be added to France's woodlands yearly. In addition an appropriation of more than 1,000,000 francs has been made for the purchase of trees to be planted along several main thoroughfares of Paris. The trees are plane, and elms, and sophoras, the latter a sub-tropical tree with pinnate leaves and showy flowers.

The terrible floods which devastated the Midi in the spring of 1930, may be prevented, it is contended by forestry experts, by a tree planting programme which contemplates reforesting four million hectares of land.

In England at the present moment the largest programme of reforestation ever embarked upon has been mapped out. It will consist in the planting of 33,000 acres a year for 5 years. This campaign is to replace the loss during the war when about one-sixth of the country's resources, or 450,000 acres of woodland were used up.

Since the armistice there had been planted: 150,000 acres by the state; 50,000 acres by public bodies and private persons with public assistance, and 50,000 by private persons without assistance.

*Oh, like a tree
Let me grow up to Thee!
And like a tree
Send down my roots to Thee.*

*Let my leaves stir
In each sigh of the air;
My branches be
Lively and glad in Thee.*

*Each leaf a prayer,
And green fire everywhere,
And all from Thee
The sap within the Tree.*

*And let Thy rain
Fall—or as joy or pain,
So that I be
Yet unforget of Thee.*

*Then shall I sing
The new song of Thy Spring,
Every leaf of me
Whispering Love in Thee.*

—John Freeman

In Santa Claus' Pack

Continued from page 30

Tumbling about was a jolly lad with an aeroplane on a string. "Gee, isn't it a dandy—look at its wings—and how she sails about! It's the very thing I wrote Santa to bring me, but I was scared to death he'd be out of 'em—but not he! See her fly—!" and he looked the happiest boy in the world, most.

And there by the window sat the dearest little girl, and the happy light in her brown eyes was wonderful to see, for she was hugging and kissing the beautiful doll Santa had brought her.

And the room was full — full, of happy children playing with the toys the toys that Santa had given them—oh, certainly Christmas was a wonderful day! Then somehow Peter remembered that they were nearly not getting these toys . . . if he had not! A great peace stole into his heart — a great happiness. But someone was calling:

"Happy Christmas Peter! Happy Christmas Peter!" He seemed to waken, but there was no one in his room but a wee mouse, happily running up and down the front of his coat

and giving happy little squeaks. His clock was striking—and if it wasn't two o'clock! Five lovely hours of Christmas day he had spent with those dear happy children and their toys—he would never forget it. He certainly had spent "a happy Christmas."

Then he hurried to get his Christmas mouse its Christmas dinner, ate his own bowl of bread and milk, got into his great-coat, picked up the mouse, and said:

"Now I'll take you to see the sick boy—you'll be a nice bit of Christmas enjoyment for him and I know we'll cheer him up wonderfully—particularly when I tell him about the dear children amongst whom I've been spending Christmas—Santa Claus' disaster and all—a pretty fine Christmas story for a sick boy to hear—eh, my dear mouse?"

And out into the glistening white Christmas world went old Peter, with the happy wee mouse nestling closely in his breast pocket, and perhaps in all the land there was no happier man that Christmas day than old Peter, the friend of Santa Claus, and of children.

Feel Fine!

IT'S a grand and glorious feeling to bounce out of bed ready for a good day's work, to do your job well, to feel friends with the world all day, and to have pep enough left over by night to enjoy your play! You can do it!

If you asked your doctor what you ought to do to feel this way, one of the first things he would tell you is: clean the bodily poisons out of your system regularly. That's half the battle. He would not advise you to do this with powerful drugs. No. He would recommend some simple, natural way—such as Nujol.

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In the January number of The Western Home Monthly will be announced a Contest of interest to every one of our Subscribers.

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Watch for it; it's going to be good.

Valuable prizes are to be awarded.

JUST

TURN TO

PAGE ONE

JANUARY

TRAVEL NUMBER

In the Light of the Christmas Candles

Continued from page 13

Why turn one's back upon Heaven-sent opportunity? If he did not care to know, no harm would be done. If he had heart—this Monsieur Broughton—he would rejoice. Mademoiselle had commanded that no one should be told. Oh, la, la! If one did only what was commanded the world would be of a slowness.

"Monsieur."

Dudley Broughton took his cigar from his lips, lifted his hat slightly, and stood courteously waiting, without a hint of recognition in his face.

Francoise spurred her courage.

"Monsieur would not remember—it is not to be expected—but in the old days he was gracious enough to praise my *sole au vin blanc*."

"Francoise," he said. "I make you my homage. There is no other cook in New York who could equal it."

A smile flashed into the man's face. "Francoise, you were with the Vandervecks. I remember you perfectly. I remember the sole, too. I begged to be presented to you."

"Yes, Monsieur; and Miss Vanderveck sent for me. Ah, Monsieur, it is because of her that I have spoken to you. I apologize, but when the heart speaks one does the thing impulsive. Me, Monsieur, I am *all heart*."

She pressed a chubby hand against her breast.

Dudley Broughton's placid face had sharpened slightly.

"What do you know of her?" he asked.

The shrewd little French woman heard the ring of interest in his voice and mentally applauded herself.

"I have but just left her, Monsieur."

"Here? In New York?"

"Of a surety, Monsieur."

"She is living here?"

"Since the first of the month."

"But where? How?"

He pulled himself up suddenly. One is not a boy at fifty, and one does not make a confidant of a stranger whom one meets on the street corner.

But Francoise was uncorked. The story gurgled out, and the man who listened, knowing Elizabeth Vanderveck well, and belonging to the world upon which she had turned her back, understood, as the good-hearted woman of another class and of different traditions could not understand.

"Voilà," finished Francoise. "Voilà the story. It is of a meanness, that apartment house, and she had the air poor—but always the aristocrat. Already I have meditated upon the dinner, Monsieur. It shall be of the best. Watkins and I have made the bank account."

"If you would allow—"

The man's hand went to his pocket, but the French woman's face flushed.

"Pardon, Monsieur, no. It is I, Francoise, who offers the dinner. Mademoiselle permits. But it is this for which I ventured to stop Monsieur. I knew him to be an old friend of the family, and I said to myself, 'To dine alone is not right, on the Noël.' Then the dinner—more than one should appreciate it. Perhaps Monsieur Broughton would have the kindness not for me, but for the old friendship—"

She stuck fast, tangled in embarrassment—then went on breathlessly; "If you could but add to the pleasure—to the surprise—if you would but dine with Mademoiselle on Christmas Day. I would have all things ready, it would be like a dinner of the past. It is not good that one should see no old friend on the Noël, Monsieur!"

The man was as embarrassed as she—but with a difference.

"I should be glad to eat your dinner, Francoise, but—Mademoiselle—it would be an intrusion. She has never sent me word—she would have let me know if she had been willing I should come."

He was stammering like a boy.

"The pride, Monsieur—only the pride. A friend laughs at pride. And on Christmas Day—it is the season of good will, is it not—the season of the soft heart? The Christmas candles would melt the pride, Monsieur. You will come?"

He hesitated, then squared his shoulders.

"Yes, Francoise. I will go."

"*A la bonne heure!* There shall be *sole au vin blanc*."

"You will give me the address, and I may send flowers?"

"To me, Monsieur. It is to be a surprise."

She gave him the address.

"*Au revoir, Monsieur.* You are of a kindness. It shall be a success, that Christmas dinner."

She hurried on to Watkins.

DUDLEY BROUGHTON stopped a passing taxi and drove to his club. He could think better at the club. In fact, he found that he could do most things better at the club.

If it had not been for the excellence of that club, he might, perhaps, have—

His thoughts went back to the days when the Vandervecks lived in the old Vanderveck house and he was exceedingly at home there. He could remember Elizabeth's début. She was a pretty girl, a trifle cold and proud, even then, but he admired her—tranquilly. He was past enthusiasm over *débutantes*, and already dancing under protest. It was on her father's account



that he had drifted into the position of friend of the house. At least, that was what he had thought, but the *débutante* matured into a lovely woman, and he still admired her—tranquilly. She had stood as his standard for womanhood. He had felt that if he should marry, his wife would be like her. Probably he would marry some day—some far-off day. One ought to do that sort of thing, and Elizabeth—but one was so comfortable at the club. Marriage entailed responsibilities, curtailing of freedom, domestic difficulties, trouble with servants, bad dinners. At the club one had what one wanted, and one paid one's dues. That was all.

The gossips grew tired of connecting his name with Miss Vanderveck. Elizabeth was cordial, serene. She had admirers, a host of them, and each one went away, in time; but Dudley

Broughton still dined at the house regularly on Sundays and dropped in at all hours. He was a selfish man, not a vain one, and it never occurred to him that Elizabeth loved him. Of course he loved her. He accepted that fact as he accepted the sunsets, but things were very well as they were.

He was in India when the crash came; and months went by before he heard of the financial failure, with the ugly suggestions of disgrace hanging round it, and of Peyton Vanderveck's sudden death. He wrote to Elizabeth at once, but he had never heard from her. She had been courageous enough to do her own surgery, to walk off the stage before she could be elbowed from it. No one knew anything about her, save the family lawyer, and his lips were sealed.

Society gossiped, wondered, and then forgot the Vanderveck bankruptcy, in the Chittenden divorce. Even the real friends forgot, in time.

Thinking the story over as he dined, Dudley Broughton realized that he, too, had practically forgotten, though he had been sadly shaken up and hurt when he found that the one woman he admired—tranquilly—had dropped out of his life and made no sign to him. He had never realized that she had not understood—that she had not believed he would care.

Now she was in New York. He would see her—and something stirred in him that surprised him mildly.

He ate his dinner in perfunctory fashion, roamed into the smoking-room, ensconced himself in a big chair, lighted a cigar, and sat staring in the ceiling. Only once during the evening did he speak. A friend slapped him on the shoulder.

"My boy's half-back on the Yale team, Broughton," he said proudly.

Broughton lowered his gaze from the ceiling.

"Eh, what? Oh, yes. Nice boy?"

"Well, rather. I'm going down to the station to meet him now."

"How many children have you, Courtney?"

"Four; and they're the finest ever. My small girl makes her début this winter, and she's a winner. Why the deuce don't you marry, old man?"

He walked away.

Broughton relapsed into silence. After a time he put on his coat and hat and went to the theatre. For the first time the club seemed big and cheerless.

WHEN Elizabeth Vanderveck opened her door in the dusk of Christmas day, suggestions of festivity smote her nostrils. The scent of American Beauty roses mingled with an odor of highly seasoned cookery. Violets and lilies-of-the-valley defied the kitchen to do its worst.

For a moment the mistress of the place looked puzzled. Then she remembered. Evidently Francoise and her Watkins had taken possession while she had her long walk. Her lights were on. Her little front room was full of flowers. Surely Francoise could not have remembered her preference for valley lilies, yet there were masses of them on the little tea table.

The curtains between the tiny parlor and the tinier dining-room were drawn, and Miss Vanderveck smiled at the mystery in which this odd Christmas celebration of hers was shrouded. Still smiling, she sank wearily into a low chair, and, closing her eyes, sat quietly with the perfume of the lilies caressing her senses and old Christmas times drifting through her thoughts, until a subdued clatter

[Continued on page 64]

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black.
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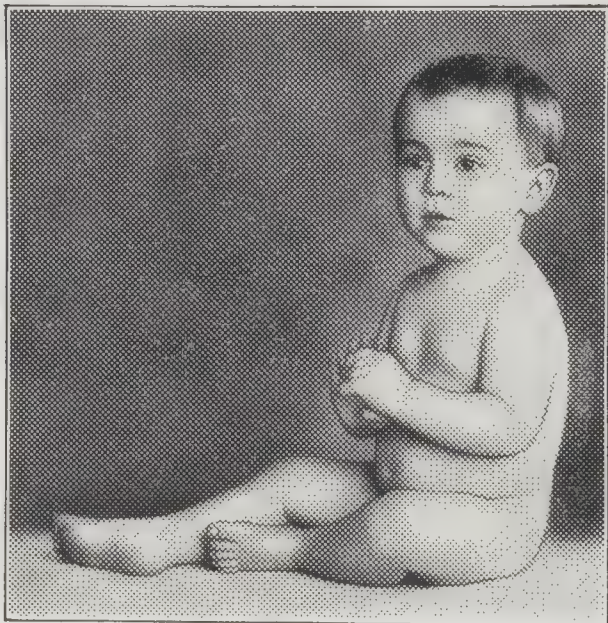


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T3

In the Light of the Christmas Candles

Continued from page 62

of china and glass, behind the curtains, roused her.

She must dress for her dinner. Depression and untidy hair would be a poor return for the friendliness of Francoise and Watkins. The occasion was festive; well, festive it should be, if she could make it so.

She went down the hall and into her bedroom, put away her coat and hat and turned to her mirror. The woman she saw there did not suggest gaiety. Her face rose pale and weary above the somber black of her gown, and her brown hair was brushed smoothly back from her brow. A sprinkling of gray showed in the brown, and Miss Vanderveck eyed it with gloomy disapproval. The disapproval extended itself to include the black gown. What place had black at a Christmas dinner?

A gleam of inspiration dawned in Miss Vanderveck's eyes, and with a certain shamefaced determination she opened a trunk, that stood in one corner of the room, and recklessly tossed its contents on the floor. Down at the bottom she found the thing of which she had been in search, and as she shook it out the light rioted over the glowing silken folds of rose color. She had kept no other gown of the kind. What had rose-color gowns to do with her life now? But this one had associations. It had been a favorite with old friends. It—well, she had kept it.

She rose to her feet with the brilliant burden in her arms, and looked from the gown to the mirror, from the mirror to the gown. Eight years had not made her lamentably old. She had a fancy to see what the vanities could do toward wiping out the traces of those dull years.

Her hair first. She let down the soft, brown mass, and drawing it loosely to the top of her head, fastened it in soft puffs and allowed it to wave fluffily about her face. The effect was encouraging, and the faint color in her cheeks deepened. After all, forty-two was not an appalling age, and why shouldn't one be good to look at even if there was no one to look?

She slipped into the shimmering pink gown. It was out of date as fashions go, but less so than it had been a scant year before; and it had been a picturesque gown in the first place, and it kept its art value. Miss Vanderveck's sloping white shoulders rose bare from out of a foam of fine old lace. They had always been good shoulders. Eight years had not changed them.

The forlorn figure in rusty black had faded out of the mirror. In its place was a slender woman with a delicate patrician face, who carried her head in regal and wore a superb gown with nonchalant grace.

"You could do it even now," she said enigmatically, and in the shadowy background of the mirror men's faces came and went. She had ruled right royally in the days when the pink gown was new.

She turned and trailed her filmy skirts down the narrow hall to the little living-room. She was living over again those days when the world went well.

IN THE doorway she paused, and from the corner of the dimly lighted room a man came to meet her. She was not surprised. He was a part of the dream, and she held out her hands to him graciously, as she had given them to him in the old days.

"Dudley," she said happily. There was no surprise in her voice—only tranquil acceptance of a great good.

He held out the slim white hands and looked at her with a vague wonder in his eyes. This was not the forlorn woman Francoise had described. This was Elizabeth at her best. He had forgotten that she was so lovely.

"Dinner is served."

Watkins stood in the dining-room doorway, dignified, imposing, outwardly imperturbable, though curiosity seethed within him.

Miss Vanderveck looked at him. He, too, was a part of the dream. She took her guest's arm and went with him into the little room where for a month past she had eaten her simple and solitary meals. Silver and cut-glass, fine napery, great bowls of roses flouted the close, crowding walls and the cheap furniture, and Watkins loomed large, irreproachable, serene, though the incongruity of his stage-setting might well have shattered a less masterly repose of manner.

The kitchen door was slightly ajar, and through the crack peered an appreciative eye, unseen but seeing.

Miss Vanderveck sank into her chair and looked across the roses at the man who sat opposite.

"It is good," she said simply, and his eyes repeated her words.

"You were unkind, unfair."

She nodded. "Yes; it seems the pessimists are all wrong. The world has a heart."

No more explanation. Out of the experience of years they understood, and the woman's pride melted, with the man's selfishness, in the flame of the Christmas candles.

Francoise was proven prophet.

They ate their oysters—those two who were finding themselves—and they did justice to course after course of a wonderful dinner.

Francoise was more than a prophet. She was a cook. Her dishes were worthy to belong in the dream.

It was a gay little dinner. Even Watkins lost a shade of his portentous solemnity and consented to see humor in the fact that there was barely room for him to squeeze between sideboard

and table, though up to the entrée the wound to his vanity rankled sorely.

Miss Vanderveck's cheeks grew pinker each time she met her old friend's eyes across the roses, and her voice held a tremulous little note, though she talked and laughed lightly.

The man watching her heard the thrill in her voice and saw some inner thrill stir into ripples the serenity of the steady brown eyes. The restless discontent that had wakened when he knew that she had come back into his life rose and beat against his indifferent egoism, and a touch of eager boyishness crept into his face and manner. How a man could waste the years, he thought, walk blindly side by side with happiness! [Continued on page 73]

ALWAYS DEPENDABLE



The Fruit of the Tree

Continued from page 17

was a weight that mocked him. He twisted and wriggled, digging his bare hands into the snow, until he could turn his head and glance upward. The rough trunk of the oak loomed above; a little hollow in the ground had saved Unger's life. His body lay wedged into this depression by a weight that, given a few more inches to fall, would have crushed flesh and bones to pulp. He could move his legs and arms, but otherwise he was held powerless, save that by great expense of strength he was able to lift his head and shoulders a little way.

Unger was not hurt so far as he could tell, but at the end of a few seconds his feeling of relief passed. It was no small matter to be pinned down by a tree. His hands grew cold and it was only after considerable exertion that he drew them together and washed his stiffening fingers in snow. A sudden chill went through him and he remembered that a flannel shirt and undershirt were all his protection against a temperature well below zero. The heat of exercise had passed and sweat was congealing in his hair. Already there was a mound of ice along his beard. Grudgingly he admitted to himself that it was necessary to call for help, only to realize, with cold striking into his heart, that there was no one to hear.

The nearest house was Esau Unger's own, down on the river road, and beyond that lay the house that Phinney rented. The strongest voice could not reach to either of them from the mountain-side. He had told Martha not to expect him for mid-day dinner. At best a searching party could not be expected until well into the evening, and Unger knew that he would be frozen long before nightfall. He was no coward, but at the thought of death creeping slowly upon his helplessness he raised his voice and bellowed a call for help that went echoing away from the granite cliffs of Old Roundtop. Again and again he shouted and the echoes drifted back in feeble cries.

Unger was not beset by panic, and after a little time he ceased to call out and began to struggle, for if there were any chance of getting free it behooved him to find it before his strength waned. Long since sensation had left his feet and now his fingers were growing numb. He raised himself, turtle-wise, and pulled and jerked at his cumbered body. The muscles knotted across his shoulders and he strained until faintness touched him, but it was all without result. He dropped back and lay panting with his face against the snow.

That desperate effort for freedom had taught the imprisoned man one thing. He could keep alive as long as he had strength to struggle, for the exercise had stirred his blood again. So he began to twist and squirm and in that way worked up a little glow of heat. It seemed to him that he had been rolling his head and working his arms for indefinite years when a dead branch cracked. Unger braced himself to the difficult task of lifting his head. Nahum Phinney was standing on snowshoes twenty feet away, watching his writhings.

FOR a brief time the men looked at each other in silence. At first Unger was in a measure stunned by the shock of sudden deliverance, and then his heart misgave him that perhaps this was not deliverance after all. For Phinney did not speak nor stir. He stood and looked. Something of disinterestedness in his air chilled the man on the ground more than the cold. But although Unger was shaken he was not afraid and a part of his old contempt for Phinney returned.

"Get me out, man!" he ordered. "I'm almost froze! Can't you see what's happened?"

Nahum Phinney did not move. He continued to look down at Unger with expressionless eyes.

"Little Emmy's purty sick and I'm hurrying 'cross lots to the village after the doctor," he explained. "Don't believe I got time to get you out, Mr. Unger. It would take quite a spell."

Esau Unger gasped with astonishment. He had

never besought help of any man before; but never before had he been unable to help himself. For a moment he hardly knew what to say. "You ain't going to leave me here?" he asked. "I'll die!"

"You knowed the tree was going to fall, didn't you. Phinney looked almost accusing.

"Course I did," growled Unger. "It twisted round and then I stumbled over a cussed root."

"It ain't my fault you wa'n't more foresighted, is it. I didn't put the root there, did I?"

Suddenly Esau Unger realized that he was being mocked with words out of his own mouth, and by a little man whom he had mentally compared to a rabbit. He was not as angry as he might have been, for cold and dread had worn him down. Then, too, there was amazement at the failure of his own self-sufficiency. So it was not hard to speak calmly.

"You ain't mad about this morning, be you?" He made an attempt to laugh. "Well, the joke's on me, all right. You get me out of here and you can have all the time you want making that payment: say two or three months, if you got to have it."

He expected that this would settle the matter.

"Much obliged, Mr. Unger, but I don't want no time." The little man's voice droned monotonously. "I see Peter Sayre after I left you and I'm figgering to move onto his place tomorrow—Christmas. I ain't asking no favors and I ain't giving none."

Phinney stopped and carefully retied the thong that bound one of his snowshoes. Unger struggled with a growing belief that the other intended to leave him to die. He would have to beg, but it was a bitter pill to swallow.

"Phinney," he began, "I—I'm kind of sorry about this morning. Mebbe I ought to have been easy on you. Tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a hundred dollars, cash money, to get this tree off me!"

Then Nahum Phinney straightened up and increased in stature until he was no longer like a rabbit. With blazing eyes he pointed one mittened hand at Unger.

"You ain't fit to live!" he thundered. "You ain't so good as that tree

[Continued on page 66]

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The Fruit of the Tree

Continued from page 65

you jest cut down! A tree don't go in its kind like you do. What's God or Christmas or kindness to you? You was going to turn my sick baby outdoors like I wouldn't turn a sick dog out! It's wuth more to get the doctor quick for my little Emmy than it is to help a feller such as you be! God Almighty ain't got no use for critters that turns sick babies into the snow! Nor I ain't, either! Freeze, damn ye!"

Phinney turned and started off with swinging strides. Unger, dazed and sickened and despairing, listened as the flap of the snowshoes grew fainter and finally died away. He was doomed. A groan of impotence and self-pity shook him. Then the meaning of all that Nahum Phinney had said began to take shape in his mind until it stood out as sharp and clear as the snow crystals before his eyes. For the first time in his life he wondered if God and such things did make a difference. He tried to summon back his old resolution, but it failed him utterly and he let his face fall into the snow. He was alone with death.

UNGER did not know whether minutes or hours were passing but he lay quietly and waited for the end that he could feel descending upon him. He was too weak to struggle now. He did not blame Phinney much. His greatest concern was for Martha, his wife, and that concern took hold upon trivial things. It must have hurt her when he compared Christianity to "spoon vittles," for that was the most contemptuous comparison he knew how to make. There were other things, also, and so full was his mind that when the flap of snowshoes came to his ears he doubted that the sound was real. Then his head was lifted and the voice of Nahum Phinney spoke in its accustomed tones.

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Unger," it said. "I didn't understand jest what I was a-doing, going off and leaving a human being like that. It was an awful mean thing to do and I hope you won't lay it up agin me. It wasn't Christian, nohow."

Esau Unger said not a word as Phinney spread a cot beneath his head. The pinioned man was trembling from cold and exhaustion, but these were not what kept him silent. He was thinking with a kind of awe of the thing that had brought Phinney back to the aid of an enemy when his child lay ill. This thing would have been foolishness to him a few hours before but now it began to take hold upon his feelings and slowly upon his understanding.

"It ain't nigh so bad as I figgered, Mr. Unger," announced Phinney cheerfully, as he pulled off his mittens and picked up the axe. "You jest keep your courage up and I'll have you out in two shakes of a lamb's tail. You was hit by one of them two big limbs, but it's a mercy you wa'n't killed, jest the same. Guess I can cut a pole to pry it up, all right. Ain't no bones broke, be they?"

"No," answered Unger. Phinney's patter of encouragement was wonderfully grateful to him and he marveled at his own thoughts. Christmas and Christianity and Nahum Phinney went

together, he had said to his wife that morning. Now he remembered the words with astonishment at their new meaning. He heard the chug of the axe with a warmth in his heart for the despised little man.

Talking and working with equal rapidity, Phinney, now freed from his snowshoes, kicked the snow away from the limb between Unger and the fork. Then he put down the section of a thick branch that he had cut and over it worked the end of a strong pole until that end was well under the limb that held Unger imprisoned. The pole acted as a perfect lever.

IT WAS minutes before Esau Unger could stand upright, and half an hour before he could walk without an arm flung over the shoulder of Nahum Phinney, who had gossiped cheerfully as he kneaded life into the legs and arms of the man he had saved.

"You better change all your clothes jest as quick as you get home, Mr. Unger," he advised, "and soak your feet in mustard water to-night. If it wa'n't for little Emmy I'd go clear home with you. I'd jest as lief go anyway, if you want me."

"You hustle right along after that doctor!" ordered Unger, with a touch of his old manner.

"Well, I guess mebbe I better," replied Phinney.

He hurriedly bound on his snowshoes and started up the slope

of the spur.

"Much obliged, Nahum!" Unger called out. "Almighty much obliged!"

Phinney turned and waved his hand, and there was something shining in his fact that the other man had not seen there before.

Unger tightened the belt of his jacket and went down toward the valley that he had thought he would never see again. The chill was rapidly going from him and his blood warmed.

Martha Unger had just finished baking and Esau glimpsed many brown loaves and fat pies on the pantry broadshelf. His wife turned from the stove and gazed at him.

"What's happened?" she cried. "What brought you home at this time of day, and all over dirt?"

"Nothing much," he answered awkwardly. "I brought down that Christmas tree you wanted for the Phinney young 'uns."

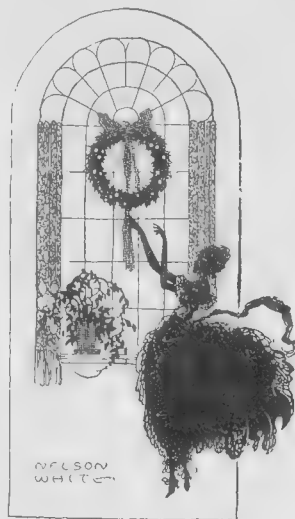
"Good land o' Goshen!" The pie-knife slipped out of her hand and clattered to the floor.

Just as quick as I change my clothes," he went on, doggedly, I want you to pack up some pies and truck and go over to Nahum Phinney's with me. Might take along a hunk of beef, too. One of the little gals ain't very well, and Nahum's gone for the doctor."

It was plain that Martha Unger's world was trembling. She sat down limply in a chair.

"Esau Unger, you're sick!" she cried. "You better go straight to bed!"

"I ain't sick, neither!" Esau bristled, but he avoided his wife's eyes. "Ain't a man got a right to help his neighbors, I'd like to know?" Ain't they human critters, jest like us?"



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The Judge's Strange Disk

Continued from page 14

larger than the American dollar, made of copper, bronze, or some such metal. In the centre a round hole. It was evidently of great age, and a strip of more modern copper had been molded around it to strengthen the disk, weakened by the cracks left by the passing of time.

"Did you ever get this translated?" I eagerly asked the judge.

"Yes and no," he replied. "I have had it shown to those supposed to be expert in subjects of this kind, have had photographic copies sent to the authorities of famous museums, and to other places of the sort; they all agree as to the antiquity of the talisman, placing the period of its creation anywhere from 1,500 to 4,000 years ago, and even farther back. I have several attempts at deciphering contained in letters here, but in them, as in some other instances, the interpreter has frankly admitted being puzzled."

Judge Harrison then opened a drawer in his desk and handed me letters from three specialists. From the first I read:

"This contains the Emperor's orders to his subjects to keep the law of six rules and nine chapters, which is one of the fundamental theories in the belief of Kwas philosophy."

The next letter was explicit and came from the curator of one of the most important institutes of the kind in America. He wrote:

"The long inscription on the one side is as follows: 'Tai Shang's charm says: Heaven is round, and earth square. The six rules and nine regulations. Wherever the spirit of this charm shall visit, all devils shall be exterminated. Let this immediate command be carried out with all dispatch.'"

"The other side has the right lucky symbols, known as Pa Qua, with the Chinese equivalents."

The third communication was also from an authority of more than national repute. He said:

"It is a charm of the Taoists. One side gives the eight diagrams from the Book of Changes, with the names in Ancient Chinese characters. The other side reads: 'The Heaven is round while the earth is square,' with six musical rules and nine mathematical formulas in between. 'Wherever the god of charms go, all evil spirits disappear.'"

And adds: "The inscriptions on the medallion are of very ancient Chinese and Persian origin."

"Taoists!" I said to Judge Harrison, "why, that is the philosophy of Lao-Tze; he called his Tao-teh-king, 'The Book of the Perfection of Nature,' said to be a kind of cosmogony containing all the fundamental tenets of Esoteric Cosmogony." The Judge nodded.

"I seem to remember, too," I added, that a famous Sinologist, one Pauthier, remarked that 'Human Wisdom can never use language more holy or profound.' Judge Harrison inclined his head, saying: "But notice that the other authority favors the Book of Changes, which, as I suppose you know, is the Chinese Kabbalah, said to have been written about 3,000 B.C. A most

abstruse system of mental and moral philosophy, with a scheme of universal relation and divination."

"However," Judge Harrison continued, "you will remember that Sun Ming Shu favored the Northern Buddhist origin; that the disk was a talisman used in that religion; he associated it with Kwan Yin, the female logos, so-called."

"I have heard of Kwan Yin," I replied. "In fact I remember once reading a striking pledge attributed to that personage. It goes like this:

'Never will I seek nor receive private individual salvation;

'Never will I enter into final peace (Nirvana) alone;

'But forever and everywhere, I will work for the liberation of all beings.'"

"It is evident, then, that the translators have not definitely identified or fully read, or understood the purpose of the disk?"

"Exactly."

"But what happened to the other disks; didn't you mention a number of them?" I enquired.

"Yes, there were altogether sixty-four, the square of eight, and a local translator, if I may call him that, suggested that eight, which he seemed to read on one side, figured in some mystical combination such as are employed in the Quabbala. The other disks were at once taken up by the Chinese in the cities and all quickly disappeared, the Chinese preserving on the subject even more than their usual reticence."

"However, Sun Ming Shu later told me that some Chinese officials in Peking who were shown a disk, professed to identify it as dating from 2,000 B.C. in the reign of Emperor—I forget his name, in which period there is a record of a Chinese general setting forth on an expedition which may have reached this coast. I was also told the name of the general, but cannot now recall it, though remember that Sun Ming Shu said a statue or monument to the general is in Ceylon, which is the headquarters for the Southern Church or, I should say branch of the Buddhist religion."

"I WAS recently reading a definition of a talisman," I remarked as Judge Harrison concluded, "which as I recall it went something like this: 'An object whether in stone, metal or sacred wood, often a piece of parchment, filled with characters and images traced under certain planetary influences in magical

formulae, given by one versed in occult sciences to one unversed, either with the object of preserving him from evil, or for the accomplishment of certain desires. The greatest virtue and efficacy of the talisman, however, resides in the faith of its possessor; not because of the credulity of the latter or that it possesses no virtue, but because faith is a quality endowed with a most potent creative power; and, therefore — unconsciously to the believer — intensifies a hundredfold the power originally imparted to the talisman by its maker.' (That was the substance of my words, at this writing

[Continued on page 68]



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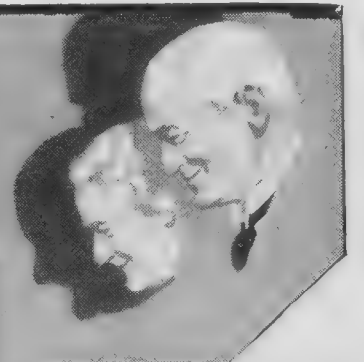
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Christmas Eve

By J. Ray Tooke

OUT of the eastern sky, soft on the retreat of a dying sun, twilight comes creeping. A strange, pulsating twilight flecked with the gleam of stars. The earth in the light of a half-hid moon, lies tense, expectant, clothed in new whiteness. An ecstatic thrill is in the air. It is the eve of Christmas.

Once again the heart of humanity is lifted up with a buoyancy only half understood by many, sheepishly denied by thousands. Once again smile answers smile on faces that have worn frowns for many weeks. Cheery greetings ring out through the night air. They echo over frozen prairie from the doors of snow-banked shacks as neighbor bids good-night to neighbor at the door; they ring back and forth across the streets of every hamlet and village from coast to coast; they mingle with the noise of traffic in the busy city as burdened, hurrying men and women greet each other—"Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" "Same to you!"

Once again the brotherhood of man comes near to realization. Indifference, greed, selfishness are swallowed up in the spirit of peace on earth goodwill toward men! On the eve of the greatest anniversary of the year, a spark of the divine glows in the heart of mankind.

For three hundred and sixty four days in the year, people have found gratification in accumulating, hoarding. On the eve of Christmas in the light that shines over the centuries from the manger in Bethlehem, selfishness is put to shame, gratification comes only in giving, in the making of others happy.

On this night, mite boxes, charity pots, receive strange contributions; pennies from toil-grimed hands, silver from kid-gloved fingers, crisp bills that slip furtively down the edge of

the pot. Votive offerings all, mute evidence of the influence of the gospel of love.

At brokened-paned doors, messenger boys stand with generous hampers; shop-keepers slip extra packages into the orders of their customers. To give, to give, to smile, to laugh, to pass on a wish for happiness. This is the spirit of the night. It is in the air, it shines from the stars, it glistens from every ragged snow flake drifting lazily to earth.

The evening grows. In the city, the last shopper disappears from the street. Majestic chords steal out from stately churches where candles gleam and worshippers gather for midnight service.

Slowly, softly still the snow drifts down, heaven's gift to earth, a new white blanket for the great holiday. Across the land the movement is homeward.

Home! To-night the word has a new meaning. Husband and wife are gay together, the night has exalted their position. They are Santa Claus, giver of joy and happiness. As they tiptoe into a bedroom to deposit a doll, a train, a bright ball, their hearts beat in unison. Side by side over the cot of a sleeping babe they stand joint-heirs with Him whose cradle was a manger.

At last lights burn low, fires sputter and go out. A silence steals across the land; a silence that is deep yet somehow stirring as though alive. From somewhere in the night the sound of music comes; a lone cornetist, a Salvation Army band or perhaps just the music of the stars in solemn chant—

"Holy night! peaceful night!

All is dark save the light

Yonder where they sweet vigil keep

O'er the Babe Who in silent sleep

Rests in heavenly peace,

Rests in heavenly peace."

The Judge's Strange Disk

Continued from page 67

copied from a book in exact phraseology) "Have you ever had any evidence of its bringing good luck?"

Judge Harrison smiled. "As to any potencies it may possess, I really cannot say; it has not been personally used by me since it came into my possession and I gave it to (here he named a relative); I believe that it has not yet been worn on anyone's person, which is apparently one of the requirements necessary for it to work."

"Then," I concluded, "you have no knowledge of anything mystical connected with it?"

Judge Harrison thoughtfully and slowly answered:

"Well, I can hardly say that. But I know this: After the talisman had been laid away for years in my safe, I one day loaned it to someone. While it was in his possession," the Judge continued, as he rolled, lit and smoked another cigarette, "I met one day in the streets of Victoria a Chinaman whom I will call, say, Shan Yin. He was, in fact, a high official connected with the late Imperial regime there and was in Canada on a mission, and I would rather not use his true name. I knew that he was of mandarin rank and very highly regarded by the then government of China.

Shan Yin stopped me on Government Street, and after talking about matters of current interest in the affairs of that day, he said:

"Oh, by the way, Judge Harrison, I also have one of those talismans

found so mysteriously and given to you by Sun Ming Shu."

"They are indeed of great age and of a value not to be measured in your Western coinage; yes, mine is the same as the one in your possession, or rather, I should say, just now in the possession of—" and he named the one I had entrusted it to; now the present owner. And without another word except good-bye, Shan Yin smilingly moved away.

"The question is: How did Shan Yin know that for the first time in years I had placed the talisman in the keeping of another?"

"He could not have been told by anyone, as on enquiry I found that the bearer of the talisman did not know Shan Yin and had never mentioned the disk to any local people.

"Well, all I can say as to the disk," Judge Harrison added as I rose to go, "except that of its finding, of its age, and of its being an original, I am as sure as of any fact which I have seen judicially determined."

As I stepped out into the blue night, with sky partly hidden by the thick leaves of many drooping branches, I silently said to the great gnarled oaks so numerous in the grounds: "Your age may be reckoned in many decades, even in generations, but I have that in my breast which has passed through the uncounted centuries, for the talisman of Sun Ming Shu went away with me—to be photographed for this article.



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Merry Moments

By Evelyn Overton

CHRISTMAS-TIME is playtime for grown-ups as well as children, for there are church, community and house parties galore. Grown-up parties are apt to be stiff, especially if all the guests are not acquainted. The hostess is to be pitied when her guests get together in little groups and chat, or look helplessly at one another, with their eyes on the clock.

Here are a few games that will cause laughter and warm things up. As a preliminary to a large gathering, each person can turn to his neighbor and give his own name. This forms an introduction.

A game where you don't sit on the same chair two minutes is good for getting together.

"Wink" can be played by any number, the more the merrier. A circle of chairs is formed, ladies seated and men standing behind. One lady stands in the centre. The fun begins when a gentleman winks at another lady. She immediately runs to his chair while the lady occupying it makes a bee-line for the empty chair. However, the extra lady has been watching her opportunity and has grabbed the seat. This leaves the unlucky one in the centre. Another

way of playing this game is to spin a tray in the centre of the floor. While the tray spins everyone changes seats. The spinner tries to find himself a seat, and the one without one, spins the tray.

After a short time, the guests, breathless, are ready for quieter amusement. Provided you have lots of pencils and paper, "Consequences" is a good game. Everyone is given a piece of paper and a pencil. You direct the game as follows: "Write the name of a well-known man," fold down the paper once, so as to cover the name and pass it to your neighbor. You then say "Write what he is wearing," fold it down and pass it on. Then follows the name of a well-known lady, what she wears, where they met, what he said to her, what she said to him, where they went—and the "consequences." The sheets are collected, shuffled, distributed, and each person reads the one he has, filling in the necessary connecting words. The idea is to make the whole thing as silly as possible.

While you still have pencils and paper handy try illustrating popular songs. This means drawing, and much laughter is caused by the crude attempts at depicting songs in pictures—"Old Black Joe," "Long, long Trail," "I'm knee-deep in daisies," "It's three o'clock in the morning" and many others are mirth-provoking when collected and displayed. The artist's name should be on the front, and title of song on reverse side of sheet. Prize may be awarded to the best drawing or the one guessing the most titles.

Another game for a small party is guessing advertisements. Cut out about two dozen popular ads. from magazines, some very similar, and lay on a table. With paper and pencil the guests endeavor to list the goods advertised. This is very interesting and a prize goes to the one getting the most right.

"Mottoes" is noise-making. One group goes out of the room and selects a motto, one word for each person. They come in again and at a signal, all shout their particular word. It is the task of those in the room to guess the motto from the uproar of indistinguishable sounds.

Charades is another such game but a word of several syllables is acted, and the group in the room have to guess the word from actions. Words like catastrophe (cat-ass-trophy), watch-man, sweet-heart, sun-flower, tooth-ache, waist-coat, foot-man, back-bite, and many others may be acted, and guessed.

"Adverbs" is a game for large parties. One person leaves the room and the others choose an adverb, such as "angrily," "laughingly," "noisily," "slyly." When he returns he asks each person a question and the reply must be silently acted in the manner of the adverb. There will be much mirth at the histrionic talents displayed and will continue until the adverb is found.

A man's hat and a pack of cards provides quiet amusement. The player sits at an agreed distance from the hat, leans forward, right elbow on right knee and endeavors to toss the cards into the hat. The one getting the most cards in, wins.

Musical chairs is an old stand-by for noise-making and getting acquainted. Place chairs one way and the other, side by side in a row. Someone plays the piano, the guests marching round the chairs. When the pianist stops, each flops into a seat. As there is one chair less than the number of guests at the start, one is "out." A chair is taken away each time the music stops. The winner is the one getting the last chair. Musical arms can be substituted if chairs are not available. A row is formed by the men and hands are placed on hips alternately. The music starts and the ladies march round. When the music stops each lady seeks to link her arm in that of a man. As with the chairs, a man is taken away each time and much laughter ensues as the men grow less in number.

And if you don't mind the consequences, try this one which will keep everyone laughing. Place an empty milk bottle on a smooth floor. Invite someone to sit on it lengthwise, feet crossed straight out in front. A lighted candle is held out at the side in one hand, and an unlighted one on the other side. The idea is to balance oneself on the bottle, lighting the one candle from the other.

A Daily Creed

By E. Gardner-Smith

Along life's way, what'er betide,
May this resolve my actions guide:
To do my part in heaven's plan
In service to my fellow man,
To strive to help those in distress
And ease the loads that on them press,
To bring a smile to troubled face
Care's tracery there to erase,
To keep an always open mind
And see the best in all mankind—
Oh may this be my living creed
To do each day some kindly deed.

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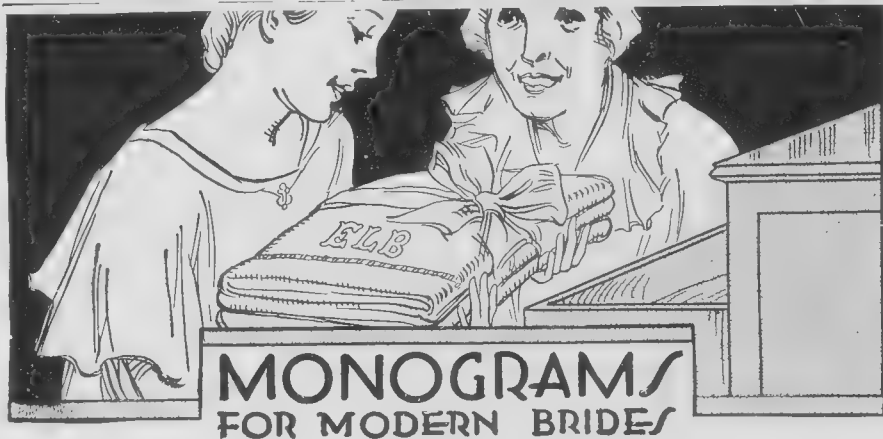
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TORONTO CANADA

Christmas Away From Home

By Marjorie Pearman

MANY of our readers will, no doubt, find themselves far from home when Christmas comes but this does not necessarily mean that they will be unhappy. The secret of enjoyment lies in the attitude of the individual towards the circumstances in which he finds himself. If he bemoans his fate and begins pitying himself for weeks before the festive season he will find it impossible to enjoy the pleasures that surround him or to appreciate the efforts made by those around him to give him a good time. On the other hand the person who makes up his mind to be happy will probably end by gaining an appreciation of the true spirit of Christmas which is far deeper than any he has had before.

The secret of obtaining happiness in every walk of life is to think of what one has rather than of the friends one has to do without. Canadians are wonderfully hospitable and seem to make a special effort to look after those who are far from home. One cannot help being moved by the generosity of those who are willing to invite people whom they have never seen to share their Christmas festivities—the writer actually had this experience. It is true that no two families celebrate in exactly the same way, but the added interest of a Christmas spent away from home is due to this very fact, so no one need object to it. Homesickness vanishes when one is interested in all that is going on, so the newcomers aim should be to find out Canadian customs rather than dwell on what was done in the "Old Country."

One of the most interesting Christmas holidays the writer ever had was spent in the bosom of a French Catholic family. Madame was a widow and most grateful to the English "Miss" for having found a governess for her small daughter; she therefore tried to show her gratitude by combining French and English Christmas festivities. Christmas eve was comparatively uneventful as the majority of presents are given for the New Year rather than for Christmas. Decorations were practically non-existent so there was plenty of time for conversation while waiting to go to the midnight mass. Shortly before the party left for Church Madame asked everyone to bring a pair of shoes to the Drawing Room; when this had been done she carefully locked herself in and when she at last came out no one was allowed to enter. At the Mass the most ardent Protestant could not but be impressed when on the stroke of midnight the Choir, composed mainly of children, began singing "O come let us adore Him" in Latin. The model of the stable at Bethlehem was just beside the High Altar, with a bright tinsel star shining

above it and real sand in front of it. When the Mass was over everyone went home. Madame had scarcely crossed the hall before she announced that Father Christmas had visited the house in our absence. We all hurried into the Drawing Room and found our shoes filled with gifts while others lay on the floor. By this time it was one o'clock in the morning and we opened our presents rather sleepily; before we had finished indefatigable "Madame" told us that supper was ready. We found a table laden with dainties, including the oysters which every Frenchman seems to expect at Christmas. When everyone had apparently done justice to what was on the table Madame disappeared to return a moment later with *An English Plum Pudding!* My friend and I gave each other one look of despair and then prepared for action. Madame had written to an English friend for the recipe in order that she might give the English girls their beloved pudding! There was no doubt about it, we had to eat some—so we asked for more black coffee and renounced the hope of a speedy departure to our bedrooms. That pudding was an excellent specimen but two o'clock in the morning is certainly not an ideal hour for eating plum puddings. When we at last crept into bed it was three o'clock.

Next morning everyone slept in—there were no stockings to unload—all the little family presents had been exchanged and everyone had been to Church. There was no Christmas tree and the day was one of the most uneventful ones of the year. Madame's mother came to lunch but we did not have another plum pudding in her honor either then or at dinner time. That was perhaps the most peaceful Christmas day I have ever spent but it was certainly welcome after the numerous activities of the previous night. As the years go by the details will fade away but the memory of Madame's effort to make her English visitors feel at home will remain as vivid as ever—for that alone it was worth while spending Christmas in France.

Hospitality, like the quality of mercy, "blesseth him that gives and him that takes" so those who are welcomed in Canadian homes this Christmas will not be the only ones to benefit from the good fellowship established—all concerned are likely to have a much deeper appreciation of the true spirit of Christmas and to enjoy it more heartily. So cheer up if you are dreading the glad season! If, on the other hand, you have your home here, open its doors to someone less fortunate for a few hours at any rate—it will not hurt you and it may make a great deal of difference to a person far from home.

Little Son

(Born on Christmas Day)

By Vera V. Robertson

A little son lying close so close to Mother's heart,
You were the perfect gift that came to us last year.
My travail moans and your first sudden cries
Were mingled with the carols singing through the air.

Ah little son lying close so close to Mother's heart,
Some time the story of the Christ Child will be told to you
With awe you'll learn the meaning of our Christmas Day,
And won't you little son be proud it is your birthday too?



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Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE. Above is a picture of an old man. Concealed about the picture is the faces of his 7 daughters. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties handwriting and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply to

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ABSORBINE
Heals Cuts
and Sores

Good Will Toward Men

Continued from page 21

Christmas cactus?"

"Wait, Jeanie, wait!" Nellie ran to the little, home-made bookcase at the far end of the room and brought forth a magazine. Frantically she turned over the pages. Oh! if there should be no colored pictures of Christmas trees! Ah, happy fate! There was a full-page colored picture of a great tree burdened down with tinsel, lights and decorations.

"Look, Jeanie! A Christmas tree— isn't it beautiful!"

The little girl looked at it critically for a moment and then frowned in disapproval.

"Tisn't very big," she said. "I'd like it big like me."

"Oh, honey," laughed her mother, "that is just a picture. A real Christmas tree is tall and beautiful—as tall as Mother."

"Daddy's comin'!" shouted Ted from his place by the window and they all hurried to the door.

"John," breathed Nellie with relief. "I'm so thankful that you've got home. I was beginning to worry. Where did you get all the parcels! Here, let me carry some."

The little kitchen bustled with excitement as John made several trips back and forth to the sleigh. The last parcel that he brought into the house, he laid in Nellie's arms. She looked down in amazement at the contents and a radiant smile came over her face like sunshine breaking through a cloud.

"A turkey! John, I can't believe it. Where in the world did you get it?"

"That's a deep, dark secret," laughed John as he brushed his cold cheek against her warm one. "I've had that turkey owing to me for some time—I paid for it months ago, so I just went and got it today."

"Oh, I'm just so delighted with it, John. It will be a real Christmas after all. I'll bet that Sam Porter brought that out from town for you. Lem Johnson may keep his high-priced, pure-bred bronze turkeys."

The parcels were put away to be opened and admired after the children were in bed and the precious turkey was hung in the tiny front hall where the temperature was not far from freezing.

There was nothing in the parcels from the east that warmed Nellie's heart as that turkey did. In the chilly bedroom, getting ready for bed that night, she sat immersed in thought, then suddenly giggled to herself like a child.

"What's the joke?" queried John.

"That turkey! Just think how grand it is going to look when I carry it in on the platter, all brown and shining. Why it will last for days, it must weigh fifteen or sixteen pounds."

"Easily that, but get to bed before you catch cold in this refrigerated room."

IT WAS Christmas eve and dusk was softly creeping over the broad, white prairie. John was finishing the milking while Nellie bustled about her triple-purpose kitchen. It was a very unpretentious room but so cheery and cozy that the very grace of its simplicity entranced one. The range glowed and the reflection from the front made

a bright spot on the hooked rug where Ted sat playing.

Jeanie stood gazing at the gorgeous splendor of a picture that was tacked beneath the lamp shelf. It was the Christmas tree picture that had been cut from the magazine.

"Where does the Christmas tree live?" she asked.

"Away off, many, many miles from here," answered her mother.

"And does the little tree mind getting chopped down?"

"Not if it is to give girls and boys pleasure."

Nellie went into the hall and came back with the turkey, which she commenced to clean and dress. Such a beauty as it was, plump and white as could be. She dreaded to think what John must have paid for such a fowl, but she was in raptures to realize that at last they had turkey for Christmas. The children stood at one end of the table and watched the process with solemn awe.

An icy blast from the door caused Nellie to turn quickly and she was surprised to see John standing there, gazing at her with a peculiar expression.

"What is it, John? Are you ill?" she cried, hurrying forward.

"No, no," he replied with an uneasy laugh. "I think that you had better put the turkey away in the pantry and set the table as quickly as you can. Lem Johnson is coming up the road, I know his big sleds, and he will probably be here for supper I—I—don't want to have him around here any longer than necessary."

"Why certainly," said Nellie, with ready intuition. "Here, Jeanie, take this dishcloth and wipe off the table. I'll finish the turkey after supper. It is all ready to stuff. John, you should have seen the fat that I took from that bird. It is a wonder."

John went out to meet Lem and Nellie flew about, mixing up a batter for hot cakes. Soon the little kitchen was redolent with the odor of cooking. Nellie spread the blue and white cloth on the table and Jeanie's chubby fingers placed the dishes and cutlery in their proper places.

Suddenly Ted, who was standing by the window, shouted in great excitement, "Quick, Mummie! Come quick!"

The door opened and the two men entered dragging an object behind them. Nellie started forward, a look of bewilderment on her face.

"A tree! A Christmas tree!" she gasped in an awed whisper. "Is it ours? It's five years since I've seen one. Where did you get it?"

Lem Johnson stamped the snow from his feet and removed his fur cap. Nellie's surprise and delight seemed to give him a curious satisfaction and he smiled slowly. It was the first time that Nellie had ever seen him smile and she marvelled how it softened the lines of his face.

"I got it in town, Mrs. Burton. I was in to the station yesterday and there was a freight standing there taking water. I caught sight of that tree in on top of a car of coal. I don't know why I bothered to take it for I hadn't anyone at home to give

[Continued on page 72]

You boil baby's bottle

..but what about the germs
on other things
he touches?

IF baby's hands never touched anything but his bottle—if he never put anything else in his mouth—then you'd rarely need to worry about germs.

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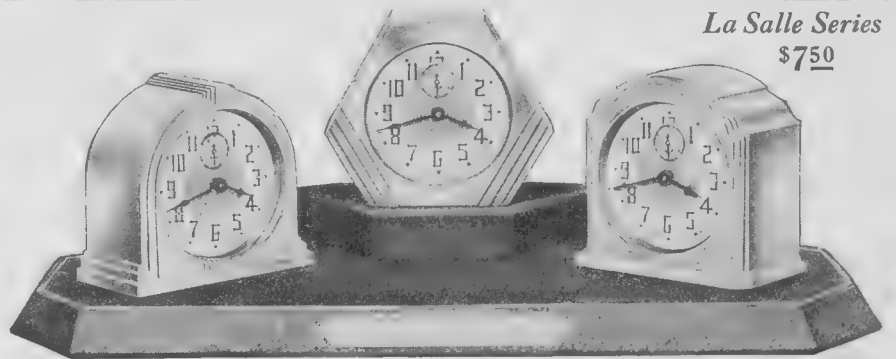
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KOLOR-BAK—Imparts Color to Gray Hair



Good Will Toward Men

Continued from page 71

it to, but the sight of those green boughs just took me back to when I was a boy at home. I took the thing back to the ranch and stood it up in the corner of the kitchen and last night I dreamed about the fool thing. It was on my mind all morning too and then I thought about you folks being my nearest neighbors and about your kiddies, so here it is."

Nellie stood smiling up at him, face flushed with excitement and hands and hair powdered with flour.

"Lem Johnson, you've been an angel in disguise," she cried, her voice vibrant with feeling. "You'll never know how much happiness you have brought to me and these children." She laid her hand impulsively on the sleeve of his fur coat. "Stay and share Christmas with us. It is going to be a wonderful Christmas. Just think! a tree and a turkey!"

John started at Nellie's words and turning to Lem, said abruptly, "I guess maybe you would rather not stay. It will be a very modest celebration compared with any that you could have at your own place. We'll put the blankets over the horses while we have a bite of supper."

Lem looked toward Nellie as if begging her indulgence then turned again to John, but found no encouragement there.

"If Mrs. Burton really meant that invitation, I'll stay. It is ten years since I had a Christmas with anyone—not since I came to this country."

AS THE men entered the low, soot barn, John hung the lantern on a nail and glanced with suspicion at Lem. "You will be going after supper?" he inquired rather suggestively. "I'm not sure," was the response.

"There seems to be a wind getting up," continued John. "If this snow ever starts to drift the roads will be blocked for days."

"Yes, I imagine they will," agreed the other.

"We'll hurry supper through as quickly as possible so that you will not be detained."

"I may be staying over," commented Lem.

John stepped forward and looked Lem squarely in the face, saying as he did so, "You heard what she said about a turkey. I guess you know where I got it—I stole it from you," he added with daring candor.

"I know you did," replied Lem quietly. "I saw you when you took it."

"And still you brought us that tree!" exclaimed John with incredulity.

"Yes," said the other with a deprecatory shrug. "After you had crept back to the road I thought it all out. I've known you for five years, John, and I never knew you to do a dishonest thing so I figured that you must think that that turkey was coming to you, else you would never have

taken it. I guessed it was on account of that half day that I cheated you on and you're right too. I—I've been a hard man—I figured that one could get along in this country without friends as long as they had plenty of money but I've been realizing these last two days what a lonesome man I am. I reckoned that this season of the year was about as good a time as any to square myself. Now if you don't hold any spite I'd like to put the horses up and stay for tomorrow, just to see the kiddies with their tree."

"I'd like to pay for that turkey," said John with embarrassment. "I'd feel much better about it, for I guess if it comes down to the fine point I really did steal it."

"Forget it!" commanded Lem gruffly. "I'm feeling pretty small myself when I think of the happy look on Mrs. Burton's face. I should have been sending over a turkey every Christmas." He then gave John explicit injunctions to keep the truth of the matter from Nellie.

As the men entered the soft glow of the warm kitchen, the young wife looked up with a

shining face.

"Hurry up, you boys. The hot cakes will soon be ruined and I have a dozen jobs for both of you after supper."

Both men galvanized into activity at her words and moved with alacrity toward the wash basin. True to her word Nellie put them both to work after the evening meal was over.

"Lem, you string this pop-corn and some of these cranberries for the tree and John, you set the tree up in this little tub, then twist these bits of colored paper for streamers. Now I'll finish the turkey."

She carried the bird forth in triumph from the pantry and over to the visitor.

"Look, Lem Johnson, did you ever see a more beautiful turkey than that. I'll bet you never raised a finer one. I can't imagine where John got it unless it was from town, for nobody around here, but you, raises turkeys."

Lem looked up from the popcorn string and with his slow, unusual smile, causally remarked, "I gave it to him for a Christmas present."

Nellie threw back her head and laughed heartily. "Well if that isn't a joke on me. I believe that you two had this all planned up, for I didn't know that you were even good friends."

As she mixed the onion and bread crumbs together she called to John: "Tune the radio in a little louder, old dear. They are singing Christmas carols. Listen!"

"Good will toward men," sang the beautiful voices of a choir hundreds of miles away.

"Good will toward men," softly repeated Lem and a look of understanding passed between the two men.



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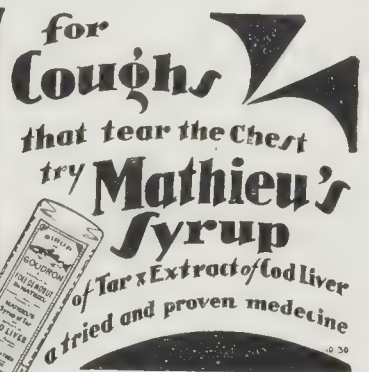
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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

When Men Were Men

Continued from page 19

"Now I'll tell one," said the black-eyed man, the pressure of his heavy hand increasing on the fat man's shoulder.

The lean man stepped between the black-eyed one and the fat man, jostling the detaining hand from his friend's shoulder. "What's the big idea?" asked the lean man. "This is my friend's car. He wants to move those parcels to my car."

"Yeah?" said the other man, a red-haired Irishman with the shoulders and forward thrust of his body of a prize-fighter. "Fine idea. Let him try it, that's all!"

"You'd better stand back," threatened the dinner host. "We fooled you this time! You're not robbing *this* car, not tonight!"

"The same to you," said the Irishman, his upper lip lengthening like an angry ape's. "Beat it, you three cuckoos, or I'll have the police after you! Beat it, now!"

"The parcels belong to—" began the lean man, but the black-eyed, stocky one interrupted.

"They belong to you, I suppose? Beat it, now. Those parcels belong to our kids, we were just going to—"

"You're just going to light out of here, or I'll have you arrested!" This in a roar from the dinner-host.

"You and who else?" roared the Irishman in return, and his thick-set friend repeated the rhetorical query, "You and who else?"

The fat man nudged the lean man, and whispered. Together they slipped around the car, and began taking parcels from the back seat—* * *

"**D**RINK this," said Ann. "You're all right, idiot, but he might have killed you!"

The fat man opened a bruised eyelid, and felt a lump on his jaw, and found he was in his own bed at home.

"I remember—did one of those thugs knock me out?"

"And how! And did they pin our arms behind us as if we were a couple of sawdust dolls, and yell for the police," said the lean man.

"Of all the successful jokes! We three girls ran down when we heard the shouting, and there were our heroes—"

"Don't rub it in," said the lean

man. "We never pretended to be prize-fighters—"

"They'd have killed you if we hadn't turned up to identify you!" said Ann. "Drink this, and lie down again. You are a beautiful pea-green, and your jaw is a sight."

"**Y**OU see," said Ann to the children at breakfast Christmas morning, "the man who hit Daddy didn't know that he was our daddy. The man who hit daddy was a daddy himself. He had five children upstairs in a little four-room suite. He lived there with his brother's family, who have three children. Eight children and two mummies and daddies, living all together in four rooms, because the daddies have no work. One of the daddies—the one who hit our daddy—shovelled our walk for us after the big first snowstorm, remember? He came in and had dinner in the kitchen, and told us about his children? Well, I got a lot of mummies together, just after that, and we decided we'd fix Christmas trees for poor families this winter, instead of spending a lot of money on each other—"

"Oh!" said the fat man. "No wonder you girls laughed when we lectured about that!"

"You might have given us credit—" laughed Ann. "We know the going's heavy—well—" she turned to the three little faces at the table again. "You see, we had just told those two daddies to go down to the car and carry up the stuff—and there were our daddy and his two friends, playing a little joke, stealing the parcels

out of the car—"

"Nice presents?" asked Ann's eight-year-old.

"Oh, nothing fussy, poor children are so easily pleased, poor lambs—"

"As easily pleased as a warm-hearted woman," said the fat man, smiling across at Ann. "You know, son," he turned to his eight-year-old, "Don't let anyone kid you, there's nothing to treating 'em rough. That won't get you anywhere with women. All you got to do to manage a real woman, is, just love her to death and expect her to be game—"

"Take it from your dad," laughed Ann. "But where he learned all he knows about us—"

"You can't learn it," said the fat man. "It's a gift."

In the Light of the Christmas Candles

Continued from page 64

Watkins put the coffee upon the table and discreetly withdrew. Francoise had prompted him, and, when he appeared in the kitchen, she cast herself upon his manly breast and wiped away a tear with a dish-towel.

In the dining-room there was silence as the door closed. Then Miss Vanderveck lifted a glass to her lips.

"To the old days!" she said softly.

Dudley Broughton shook his head.

"To the coming days!" he amended.

His hand went out across the table and found hers.

Two servants sat in the little kitchen and waited anxiously. An hour went by. Ten o'clock came.

"E's 'avin' trouble," said Watkins.

Francoise was more hopeful.

"It is that they have forgotten. That is the good sign," she murmured.

The bell rang sharply, and Watkins sprang to the door with an eagerness

foreign to his habitual calm, but he entered the dining-room with his usual noiseless dignity. Behind him appeared the fat form and shining face of Francoise, prophetess, culinary *dea ex machina*. He had forgotten to close the door.

Dudley Broughton looked at the couple and smiled. His chair was on Miss Vanderveck's side of the table.

"Watkins," he said, and there was a huge content in his usually dry voice, "are you and Francoise pledged to the Belmores after their return next month?"

"No, sir."

Francoise had come forward and was beaming at her husband's side.

"We think," said Mr. Broughton, with a certain lingering emphasis on the 'we,' and look at the woman beside him, "we think we shall need you after we come back from Florida."



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"How time does fly, Mother! Christmas will soon be here again. Bob said one evening, 'don't you think it's about time you were making the Christmas cake?' So I set to work and made it the other day, and its going to be a great success.

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I am looking forward to having you and Dad with us for Christmas, Mother."

Your loving Betty

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Betty's Recipes

Purity Flour Light Christmas Cake

2 cups white sugar
4 eggs 1 cup butter
½ lb. shredded cocoanut dry
½ lb. mixed peel, chopped
¼ lb. almonds, chopped
1 cup sweet milk
1 bottle 6 oz. cherries
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups Purity Flour
2 tps. baking powder
Method: Cream the butter, add sugar, 4 eggs beaten, add cocoanut, mixed peel and almonds, half of your flour, then the cherries and vanilla, then the milk, finally the rest of the flour with the baking powder in it. Bake in oven 225° for 1 hour.

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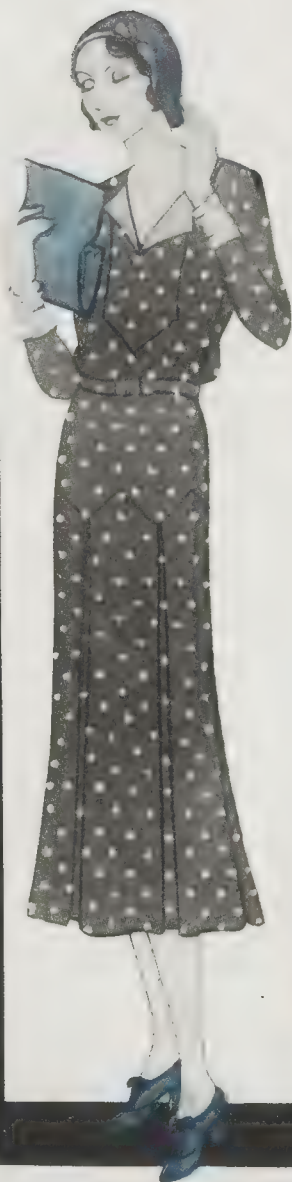
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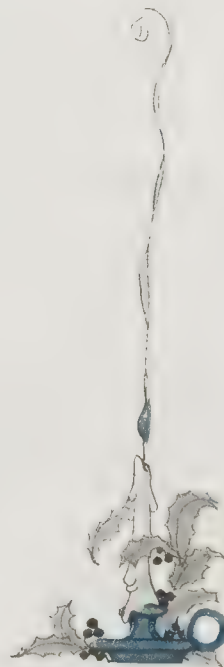


6972



6973

6973. Cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size without contrast requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39 inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 39 inches wide is required. Price 25 cents.



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CHRISTMAS

A boy was born at Bethlehem
That knew the haunts of Galilee.
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
And learned to love each forest tree

But I was born at Marlborough,
And love the homely faces there;
And for all other men besides
'Tis little love I have to spare.

I should not mind to die for them,
My own dear downs, my comrades true.

But that great heart of Bethlehem,
He died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
As Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
They saw with love most passionate,
The village street at Nazareth.

—E. Hilton Young.

My dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner—I wish I could send you all a Christmas card, but I am afraid I can't do that, you are scattered right across Canada in hundreds of towns and villages, you have more names than I know, but will you please imagine for yourselves just the nicest card you ever saw—it will have glistening snow on it, holly wreaths, a lighted window perhaps, a snowy street with Christmas trees, a Jolly old Santa Claus, well you think of your own card, and then imagine around it these words, The very Happiest Christmas to You,

from Bobby Burke.
and in the very middle of the card the words of the poem above. Now there you are—a Christmas card all in your own mind, but the words for it are written right before you! This is a new kind isn't it? How do you like it?

And isn't that a lovely poem? It seems to make that Boy who was born in Bethlehem so very close to us doesn't it? That is one of the things the Passion Play at Oberammergau did this year, made Christ and His Apostles real to us. There they were, not just people who belonged to wonderful stories in a book, but real people who loved and laughed and suffered. There were the little children, too, who threw palm branches in front of the mule on which Jesus rode, and there, too, were the proud Roman rulers and poor Judas the betrayer, real people who made the whole great story alive for us, who live 2,000 years after it all happened. There were pictures from the Old Testament, that picture we all loved I know of the Children of Israel, visiting the promised land and bringing out great bunches of grapes that it took two men to carry. The picture of Abraham and Isaac ascending the mountain, and finding the ram caught in the thicket—the ram that saved Isaac's life. We saw the blind giant Samson bringing down the pillars of the great building on the heads of his enemies.

So very many of the stories of the Old Testament were pictured to us in tableaux, and all the story of the life and crucifixion of Christ came to us in words and songs and pictures made to us by real people.

The lovely poem was written by a sailor on a Warship in the year 1914. Can you not see how away off there in the cold North sea, cruising around watching for enemies, this man's thoughts went back to the village he knew and loved, with "all the homely faces there" (and by that word "homely," I am sure he does not mean ugly, but "home-like.") Sometimes some of us are discontented with the places we live in but we only need to have to leave them to love them as this man does. And now to all of you once again, whether you live in Vancouver or Halifax, Winnipeg, or Fort Churchill, or any of the hundreds of places in between,

A Very Happy Christmas and a Wonderful New Year.

A Young Lady's Diary in the Year 1771
Anna Green Winslow of Boston, Mass., was eleven years old in the year 1771, and this is a page of her diary, written at Christmas time. Rather different from the diary of an eleven-year old in the year 1930 isn't it?



By Bobby Burke

December 24th, 1771—Last Sabbath being rainy I went to and from meeting in Mr. Soley's chaise. I dined at uncle Winslow's the walking being so bad I rode there and back to meeting. Every drop that fell froze, so that yesterday morning to this time, the appearance has been similar to the description I sent you last winter. The walking is so slippery and the air so cold, that aunt chuses to have me for her scoller these two days. And so tomorrow will be a holiday, so the pope and his associates have ordained, my aunt thinks not to trouble Mrs Smith with me this week. I began a shift at home yesterday for myself, it is pretty forward.

Last Thursday I din'd and spent the afternoon at uncle Josua's. I should have gone to lecture with my aunt and heard Mr. Hunt preach, but she would not wait till I came from writing school. Miss Attwood the last of our boarders went the same day, Miss Griswold and Miss Merriam, having departed some time ago. I forget whether I mentioned the receipt of Nancy's present. I am obliged to her for it. The Dolphin is still whole, and like to remain so.

Dec. 27th. This day the extremity of the cold is somewhat abated. I kept Christmas at home this year and did a very good day's work, aunt says so. How notable I have been this week I shall tell you by and by.

Something to do in the Holidays

Why it hardly seems any time since the summer holidays, and here we are with the Christmas holidays, and I am sure you are all looking for something to do in them ar'n't you? Here's an idea for you. You know that in the hospitals in big cities there are lots of children big and little who instead of running around, diving into Christmas stockings and eating huge dinners and

too much candy, just have to lie and be quiet while kind nurses feed them sloppy things out of bowls and doctors run in and smile cheerfully at them, while they spend their Christmas Day in the hospital. Don't you think it would be awfully nice to give some of these children a taste of your Christmas? This is the way I want you to do it. I want you to collect all the nicest Christmas cards you can, the prettiest ones you can beg from your own family and your friends, and make them into a scrap book. In the front of the book write a little letter addressed to "My Sick-a-bed Friend" and sign it with your name and address, perhaps you might hear from the boy or girl who gets your book. Of course you will have to wait until after Christmas to do all this, so plan to send in the books BEFORE January 15. Address them to Bobby Burke, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, and there will be a prize, of a good story book for the best scrap book, and some gold buttons for the second and third, and all the scrapbooks will go to sick children.

Prize winners' names will be published in the March number.

If you can find some very interesting stories and poems in magazines add them to your scrap book too. Make them as neat, nice, and interesting as you possibly can.

Questions

Pearl Findlay of Weyburn, Sask., asks several of them. When you send in your favorite poem Pearl, put the name and the writer's name on it if possible. If you have a short story send it to us. We can't promise to publish it, but if it is very very good, you might find it in the C.C.S. some day. Send along your poem.

John Russell Dickenson of Richard's Landing, Ont. wants to join the Cosy



How the Zebra Got His Stripes

By William Thompson

My poem is but partly true,
But it may cause a smile or two.

Dame Nature does such funny things—
To make a bird which has no wings,
An elephant who needs no trunk,
And why did Nature make a skunk?
Mosquitoes are a summer pest—
The time of year we like the best.

How many other insects, too,
Try our patience through and through.

But to my subject I must go.
I wonder if you really know
How Zebras got their wondrous stripes
As white as snow, and black as night.
Just glimpse the picture, doubt me not,
Some stripes are fresh from brush and
pot.

Corner. We're delighted to have you John. Couldn't you tell us something about the place you live in. Who was Richard, and why and where did he land? Its an interesting sounding name for a place, and I think must have a story behind it. Let us hear it if it has. Be a bit more careful of your writing John, so we can get all the story.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROSMARY THURM

By Marion Wathen Fox

The Fairies' Gift

ROSMARY THURM was scarcely done looking at the rose when a bugle called from somewhere in the mountains.

"Oh, it's time for you to go, Rosmary Thurm! That's the signal to tell us that your mother has missed you from the valley and has begun to worry," said her good fairy in a hurry.

"Then I must hurry, for I never like to have my mother worried though I'd dearly love to stay longer for I'm having such a lovely time."

"Oh—oh!" called out all the fairies in a very pleased voice, "Just see that! Just see that!" and there just peeping through the ground came a little blue-daisy flower with a golden heart. "See, what you've planted now, Rosmary Thurm, by not wanting to worry your mother—what a beautiful, beautiful flower!" And all the fairies crowded about to look at this new flower that had just sprung from the ground.

Just as Rosmary Thurm was stepping into the boat to go home the queen of the fairy town hurried down with three little boxes in her hand.

"The fairies wish to present you with a gift before you leave. Rosmary Thurm," she said. "But you are to choose from three which you will have. One is a gift for yourself—that will bring happiness to you alone. Another is a gift for your family. The third is for the people in the big outside world—to bring happiness to them. Now, which shall you choose?"

Rosmary Thurm hesitated a minute and then said,

"My family and myself are very, very happy now; for you see, we have each other, our little home, and the dear, beautiful low green valley. But I have heard there are many people in the big outside world who are very often unhappy; so, if you please, I should like the gift that brings happiness to them."

The queen of the fairies handed her a tiny golden box. Rosmary Thurm opened it and saw a number of little flower seeds in it.

"Plant these seeds right away in your low green valley and they will bring much happiness to the big outside world," explained the fairy queen.

So, the very minute Rosmary Thurm reached home and got through telling her family about all her wonderful adventures, then Rosmary Thurm's father, Rosmary Thurm's mother, Rosmary Thurm's little brother—Jimmy-my-dear, Rosmary Thurm's big brother Jethro, and herself, all got spades and spoons and hurried out to plant the fairies' flower seeds in the valley.

Before many days had passed the flowers were up and in bloom; the most gorgeous scarlet lilies!

Then came a wind, blowing away from the valley and carrying with it the fragrance of the scarlet lilies. And as the wind blew on them their sweet smell increased and grew more lovely—stronger and stronger, sweeter and sweeter the farther the wind carried it. And when it reached the people in the big outside world, they said:

"Oh, how lovely! There must be a valley of sweetness away off somewhere in the hills."

And after that every day the people waited longingly for the sweet wind to blow. And it rested the weary people, and made the sick people feel better, and cheered the sad people, and made the old people feel stronger, and the little children gayer—and all the people better and happier.

But they never, never guessed that the valley of sweetness came to the hills and to them because of just a little girl; Rosmary Thurm.



This World's Greatest Need

CHRISTMAS is the time of reunions of families and of friends. May all who read these lines have happy part in such reunions, with their merry greetings and their homely joys. Christmas happiness has its deep undertone of thoughts of those who are gone, while it is being made happier by the delight of the children. And to make Christmas truly and fully the festival it should be, we must share with those who are lonely and those with whom life has dealt hardly whatever measure of happiness we have ourselves. In reading Macaulay recently, the Philosopher, having come across the story of the Yorkshire farmer who used to say, "I've had a good dinner, I don't care who hasn't," found it a surprising story, because among the many Yorkshiremen he has known there has not been one capable of saying such a thing, except by way of jocular expression of the wish that everybody should have a good dinner. Turning to another book. The Philosopher read that Charles Lamb, that most lovable of English writers, once exclaimed, on hearing a certain person named, "I hate that man!" The friend who was with Lamb said, "But I didn't think you knew him." "Certainly I don't know him," said Lamb, repenting instantly of his petulance. "How could I hate him, if I knew him?" These words express much of the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of which this world stands in the greatest need.

Good Will and Will Power

A PIECE of good counsel, which is worth repeating, is that while good will is of fundamental importance, there is need also of the cultivation of will power. There are too many people who have a belief in the magic efficacy of mere talk. No form of words, no matter how wonderfully chosen and how often and eloquently repeated can set mankind marching to the Kingdom of Heaven. The right business of life is the cultivation and strengthening of the will. Too many of us are always heading for greater tasks, without realizing that greater tasks are impossible for us until the accomplishment of the lesser tasks has helped in the necessary development of our will power. And we must learn to pull up the weeds in our own garden before looking to see if there are weeds in our neighbor's garden on which we can get busy.

The Child and the World

WHEN we find the question asked by children tiring, we should remind ourselves that curiosity is the root from which grows knowledge. It is the source of the power which man has acquired over the forces of nature. The fresh wonder and insatiable curiosity of childhood are truly among the most precious things in the world. Akin to them is the feeling that our life is surrounded by mystery. This emotion is largely religious in character, and the person to whom it is a stranger is all but blind to the beauty of life. Each of us is born into a wonderland, but as we grow out of childhood the glamor of it all fades into everyday

commonplace. But every great discoverer, every great inventor, carries into mature life that eager thirst to know that childish delight in the wonderland of life. When Faraday worked out his experiment with a current-bearing wire and a magnet, and so laid the foundation for all the developments of electric power for human use, he pranced around the table in a dance of delight, and laying hands on a visitor to his workshop made that astonished person dance with him in his joyfulness.

Christmas in Russia

IN January last news came from Russia that hundreds of fathers of families had been arrested and punished for having had Christmas trees for their children. As all the world learned soon after the present regime was established in Russia, with its headquarters at Moscow, a campaign against religion was made an important part of the propaganda for "the new life." The ceremonies, observances and symbols which had formed so large a part of the life of the Russian people for centuries were prohibited. The celebration of Christmas was specially banned. But at every Christmas there has been "bootlegging" of Christmas trees. No doubt the Soviet secret police will be busy again this month on the trail of the surreptitious, illegal traffic in Christmas trees. But instead of the Soviet regime being able to destroy Santa Claus, what is more likely is that Santa Claus will help to destroy the extreme rigors of the Soviet regime. At any rate, he will surely outlive the present system of government in Russia, as he has outlived many other systems of government in many other lands. In reading Macaulay's History of England again recently, The Philosopher noted the saying of Sir Stephen Rice, the eighteenth century judge, who said: "I will drive a coach and six through an Act of Parliament." Santa Claus, with a jolly laugh in his beard, will drive his reindeer-drawn sleighload of toys through any law laid down by the Soviet regime.

Ambitions

WE READ of the devouring ambition of a Napoleon or some other of the men who figure conspicuously in history, their insatiable hunger for success, their gluttony of glory. And we reflect that our own ordinary commonplace lives are very far away from all that. But how often it is true of a man who wants a local honor in the small community in which he lives, of a woman who wants to impress her own little social circle, that the desires for such success becomes as engrossing for that individual life as Napoleon's ambition on so vastly greater a scale was for his life! It is all a difference of degree. We have only to look about us and within ourselves, in order to see that the hunger for success of some kind is the absorbing interest of every life. Often the success hungered for is a worthy one, meaning harm to none. Sometimes it costs the striver heavily in character and in other true values in his own life, and brings injury to others as well.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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WHEN YOUR CUSTOMER WALKS BY

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What the World is Saying



"See here gentlemen—which one of you neglected to wash back of Venus's ears this morning?"

So Long As She Will Not Make Herself Plain
Woman will always be one of the world's greatest mysteries.—George Bernard Shaw.

Why Not Mail It Marked "Fragile"?
Scientists are still working at the problem of how to split the atom.—Victoria Colonist.

We Have Tasted Coffee Of That Kind
What really started all the trouble in Brazil was coffee.—Journal of Commerce.

But When Will It Begin To Acts Its Age?
A scientist says that human intelligence is at least 450,000 years old.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Was He Reading A Toronto Newspaper?
In Toronto one day last week a man dislocated his jaw while yawning.—Hamilton Herald.

Isn't Human Intelligence Wonderful!
Three heavyweight pugilists have salted away more than a million dollars each.—New York Times.

And Can You Blame It?
The moon, writes a radio expert, throws back the wireless waves from the earth.—Scientific American.

Modern Progress Is, Indeed, Wonderful
It is now possible to get indigestion and a remedy for it at the same drug store.—Quebec Telegraph.

We've Noticed Quite A Few That Are Now
If motors keep on increasing in numbers, legs will eventually become just ornaments.—Will Rogers.

On Her Hat, Presumably
A woman's thoughts, asserts an expert in feminine psychology, are sometimes on something above her dress.—Ottawa Citizen.

How Different From Many Modern Novels!
Most of the legends which have come down to us through many successive generations are pure fiction.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

Thus: "She Loves Me—Loves Me Not"
There are some people who could manage even to make a four-leaf clover appear to be a symbol of bad luck.—Edna Ferber.

He's The Hub Of The Wheel
In most countries nowadays the political spokesmen who are most in evidence centre on the farmer.—Manchester Guardian.

An Argument In Favor Of "Two-pants Suits"
Bandits who held up a Toronto man rifled his pockets, but missed a substantial sum of money concealed in a second pair of trousers he was wearing underneath. His duplicity was advantageous.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Quite So, Indeed—Or, Possibly Not
Perhaps, when Mr. Somerset Maugham says, in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, "Very few men live to the age of eighty without escaping a second marriage," he does not mean precisely what he says.—Sunday Observer.

Naturally, Foul Play Is Suspected

In an excavation made on the Saleve Mountain, near Geneva, a skeleton of a man was found, with a stone spear-head wedged between the ribs.—London Daily Mail.

But She Makes Up First—and After, Too

As long as human nature survives, the falling out of lovers will lead to kisses and making up.—Elinor Glyn.

And Then Learn To Make It Last

"If a young man thinks of marrying," said a Toronto police magistrate sagely yesterday, "he should learn to make money first.—Hamilton Spectator.

How About One Of Those Slot-machines?

In regard to a foreign tour it is to be said that, as with everything else, what you get out of it depends mainly on what you put into it.—Stephen Leacock.

Old Joke In New And Seasonable Form

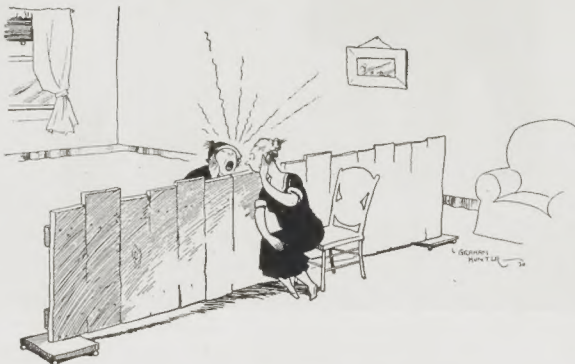
Then there was the Scotsman who told his son that he had heard that Santa Claus was going to drive a bantam car this year.—Toronto Globe.

This Doesn't Sound Unreasonable

One reason why the air in cities is not as good as it might be is that so much of it is blown through saxophones.—Montreal Devoir.

What! A Time When No One Put On Airs?

An old timer is one who remembers when people did not put on airs, tell lies about their income tax, or talk about the important people they know.—Kingston Whig-Standard.



To make the gossip more juicy Mrs. Blatt brings her portable fence.

Literary Note

How many great realists, having never learned to present their nasty thoughts effectively in literary form, remain mere village gossips.—G. K. Chesterton.

Thoughtless Speed And Speedless Thought

The trouble with this country is that lots of fellows have the motion but no notion, while lots of others have the notion, but no motion.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Medical Item

An Arkansas doctor has been practising in the same town for sixty-seven years. Imagine sending out bills in 1930 for services rendered in 1863.—Duluth Herald.

A Voracious State Governor

After Governor Bainbridge watched the lion perform, he was taken to Main Street and fed twenty-five pounds of raw meat in front of the Fox Theatre.—Boise (Idaho) Statesman.

Aren't Some Films Wonderful

There are two Canadian Norths, the Real thing and the Reel thing which fictionists provide as raw material for the great celluloid industry at Hollywood.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Interesting, If True

In the Highlands of Scotland, according to a doctor who writes in the Lancet, whisky is sometimes poured in the boots, to ward off a chill. We have often wondered what Scotsmen did with the stuff.—London Humorist.

A Need, At Times, Of Politicians, Too

Edison is working now on the problem of how to enable aviators to see through a fog, which is one of their greatest needs.—Minneapolis Journal.

But, Of Course, You Know What He Meant

"Wool," said Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, Secretary for the Dominions, "has always been one of the corner-stones of our trade.—London Spectator.

Some Modern Stocks Hold Men Down, Too

Modern feeling would not countenance the use of the stocks in which in past centuries offenders against the law were clamped about the legs and held down on their backs.—London New Statesman.

The Blameless Man Had Agility, Too

It was not his blameless life but a hole in the fence that saved a retired clergyman at Owen Sound when he was chased by a bull laboring under a sense of injustice.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

A New Light On Nasal Rubicundity

Over-indulgence in tea is condemned by a medical writer as a cause of red nose. Yet it would be uncharitable to suspect every red-nosed person of over-indulgence in tea.—Glasgow Herald.

For Personal Running Expenses

When a man gets himself elected President in one of those South American countries, his wisest course would appear to be to draw in advance as much as possible of his salary.—Montreal Gazette.

It Is Certainly A Good Idea

One of the exhibits at the Radio Show was a five-hundred-guinea wireless-set so delicately modulated that its loud-speaker could be reduced to a whisper.—London Daily Express.

A Fact That Will Remain Even in Utopia

In the most carefully planned Socialistic Utopia it is evident that some one must get the breakfast while the others lie abed, just as in households of the past and the present eras.—Vancouver Province.

Financial Note

Deep-sea divers have found \$5,000,000 in gold sunk off the coast of Spain eight years ago. Now if they could only recover some of the millions sunk in the stock market last year!—New York World.

Crabbed Disposition Of Ye Ed.

We read that the recent eclipse of the sun put out of business all the radio sets throughout a large extent of the world. There are nights when we would welcome an eclipse of the moon.—Niagara Falls Review.

It Sometimes Does

An ex-service man who said in a speech that the war broke out after he was married could not understand for a moment or two why some of the audience laughed.—Boston Herald.

As Mutt Would Say; "I Aina Gonna Worry"

Do not judge the Stone Age men too harshly. What will archeologists thousands of years from now think of us, if they should dig up a bunch of the newspapers of today and look at the comic strips?—Irvin Cobb.



"Doggone, Ed! She's wrapped my lunch in th' 'needlework page' agin!!"



CANADA'S EVERGREEN PLAYGROUND

THE clear, spicy air of Vancouver Island brings roses to pale cheeks; deepens the light in happy, healthy eyes; quickens the step and invigorates the whole body.

For in this Evergreen Playground, the call of the outdoors is never stilled by ice and snow—golfers play the whole year through—roses may often be gathered at Christmas.

Come to Canada's Evergreen Playground this year—live in the sunshine and fresh air.

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Toronto, Ontario

Parker Duofold

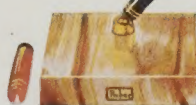
PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 \$7 \$10

Other Parker Pens \$2.75, \$3.50



Onyx Base with twin sockets and Desk Lamp, \$30.25; including black-and-pearl or green-and-pearl convertible Duofold Jr. Pen and Pencil, \$42.75.

Onyx Base, \$5.50; with Duofold Jr. Pen, \$10.50.



Bronzed Base with 1931 calendar pad and ink reservoir, size 7 1/4 x 13 in., \$8.00; with convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, \$13.00; with Sr. Pen, \$15.00.



Antique bronze finish Base in Moderne design, \$2.50; with convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, \$7.50.